THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Philip Gibbs—Almet Jenks—Clarence Budington Kelland—Lucian Cary
Everett Rhodes Castle—Kennett Harris—Maude Parker—John P. Marquand

Non-Stop Writing in place of Pen-Dipping Lifts You out of the Lost Motion Class

See what $10 *will do*

Dozens of great concerns like the Stout Air Lines, United Fruit Co., and Integrity Trust Co., are leading the way. They are sweeping desks clear of old-fashioned pen-and-inkwell clutter and in its stead are putting these beautiful Parker Duofold No-dip Desk Sets.

The Integrity's new bank quarters alone contain 96 Parker Sets headed by this mighty Leviathan with its battery of 12 Parker Duofold Pens. (*Photograph right*)

Only $10 now brings you a Parker Convertible Duofold Pen, including a handsome onyx desk base to hold it, and a cap with clip to change it to a pocket pen on leaving the office. New Streamline shape sets low in pocket.

A pen that writes without stopping every two seconds out of ten to be dipped. A pen that doesn't have to be forced by pressure, because it responds with Pressureless Touch! A pen that's guaranteed for life—that carries your supply of ink in the barrel—far more than average, size for size.

A Streamline barrel of lustrous jewel-like non-breakable Permanite—Jade Green, Lacquer Red, Lapis Lazuli Blue, Mandarin Yellow, or Sober Black and Gold.

For a sho[illegible] way and a more productive day, see these handsome [illegible]ker speed writers at any nearby dealer's. But look with care for the imprint, "Geo. S. Parker—DUOFOLD," on the pen barrel. That's the guarantee that means business.

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY, Janesville, Wis.
Offices and Subsidiaries: New York, Chicago, Atlanta, Buffalo, Dallas, San Francisco, Toronto, London, Heidelberg

Pen Guaranteed for Life

Parker

Duofold Desk Sets

This Leviathan of Desk Sets equipped with 12 Parker Duofold Pens forms a monumental pillar in the palatial quarters of the Integrity Trust Co., Philadelphia. Parker was also chosen when this bank selected 95 additional Desk Sets.

2 Pens in One

Pocket Cap with clip included with every Parker Desk Pen—was extra—now no charge. Removing the tapered end changes it to a pocket pen, or, adding a taper to Parker's Pocket Pen makes it a Desk Pen. Parker'sexclusiveconvertible feature saves you the price of an extra pen.

$10 buys this handsome Onyx Parker Desk Set, complete with Duofold Jr. Pen. Free Cap with Clip gives you a Pocket Pen as well as a Desk Pen—both for the price of one.

Gone are pen-dipping days from the offices of the United Fruit Co., Boston. Beautiful mural paintings of tropical harbors overlook fine desks adorned by Parker Duofold Pens of colorful Permanite in Parker's handsome onyx bases. Here is order, convenience, beauty and efficiency no desk can have without a Parker Desk Set.

When it came to equipping their 14-passenger tri-motored planes operating between Chicago, Detroit and Cleveland, the Stout Air Lines looked the ground over, so to speak, and selected Parker Duofold Desk Sets. Photograph shows Miss Jane Williams, Chicago, "sky-writing" to friends.

Big Ben

Daddy of the Westclox Family

YEARS and years ago Big Ben established a new high standard of alarm clock efficiency. His fame has spread to the remotest corners of the world. His name stands as an emblem of good timekeeping. And today millions know that Big Ben can be relied upon absolutely to get them up and on their way *every* morning, *on time*.

It was *Big Ben*, too, who set a delightful new style in alarms . . . combining attractive up-to-date beauty with practical utility.

And *now*, ever in step with the advance *guard* of progress, Big Ben is firmly supported by a new Two Year Gold Seal Service Guarantee. This *printed* pledge of quality provides greater assurance than ever before that you are actually *getting* the best that skill and experience can produce in material and workmanship . . . an alarm clock that is *built* to *live* long, *run* accurately, and *ring* promptly on the dot.

Baby Ben . . . suitable for *both* home and travel . . . is precisely the same as Big Ben, only smaller, and is also sold under the Two Year Gold Seal Service Guarantee.

There is a wide selection of other Westclox that carry the usual One Year Westclox Guarantee. Precision built alarms . . . some with plain dials, others with luminous dials that you can read at a glance in the dark; a *new* model Pocket Ben Watch; and a convenient, good-looking auto clock.

Prices slightly higher in Canada

WESTERN CLOCK COMPANY, La Salle, Illinois, U. S. A.
Factory: Peru, Illinois
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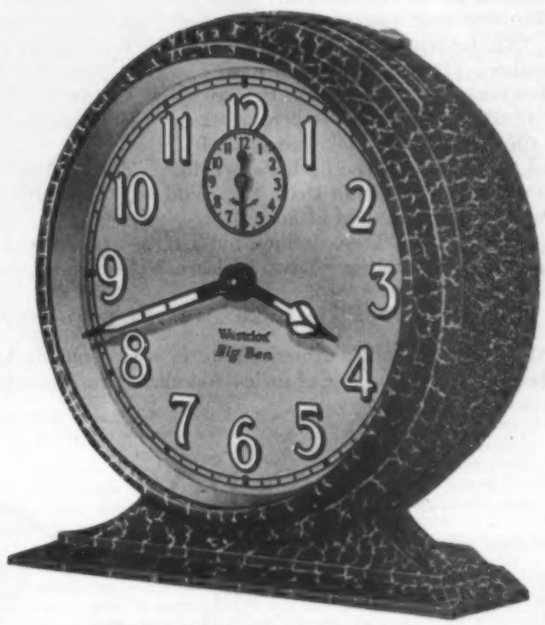
Westclox

ALARMS — POCKET WATCHES — AUTO CLOCKS



Big Ben base model in nickel finish or in beautiful colors, $3.50 . . . with luminous dial, $1.00 more. Other Westclox alarms as low as $1.50.

You don't have to go to Paris to learn this: In 30 leading American cities, salespeople were asked which soap was safest for fine garments. *In every single city,* an overwhelming majority said, "Ivory."

IN PARIS TOO...

"But mademoiselle, one should always use Ivory for fine things"

A friend of mine who got back from Paris three weeks ago was hardly off the boat before she said, "I have something to tell you about Ivory." . . . And this was the "something":

In one of her favorite Paris shops she had complained: "Some of the underwear you made for me last year faded rather badly."

"Ah, mademoiselle, a pity!" was the answer, with a vivid French gesture. "But you could not have washed it properly. You should always use your Ivory Soap—then we know our lingerie will *not* fade."

(And this was Paris—where a cake of Ivory Soap costs 20¢ and a 10¢ box of Ivory Flakes costs 28¢!)

I thanked my friend for her story, but I added, "You didn't have to go to Paris to learn that. You could have got advice like that in any good store right at home."

She laughed. "True, darling, but I seem to be one of those unfortunates who always have to learn from painful experience."

SALESPEOPLE ALL OVER AMERICA ADVISE IVORY

Salespeople in leading American stores who probably know more about the practical care of delicate clothes than anybody else, will tell you that when you use Ivory—in cake or flake form—you never need worry about your soap.

"Ivory is pure and safe," say salespeople from San Francisco to New York. "No complaints from customers who use Ivory." "Many other soaps cut and rot silks in time." "Woolens are fluffier when washed with Ivory—silks keep their color." "The manufacturers we deal with advise Ivory."

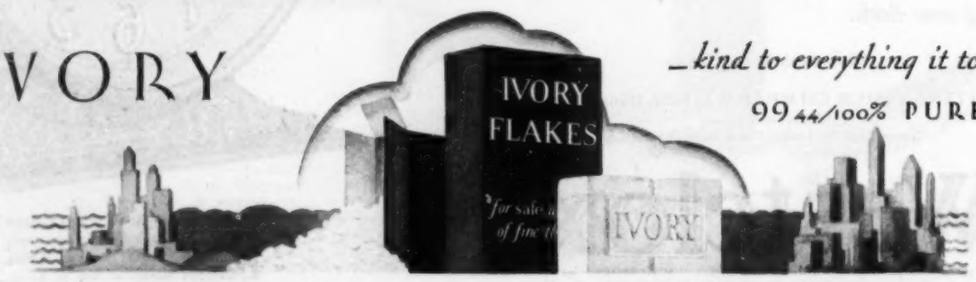
You yourself will hear statements like these when you inquire in the leading stores. And you will find that Ivory is the *only* soap which is never criticised by salespeople as being "too strong" for delicate woolens and fine silks.

Briefly, you don't have to ruin a precious garment, or go to Paris, to learn which soap is safest for your nice things. You can just go into any good store and ask.

CATHERINE CARR LEWIS

Free—A little book, "Thistledown treasures—*their selection and care,*" gives specific directions for washing silks, woolens, rayons. Simply send a post card to Catherine Carr Lewis, Dept. VS-20, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

IVORY



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George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Thomas B. Costain, A. W. Neall, Wesley Stout, B. Y. Riddell, Merritt Hulburd, W. Thornton Martin,
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IS ANYTHING WRONG WITH ENGLAND?—By Philip Gibbs

ENGLAND is the most mysterious nation in the world, though it seems so simple. China, that enigma of the East, is an open book compared with the baffling character of England and the English. Foreigners come over to study the problem, and give it up if they are honest, or, if dishonest, because they have to write a book however false, they plunge deep into fallacies. The American novelist, Mary Borden, who wrote Jane, Our Stranger—a most penetrating study of French society of a certain class—has an uncanny gift of getting below the surface of a group or nation after she has watched them for a while; but she confessed to me that there was one man in the world who was inexplicable to her, and that was an Englishman. He refuses to take off his mask. He hides deep and subtle secrets under his appearance of stupidity. He never gives himself away even to himself. It is the character of all the English folk, though they are unconscious of it and do not understand themselves.

PHOTO, BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.

The Prince of Wales Passing Through Winlaton During His Tour of the Coal Fields of Northumberland and Durham to Make an Extensive Study of Unemployment Conditions Among the Miners

Under the Four Georges

SOMETHING has always been wrong with England. Looking back at its history, it is difficult to know why it founded the greatest empire in the world, and why it did not sink into the position of a third-class power centuries ago. After the Tudors, its kings were no great help to it. Under the four Georges it was governed mostly by corrupt and cynical politicians, brutalized by frightful penal laws, and debased by a low standard of social morality. Its peasants were despoiled of their land, and when the industrial age arrived, smug-faced manufacturers with side whiskers—and a belief in God—created a new system of slavery in their factories compared with which the lives of negroes on Virginian plantations were a seventh heaven. Nelson won his victories with the aid of the press gang. Wellington fought Napoleon with soldiers who were flogged unmercifully for trivial offenses.

After the Napoleonic Wars there was poverty and misery in England worse than that which had caused the French Revolution, though starving men threw their ragged caps into the air and shouted "God save the King!" when fat George passed by. Victoria's golden reign began three years before the Hungry Forties. Boys and girls who had stolen a few potatoes or smashed a threshing machine, Irish rebels, sturdy young ruffians, pickpockets and poachers were sentenced to transportation for life and died like flies in the prisons and hulks. I met an old gentleman, only a few months ago, who, as a boy, was held up in a mob outside Newgate when a batch of eight was brought out for public execution. Charles Dickens' London was not a paradise, with its Fleet Prison and its Fagins, Artful Dodgers and ruffians like Bill Sikes. Yes, something has always been wrong with England, although by some inexhaustible spirit, some secret genius of its people, some hidden virtue in them, it has won great victories by land and sea, extended its dominions far and wide, gained great wealth, given the world good gifts of beauty, poetry, humor, all kinds of art, increased the sum of knowledge vastly by its scientists and scholars, and led the way in civilization by its code of justice, its struggle for liberty, its faith in fair play.

Before the last great war foreign observers believed in the decadence of England. German statesmen and German spies reported that the country was weakening and getting soft. Too much wealth, they thought, and new ideas of pacifism and humanitarianism, and all sorts of liberal notions, were making it unfit to hold its empire. It was not prepared to fight for its possessions. It was losing control in Ireland. Its women—the suffragettes—were hysterical. Its young manhood, given over to amusement, undisciplined by military service, were degenerate. The rising tide of democracy was anti-imperial and unpatriotic. So they reported or wrote in their newspapers, not without some evidence which made old-fashioned Englishmen anxious and doubtful about their own nation.

Giving Them Rope

WELL, there was a surprise for them when the war came. Those effete young men suddenly stiffened and were the officers of a great army which fought from first to last with a courage and self-sacrifice which was almost supernatural. Out of the slums, out of the workshops, out of the cities and out of the fields there came an endless tide of young manhood, and there was nothing wrong with them then, nor with the women serving in factories and canteens, doing the jobs of the absent men, looking after their children in the air raids, standing steady, with some exceptions, in all that agony and time of death.

So one has to be careful when one asks what is wrong with England. The remembrance of history should be a check to calamity howlers. Yet all is not right.

At the time I write these words there is a Labor Government in power, though not in full power, because it could be turned out at any moment by a combined vote of the Conservatives and Liberals, which will one day happen. Just now there is no intention of letting it happen, because both the Conservatives and Liberals have an uneasy belief that if the Labor Party were to be forced to the polls again, they would be returned by triumphant majorities which would give them a long lease of political life and real

PHOTO, BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.

The Prince of Wales Leaving a More Cheerful Atmosphere Behind Him as He Departs From the Coal Fields

supremacy in the House of Commons. They have done well in foreign affairs, apart from signs of weakness in Palestine, Egypt and India. They are on their way to make war more difficult in the world. They have promised new gifts to those who vote for them, at the expense of those who vote against them. They hold the court cards in this game of beggar-my-neighbor. So one sees the curious spectacle of two historic parties in England refusing to defeat this newly arrived Labor Party—whose political principles they profess to abhor—which rather wants to be defeated. Something is not quite right with England when the Mother of Parliaments has become an insincerity.

The Test of the Flapper Vote

THE election which brought Labor into power in 1929 revealed the extent of the social revolution which had happened in England since the war, and the new mentality of its people. For weeks before election night the cities and villages of England had been placarded with the posters of the Conservatives and Liberals—Labor, having little money, could not afford that kind of advertising. Mr. Baldwin, the Conservative Prime Minister, issued his slogan of Safety First; extraordinarily characteristic of a man who believed that a genial smile with a pipe between his lips was the right attitude before a people who did not believe in wildcat schemes or dangerous adventures of democracy.

And yet, by some strange paradox of character, or by some private pledge to his wife, or by some streak of sentimentality, he had engaged his country in one of the most dangerous adventures in democracy, or at least one of the most uncertain experiments in national government, by enfranchising every young woman of twenty-one. It was the Flappers' Vote which was to be tested at the polls for the first time. All those battalions of young girls in knee-short frocks who go by early morning bus to city office or big store, all the little factory girls in the industrial towns, all the lipsticked little ladies who parade before the shop windows where their underclothes are exhibited, were to have a say in the government of England. They listened to political addresses over the wireless and said "How boring!" They glanced at that poster of Safety First! and said "How unadventurous!" Secretly some of them made up their minds which way they would vote, and went a little shyly, as I saw them, to the booths and voted—but not, on the whole, for Mr. Baldwin. Most of them were the sisters or daughters of workingmen or men without work and on the dole. They voted for their class, hoping for more wages with less work. The more elegant sisterhood did not rally up so much.

Another kind of appeal had been made to the nation by an old leader who was once their hero. David Lloyd George, whose Liberal Party had dwindled and deserted, made one more bid for power, and he had a magic formula which promised to do the trick—"We can conquer unemployment!" Those words, written in letters of light, ran across the night sky of London and many great cities with endless iteration, and men who had been out of work for two years, three years, or all the time since the war, looked up at them and wondered. And other men, anxious about England, because of that drain on its industrial life, its pool of human hopelessness, and the growing pauperization of so many able-bodied men, stared up at that pledge and were half inclined to believe that there might be something in it. That old wizard—"as artful as a cartload of monkeys," said his enemies—had prepared a scheme which he was ready to begin if the nation brought him back. He would raise a loan of two hundred million pounds. He would build new roads, bridges, docks, canals, and all kinds of public works which would add to the productivity of the country. He would reduce the unemployment figures to normal rates—though he was careful not to define that normality.

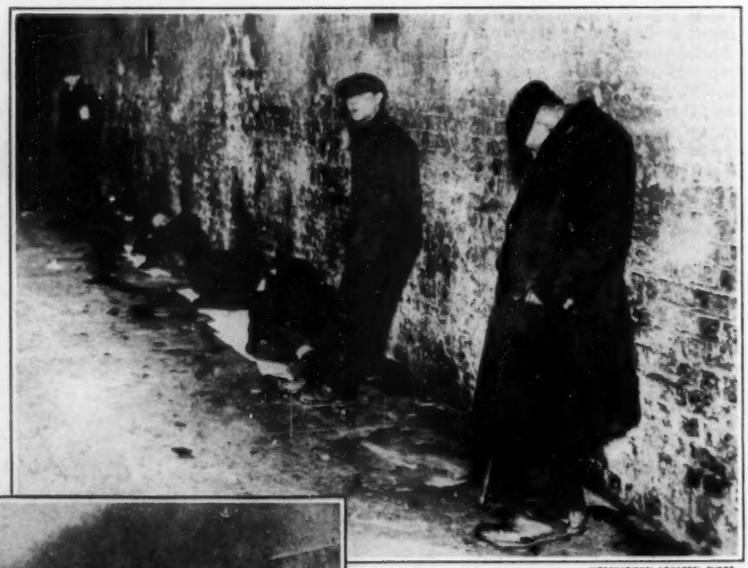
Just for a moment many men, sick to death of the do-nothing policy of Stanley Baldwin with his pipe between his lips, in the face of a creeping paralysis of the working manhood of England, were inclined to believe him. Then they thought back to his history after the war. Hadn't he let them down by his lack of any settled convictions, his appeals to mob passion during the khaki election, his share in the peace treaties which had made such a mess in Europe, his call to war again when Greece could not hold her new empire, his games of poker with political friends and enemies? He was the only man in England with any fire, but somehow it left them cold. He was the only man with any cut-and-dried scheme for curing the disease of unemployment, but they doubted whether it would work.

Ramsay MacDonald talked emotional platitudes and did not make any pledges, but all up and down the country his followers had been talking class stuff in little halls or at street corners. The rich could still be taxed. They had too much money while others had a thin time. They had made the war—or at least they hadn't stopped it. Let them pay for it. The whole social structure of England was founded upon hypocrisy, injustice, snobdom, and inequality of reward. So the forward young men and women of Labor spoke to their crowds, among whom were the flappers who were going to vote for the first time.

A Cross Section of England

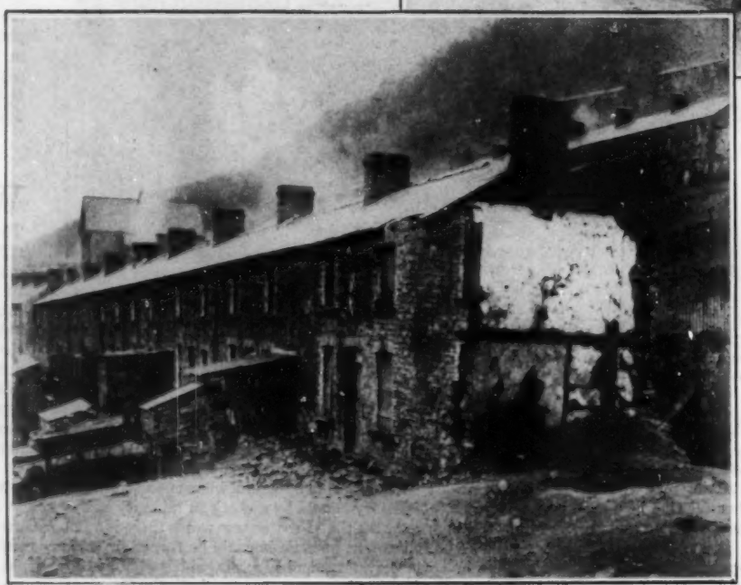
ON THE night of the election I went to Selfridge's big store, where the results were to be shown to invited guests. It was a curious scene, very modern in its psychology, revealing in a dramatic way the social changes which had happened in England since the war. Mr. Gordon Selfridge, dear man, would have been called "a damned tradesman" by the society of Victorian England. If he had solicited the patronage of high-born ladies, they would have kept him waiting in the front hall and sent out their footmen to say, "Not at home." Now they came to his evening party on the top floor of his shop, above the fancy goods and the pajamas and the ladies' undies. There was a duchess or two there, and many countesses and titled ladies, whose daughters, perhaps, served in little hat shops not so imposing as Selfridge's, and peers of the realm, looking not nearly so distinguished as Mr. Selfridge's shopwalkers, and young gentlemen from the universities, uncertain of their future, but glad to meet their pretty friends here, for free drinks and a dance, with an eye now and then on the election results. Famous actors and actresses came in after their performances. H. G. Wells, Michael Arlen, W. J. Locke, and other literary celebrities appeared in this queer gathering which cut through all social castes. Financiers of Oriental descent, judges, the ladies of the beauty chorus, journalists, pugilists and politicians mingled in a crowd that became dense and hot while an orchestra played jazz dances and a little man shouted the election results below a distant board where the figures appeared. . . . Labor gain.

"Hurrah!" shouted H. G. Wells, in his high little voice, amused by this scene around him. "Hooray!" cried a little lady in a hooped gown. But they were in a minority of two among a



INTERNATIONAL NEWSREEL PHOTO.

A Scene at Three A.M. Under the Arches at Charing Cross. Many of the Homeless and Jobless of London Spend Their Nights on the Thames Embankment



PHOTO, FROM KEYSTONE VIEW COMPANY, INC., OF N. Y. C.

A Desolate Mining Village of North England. It is Through Such Towns That the Prince Has Been Passing in His Effort to See for Himself the Conditions Under Which Thousands of British Coal Miners are Existing

PHOTO. BY KEYSTONE VIEW COMPANY, LONDON

The Tea Garden on Selfridge's Roof, Oxford Street, London

crowd who looked through the mist of cigarette smoke to those figures on the board and saw a menace to the old foundations of English life—and something more on the income tax.

"Nero fiddles while Rome burns! . . . Let's do a waltz, Birdie," said a young gentleman languidly.

I went upstairs to the roof of Selfridge's and looked down into Oxford Street, far below. There was a sea of faces down there, white in a glare of light from great lamps. It was a densely packed mass of excited democracy—the people who had voted that day before going to their work.

Labor gain.

Aristocracy's Only Privilege

A HOARSE roar of cheers rose to the roof of Selfridge's, thunderous. It was like a scene in some drama of revolution. It was such a scene, and it was the drama of social revolution in England, not bloody, not sensational, but far-reaching in its effect upon the structure of English life and its crumbling strongholds of caste, privilege and tradition.

Mr. Jack Hayes, ex-policeman, with waxed mustaches as when he went on his beat past area railings, with the flash of a bull's-eye lantern on the locks of rich houses, became Vice Chamberlain of His Majesty's Household. Mr. Clynes, who went to work at the age of ten in a Lancashire cotton factory, became Home Secretary. Mr. Tom Shaw, with the same kind of childhood behind him, became Minister of War. Mr. J. H. Thomas, who began his career as an errand boy at the age of nine and then became an engine cleaner, was now Lord Privy Seal. Ramsay MacDonald, the son of a Highland peasant, was now Prime Minister of England.

Those peers and duchesses and titled folks assembled at Selfridge's or elsewhere have lost their place in life, and know it. Their titles mean nothing now, because they carry no privilege beyond that of paying more for what they buy. In some cases their fathers and their forefathers ruled England by right of rank and wealth and blood. In others they ruled England by some quality of character or intellect, noble or evil, which had lifted them out of a lower caste. They had the virtues and the vices of their age; its cruelties, its courage, its corruption, its elegance, its splendor or its brutality. Their stock had produced the noblest characters, the most charming and beautiful lives, odd types, heroic souls, great villains, adorable women, degenerates and weaklings. Their blood had watered the battlefields of the world. Their spirit dominates English history.

Until the last great war they were still intrenched in their old estates, behind high walls which seemed impregnable despite the advance of democracy, in great old houses filled with treasures of art and all fine things and distinguished ghosts. They gave more of their blood, unstintingly, and much gold to their country during that menace to England, and when the war was over it was they who had to pay for it in proportion to their wealth. They haven't groused much about that, to do them justice. Even before the war, Lloyd George and others set about them to get their inheritance by death duties and other taxes. After the war, which had to be paid for—in those four and a half years England had spent as much as in two and a half centuries of previous history—they were marked down for sacrifice. And they didn't wail, to be fair to them. Three deaths of heirs in a family takes most of what they have for death duties. Year by year, half, or nearly half, their incomes go to the exchequer.

So, many of them have sold their land to speculative builders who put up little bungalows and jerry-built houses to spoil the old beauty of England—the pressure of population demands new house room—and have taken down the pictures off their walls to sell to rich Americans, and sold their ancient homes for hotels or schools or public institutions. Their daughters have gone into little hat shops, or write social gossip for papers which still pretend there is an aristocracy, or go into the beauty chorus or the film studios. Some of their sons have become "something in the city," or salesmen of automobiles, or breeders of pedigreed pigs, or young gentlemen who dress the dummies in the windows of big stores, or anything they can get to earn an honest living—which is good for them.

The caste system of England is gone, and with it much that was silly and something that was fine. Because some of these people had a tradition that was not mean or ignoble. And those who have succeeded to their wealth, because there is still great wealth in England, are the financial gentlemen who somehow manage to dodge the income tax and leave that patriotic duty to more simple souls who don't know the game of bulls and bears, and pay out of what they earn by hard work and anxious business.

The professional man—lawyer, doctor, artist, writing man, civil servant—has no means of escape. The tax collectors know his earnings to the last shilling. The uncomplaining, or at least unresisting, middle classes and the old aristocracy are bled white to pay for that two and a half centuries of national expenditure which was poured into four and a half years of war, when England, in addition to her own expenses, lent vast sums to her allies and afterward let them off one thousand million pounds of debt without gratitude from them, without any kind of kudos for heroic generosity, while paying interest on her own debt to America to the extent of thirty million pounds a year, which put another shilling on the income tax. It is a burden that weighs crushingly on the shoulders of the middle-class man, driven almost scranny sometimes by the inquisition of the tax collectors and by the difficulty of paying the yearly levy on his hard-earned money.

PHOTO. BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, N. Y. C.

The Prince of Wales in His Working Kit and Miner's Lamp

PHOTO. BY PUBLISHERS PHOTO. SERVICE, N. Y. C.

Wheat Season at a Country Station in Australia

Meeting the Taxes

FOR four months every year a moderately successful man has to sit down to work not for himself or his family but for the national exchequer. It checks initiative. It digs crows'-feet into anxious faces. If there is any slacking off of work, a month or two of illness, any slowing down of mental energy, the income tax has to be paid out of some small capital which was put by for old age. But someone must pay that annual budget of eight hundred million pounds for carrying on the country.

It has grown to that figure since the war, partly

(Continued on Page 121)

WHO'S GOT THE BABY?

Tim Was Shocked to Discover How Satisfying it Was to Leave Emily at Home and Take the 8:10 Train for Town

By Lucian Cary

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

AWAY back in the days before the huddle system, when hard-driving quarterbacks barked their signals and had something to say about the next play, and Harvard still spoke to Princeton, and the coonskin coat was beginning to be expensive and popular, the score was tied and there was only three minutes to go.

Harvard had the ball. Harvard not only had the ball but Harvard had the ball on Princeton's one-yard line. The Princeton line was tired. So it was all over. The Harvard quarterback called for the classic play. He called for Wilmerding to go through off tackle. And when they disentangled the resulting pyramid of players they found the ball just where it was before.

By some miracle, the Princeton left tackle had not been shoved aside to make a hole for Wilmerding. On the contrary, he had somehow selected Wilmerding's legs from the many legs that were going over him and there he was at the bottom of the pile with his arms wrapped around Wilmerding's knees.

The Harvard quarterback made the classic remark to the Harvard right tackle, who should have eliminated the Princeton left tackle and had not. The Harvard quarterback was a cagy bird. He called for the same play over again, with the slight variation that Marsden carried the ball. And again they found the Princeton left tackle at the bottom of the pile, with his arms around Marsden's knees, and the ball still a yard from Princeton's goal.

The Harvard quarterback saw that the Princeton left tackle had to pry himself off the ground. One of his eyes was black. His mouth was bleeding. His nose was on one side of his face. And he was grinning a particularly foolish grin. The Harvard quarterback knew what that grin meant. It meant that the Princeton left tackle no longer knew where he was or what it was all about. He was in that state when, being asked what day it was, he'd as like as not reply that it was the Fourth of July. He was out on his feet. So for the third time the Harvard quarter called for the plunge off left tackle and gave the ball to Wilmerding. He felt Wilmerding deserved the touchdown.

Wilmerding got a fine start. He was going full speed when he went by and the quarterback slapped the ball exactly right into his mid-section—going full speed, knees high, and head down. But when the whistle blew, Wilmerding was locked in the arms of Princeton's left tackle, and the ball was still one yard from the goal line and the game was over.

The Princeton left tackle that day was Tim Wood, known familiarly as Tiny Tim. He weighed two hundred and fifteen pounds at the end of a long hard game after a long hard season and he had the temperament of his weight and strength. He was big and good-natured but not without a certain stubborn quality. As the coach said, "You can push him but you can't shove him."

Tim Wood graduated the following June, without any special honors in scholarship, and went out to Chicago as a salesman for a firm of printers and met Emily Blakeslee and saw that all the prom-trotting girls he had known were insipid.

Emily Blakeslee was a slim red-headed girl with a pretty, piquant face and a tremendous enthusiasm for work. She had gone straight from college into Stone's, which is one of the big department stores that fill the blocks between State Street and Wabash Avenue in the Loop. She had worked in six different departments in six months and outsold the other saleswomen in each of those six departments. Stone's, much astonished, had given her fifty dollars a week and a commission to improve the store wherever she could convince them it needed improvement.

Emily promptly convinced them that they were losing several thousand dollars a year because their sales people couldn't figure accurately how much nine and a third yards of silk at a dollar and seventeen cents a yard came to. When they were properly impressed with this loss Emily Blakeslee devised a plan for stopping the greater part of it. She made a set of tables showing exactly how much nine and a third yards of silk at a dollar and seventeen cents a yard came to, and all the other odd sums. She had the tables printed on a card that fitted in the back of a book of sales slips. Stone's raised her salary to sixty dollars a week, and a roving executive from Green's in Boston stopped off in Chicago to interview her and intimated cautiously that she might hear from him later.

Tim Wood helped Emily Blakeslee select the special stock on which her tables were printed and took her out to lunch. He was fascinated and delighted. He had known many pretty girls. But Emily Blakeslee was clever and enthusiastic and hard-working. She had thought more about business than he had, and knew more about it. Tim Wood decided on the way back to the office after lunch that he'd like to take her out to dinner. Perhaps she danced. He called her up immediately. She was startled. But she accepted. She did dance. After that he rushed her as hard as he knew how.

When he kissed her she kissed him back before she knew what she was doing. They were standing at the front door of the apartment building in which she lived.

"Oh," she said hotly, "you had no ——" She was going to say "You had no right to do that." But she did not finish the sentence. She was too honest.

"I wish you'd go," she said. "Right away."

"I will," he promised. "I only want to say that I'm serious. I ——"

"I know you are," she interrupted.

"I'm crazy about you," he said.

"I—I suppose I want you to be," she said. She looked up at him with a face in which imminent tears and laughter at herself and appeal were all mingled. "Only I have to think. Don't you see I have to think?"

"Will you come to lunch tomorrow?"

She nodded. "Yes," she said, "if you'll go now I will."

She came to lunch the next day looking incredibly fresh and young and naïve for a girl who was making good as an efficiency expert in a big department store.

"I've got a new hat," she said, and blushed.

His hand touched hers across the table. She looked up at him.

"I'm sorry I was so silly last night. I—I wanted you to be crazy about me. But—I—I didn't know I'd be crazy about you."

Once she had decided, she was whole-hearted. They walked that evening all the way from Stone's in the Loop to the north end of Lincoln Park before they thought of finding a place at which to have dinner. She surprised and pleased him by little bursts of frankness.

"You'll never know how grateful I am to you, Tim," she said. "I mean for giving me a real rush. Nobody ever really rushed me before. The only men who ever fell for me in college were the pale kind who were going to be poets some day and instructors in English meanwhile—you know the kind. I used to think football players were dumb. I'm so glad you're a football player."

He saw no reason why they shouldn't be married at once. She wished she could be married at home. Her people lived in Springfield, Massachusetts. Before he'd had a chance to persuade her out of this sentiment she got the offer from Green's. She came to lunch with the letter from Green's and handed it across the table to him to read. Green's offered her a hundred dollars a week to come to Boston.

"I can't refuse," she said pathetically.

He handed the letter back. "No," he said, "I suppose not."

"Tim," she said, "you aren't the kind of man who'd try to make me give up my job? Because I just couldn't."

"No," he admitted, "you can't give it up."

He couldn't ask her to give up her job. He wasn't averaging more than fifty dollars a week between his salary and his commissions.

Emily went to Boston and he stayed on in Chicago. He wrote letters to all the printers in Boston. After two months he succeeded in getting a job in Boston. They were married Thanksgiving Day at Springfield and went to live economically in a furnished apartment in Brookline, with a part-time maid who came in for a couple of hours every day.

Emily rushed off to Green's at eight o'clock in the morning and got home at half-past six, exhausted. The general manager was opposed to nearly every idea she had. She spent a great deal of time and energy persuading him. Tim made a point of getting up early and giving her coffee in bed. Emily seldom had time to meet him for lunch. In the evening they dined in a restaurant. They got thoroughly tired of restaurants. They got especially tired of the sort of restaurant that advertises chicken-and-waffle dinners. The waffles became a joke between them.

Tim came home one Saturday with a heavy package. He set the package on the floor and unwrapped it.

"What on earth ——" Emily began. "Oh," she finished, "it's a waffle iron."

"Exactly," Tim said. "The next thing is to find out how to use it."

"Heavens," Emily said, "I know how to make waffles."

"You do!" Tim said in astonishment.

"You don't suppose I was brought up in a large family without learning how to cook, do you?"

They got eggs and flour and butter and maple sirup that Saturday night, and the next morning Emily proved that she did know how to make waffles.

After that they made a function of Sunday breakfast at home. The Sunday breakfasts led to Sunday suppers, which she and Tim concocted together. Sunday became their great day—a day when they never went anywhere and even Emily was lazy and they talked as they hadn't time to talk during the week.

But one Sunday Emily looked at Tim suddenly and critically.

"Tim," she said, "you're getting fat—positively fat."

Tim was annoyed. He wasn't used to any criticism whatever from Emily. She had always taken great pride in his size and strength. Besides, it was true. He was getting heavier. All his clothes were tight on him.

The Boy Snuggled Into Her Arms

"I've always been heavy," he protested.

She shook her head. "Not as heavy as you are now. You'll have to go on a diet."

He argued that he was naturally heavy. He'd always stayed about the same weight through a football season, when other men lost weight.

"After all," he finished, "if you're the sort that's heavy you're the sort that's heavy but I'm not soft. I can't cut down my weight by going on a diet."

"Of course you can," Emily said. "If you cut out the fattening foods—the starches and the sweets—you've got to lose. You can't help it any more than water can help running downhill."

"I don't believe I'd lose a pound a month," Tim insisted.

"How much do you weigh?"

"I don't know exactly. I used to weigh two hundred and fifteen when I was playing football. I suppose I weigh a little more now—maybe ten pounds more."

Emily looked him up and down. In spite of himself he straightened his shoulders and pulled in his stomach. "You're at least twenty pounds

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Tim Made a Point of Getting Up Early and Giving Her Coffee in Bed

The Serious Business of Fishing

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

NEW YORK writhed in the sweep of the worst blizzard of the spring. Snowplows ground along car tracks, taxicabs skidded and collided, police whistles mingled with the whistle of a thirty-mile wind, shrieking in from gray waters where stricken shipping moved wraithlike in the low visibility of swirling white. It was a terrible day. So I went down to Park Lane to see my friend who runs the tackle store there and settle some important matters on fishing.

Just why a spring blizzard engenders a far-away expression in the eyes of a fisherman never has been satisfactorily explained. Perhaps it emphasizes the approach of summer, and thereby the time when he can return to beloved endeavors. Nevertheless, the household which shelters a serious fisherman may look forward to some discomfort about the time the last blizzard blows. Just when mother is adjuring the children to kick the snow off their feet before they come into the house, father decides to get out all his fishing rods, rewind old wrappings, varnish a few joints, go over his trout and bass flies, and string out his lines for inspection. And when he finally takes all his reels apart to clean them in gasoline, finding on the reconstruction that he has lost the screws and dropped a ratchet spring behind the radiator, then it may be considered that spring has begun.

So, there was nothing unusual about my trip down to Park Lane, except what I found there. The place was exceedingly active. Clerks moved excitedly about the show cases. Persons ran up and down stairs. My friend pushed his head above a huddle of heavily concentrated men and shouted that he couldn't see me. The reason was that he was outfitting two parties for a fishing trip to New Zealand, and another for a jaunt into the Kenya Colony in Africa.

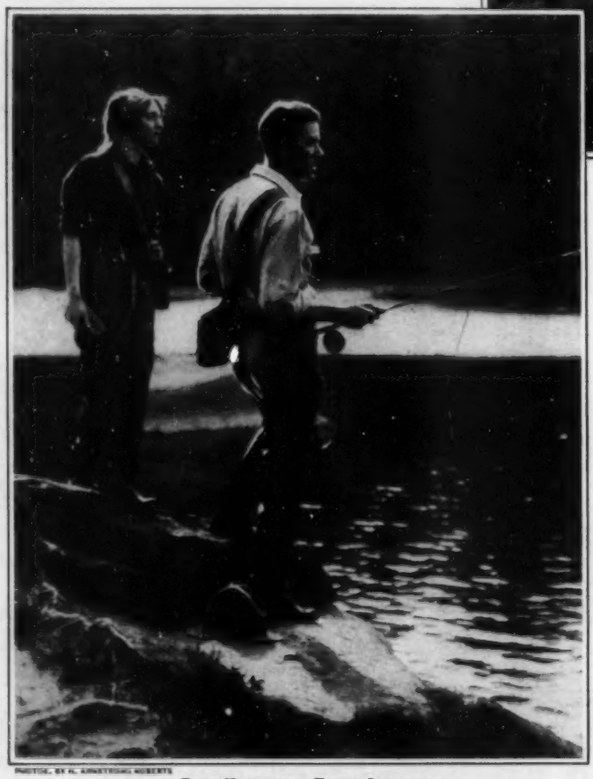
A Little Fishing Trip

TIME was when the spendthrift who crossed oceans to do his fishing would have been good material for the Sunday magazine sections. No more; there are too many of them. Twenty years ago, conservatism toward outdoor sports demanded that a man must consider himself extremely rich before he could waste money on an expensive fishing trip. Today, that same trip will be taken with little previous consideration by a man who counts his income as a moderate one. The annual fishing hegira to Florida, to Canada, to the trout streams of the West, or the bass and pike and muskie waters of the Northern states—any one of these represents more money than was spent on fishing by the entire nation a quarter of a century ago. Fashions in fishing and the viewpoint toward fishing have changed. Today, the cost of the expedition is often subjugated to the more important question: "Will we get the fish?"

Perhaps in that sentence lies the explanation. Twenty-five years ago, for instance, a fishing expedition for the ordinary city man consisted of a jaunt of a few miles. The ideal way to go about it was to hire a horse-drawn moving van, thus assuring shelter in bad weather, throw in some blankets and a bale of hay for bedding purposes, a ham, some bacon, sugar, condiments, coffee, and two kegs of beer, following which the party would journey forth to Horseshoe Lake or Big Bend, camp for a week, and come back with enough fish for the neighborhood. A seventy-five or one hundred mile trip was something to talk about, and an excursion involving an overnight train journey was reserved only for the wealthy, who didn't have any more sense than to go running all over the country when there were plenty of fish close to home.

Today, the rich man and the almost-rich man cross the country for salmon fishing in the East, or steelhead fishing in the Northwest, more casually than they once journeyed from the Middle West to Colorado. I know two men of only moderate wealth who scoot about the country in an airplane, thus saving precious time on fishing streams; an accomplishment which discounts entirely the risk of their precious necks on makeshift landing fields. For the man who formerly took one trip of fifty or a hundred miles in a year, there are now a half dozen trips, which may aggregate several thousand miles. When a man starts forth on his vacation with a full gas tank, a fishing rod and a pop-eyed expression, distance counts for little if there are fish at the other end of the excursion. Sometimes there isn't even that reward. A certain rotund person called Fatty came out to see me last summer in Colorado. From there we journeyed eighteen hundred miles to various parts of the wild and untrammeled West. Fatty is a bass fisherman. We were after trout. He caught one white fish, which, in its final category, might be described best as a third cousin to a sucker.

Sizing Up a Mountain Stream



Zero Hour on a Trout Stream

But Fatty wasn't at all discouraged. It gave him a perfect alibi for another fishing trip to get the taste of this one out of his mouth. Multiply Fatty by the tens of thousands and one learns why fishing-tackle factories work overtime and why practically every state which possesses game-fish resources is learning better to guard and enhance them. Where one man fished twenty-five years ago, a hundred fish today, and even that figure may be regarded as New England conservatism.

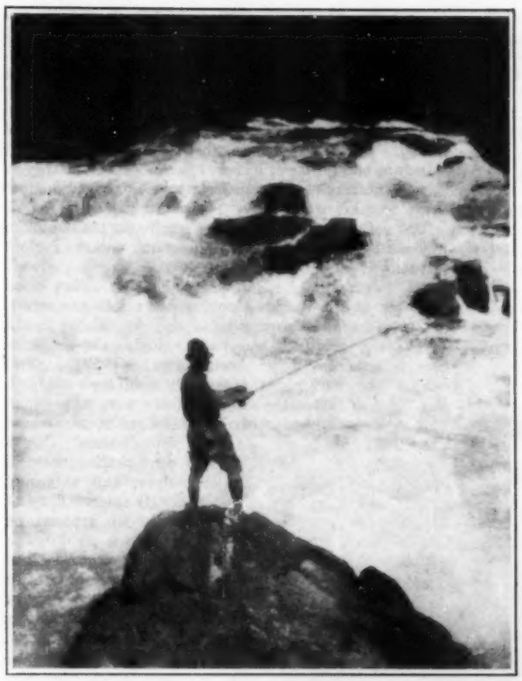
The fact is that fishing as a sport has grown up. It is regarded no longer as belonging wholly to the small boy, with the result that an outfit consisting of a few bait hooks, a line, some sinkers and a bamboo pole is hardly proper any more.

Back in the old days, my Uncle Jim was rated as being pretty far gone on the subject of fishing. He got passes on all the railroads and could go about where he pleased, with the result that he knew more about trout than the average man. He fished the Gunnison when five and six pounders were the usual reward of a good angler; he knew the Laramie and the North Platte, the Frying Pan and the Grand, and all the rivers which lay between. Then one day Uncle Jim proved that heroes could give their lives for others in fact as well as in fiction, and I became an envied person in the inheritance of his fishing tackle.

The Compleat Angler

IT CONSISTED of one trout rod which weighed about eight ounces, one reel, one line and a book of about twenty flies, all No. 6's, which meant that they were about the size of the small joint of one's little finger. Uncle Jim's investment, as a serious fisherman, was about twenty-five dollars. Times have changed since then. By keeping this issue of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST away from my wife, I am enabled to confess that my present outfit represents a bank-book deficit of about three thousand dollars for rods, reels, lines; bass, pike and muskie lures; landing nets, pliers, hook disgorgers, scales and scalers, knives, scissors, spinners, dry fly oil, line grease, feathers for emergency fly tying, tweezers, fly hooks, fly boxes, and other incidentals, including every fly and nymph that ever existed, except the one upon which the fish happen to be biting. Beyond that is another investment of about ten thousand dollars in club memberships, fishing cabins, a summer camp, bedding rolls, pneumatic mattresses, pack sacks, horses for pack trips, camp equipment, saddles and what not. And still beyond that is the fact that I, with my thirteen thousand dollars' investment in fishing paraphernalia, am nothing more than a crap-shooting piker beside a lot of other men I know who look down upon me with the scorn that only a true fishing nut can evince when he owns a fly or rod or type of reel that the other fellow doesn't possess.

Outfits that cost a thousand dollars today are commonplace, and there are many that would inventory twenty-five thousand dollars or more. It is not at all unusual for a serious fisherman to spend five hundred to one thousand dollars on tackle for a single trip; such as one of the various New Zealand expeditions which have sprung up since Zane Grey went over there several years ago on a sort of pioneering expedition for the rest of the angling clan. Fishing clubs have sprung up in multitudes, with memberships costing from one hundred to one thousand dollars or even more, and with investments which reach a maximum of



Playing a Trout in White Water

a million dollars. Fishing leases have bounded like the value of a seat on the Stock Exchange; a few years ago the salmon-fishing privileges of a certain river in Canada sold for an annual rental of eighteen thousand dollars. This year the rental price was seventy-five thousand dollars.

Of course there is a reason for it, and one which, to me, seems to go beyond the ordinary fact that, of late years, there has been a greater interest in all outdoor sports. That, naturally, is a basic cause, but there are ensuing complications which differentiate it from the interest in tennis, in golf or football. For one thing, fishing is a fundamental disease.

Golf is an acquired habit. So is tennis and any other game. Hunting is somewhat fundamental, but even here there is a difference, for the methods of hunting have changed since the first cave man went out to look for his breakfast. But fishing remains where it was in the beginning; here is a return to nature that is absolute.

Did you ever notice, for instance, the first thing that a city person does when he is transplanted to the open country? Nine out of ten times he'll throw stones. He doesn't exactly know why he does it, except that he gets a lot of fun out of it and is trying to hit something. Beyond the semimechanical action, a psychologist might trace a long lineage of mental processes which go back beyond the time of coherent speech, to the era when man threw stones that he might hit animals and thereby live. Fishing is equally primitive.

For after all, one fishes only by a slight variation from the way in which he fished in the beginning—with a line and a hook. Once it was a thong and a sharpened piece of bone; the basic method of that day is the basic method of the present one. The result is that when a person becomes interested in angling, he does something more than yield to a form of sport. He goes the whole route back to the times when men's suitings were cut from bearskin rugs and a fish meant food. All that is necessary to exalt it to a sport is to refine it, and that costs money.

Fish That are Wise

THE first element necessary to the refining of any sport is to make it difficult. This has happened quite naturally with fishing; the increased interest in the outdoors has accomplished it automatically. Little parties no longer jaunt a few miles from town, for the simple reason that the fish are no longer plentiful in the vicinity of cities. Besides, one finds, in localities which teem with fish, an utter lack of regard for the fine points of the game. I know one country, just being opened up to sportsmen—a trout country, incidentally—where there is not a high-priced rod in the community, not a tapered line, not a reel worth more than a dollar, nor any other costly equipment. When Indians can get a week's supply of rainbows with nothing more than a long piece of cord, an ordinary Carlisle hook and a few grasshoppers, why waste money and time on postgraduate methods? It is the harder-fished districts which are producing the experts, the high-priced tackle outfits, and the wanderers who regard distance as only something to waste time upon in order to get where fishin' is good.

A country that presents more intensive fishing does not necessarily mean a corresponding absence of fish. It is true fewer fish are caught, and for a simple reason. The other day I talked to an eighty-year-old man who has fished since childhood in the East. In that conversation he told of several streams which now contain far more trout than when he was young.

"But fewer trout are caught now," I said.

"Certainly," was the answer. "Why not? They're a wiser breed than they once were; it takes a better fisherman to fool 'em. These things you read about brainless fish are not true. A trout or bass or any other game fish is a pretty canny individual, especially when you come to consider the fact that all game fish take their food on the move, with little time to give to an investigation of whether it's a real minnow, or a bona-fide insect, or just hokum with a hook on it.

"Fish print no newspapers and leave no written records from one generation to another. But I can show you streams with inmates so wild that even the shadow of an angler's rod will cause a scurry to cover, and a wariness that will outwit any efforts to lure them to the bait. Contrast this condition with the human sucker who will bite on a confidence game in spite of warnings, printed exposés, lectures and even personal effort, and the result is complimentary to the fish. If there were a race of giants which baited food for humans, the human race would diminish as rapidly as the piscatorial division.

"However, that all may be beside the point, which is the fact that the more chance a fish has to observe the human, the harder he is to catch. Do fish have a language? Perhaps. It is certain that wherever a great number of persons disturb an angling stream, the reward is only to the expert, no matter how many cans of fingerlings are dumped annually into that stream. Fish know that a human means trouble, and they make for deep water and sulking holes. Hence more men are becoming experts and using expert equipment. Once a man becomes an expert at anything, it generally follows that he becomes more or less obsessed with his subject. And when it's a disease like fishing, the tackle manufacturers benefit accordingly. Twenty years ago, a man like Louis Rhead, who painted water insects from life, the better to reproduce them as trout lures, might be regarded as eccentric. But fly tying is too big a business now, as well as rod building, for anything about it to be looked upon with cynicism."

To illustrate that, one must go back to Uncle Jim. His eight-ounce rod and his little book of No. 6 flies were standard equipment for the average trout fisherman of that day, just as a fifteen-foot, two-handed rod was believed necessary to the catching of salmon.

Patience Does it in Fishing for Trout

PHOTOS. BY H. ARMSTRONG ROBERTS

There's Many a Slip Twixt the Hook and the Net

Of course, in England, where fishing was more difficult, there was as a result more delicate tackle, with such things as tapered lines, small flies and greater precision on the part of the fisherman. There were also some men in this country who went for the finer piscatorial points, but they were few enough to be outstanding. One of them was the head of a steamship line, with a general run of fishing tackle of all kinds, which he had ceased to inventory at eighteen thousand dollars. Another was a salmon enthusiast, whose stock of flies was so large that when the biggest tackle store in New York wanted a few ideas they sent a representative up to see him.

Kipling on Flies

BUT beyond those few instances, the man who fished for trout with a five-ounce rod, or used a fly rod for bass, or attempted anything less than a fifteen-footer for salmon, was looked upon as a bit barmy. They fished then for rock bass and sun perch with worms only, and for muskies and northern pike with clubs that wouldn't bend if an elephant were on the other end. All that is changed now.

Perhaps Rudyard Kipling had something to do with it. Anyway, there was a tremendous stir among fishermen a number of years ago

(Continued on Page 169)

THE TIN BOX

By ALMET JENKS

ILLUSTRATED BY H. R. BALLINGER

ROBERT HOYT leaned forward in his chair and put the teacup and saucer on the table.

Jean Newell said, "Some more tea, Bob—or I should say, 'Will you have some tea?'" She smiled.

"Yes, thanks."

"It's more refined," she said, "to say, 'Will you have some tea?' as if you hadn't had any. It always seems rather silly. Like the Queen of Spain has no legs, or whoever it was."

"I know," Bob said. "Like saying to a man who's just had four or five cocktails, 'Look here; how about a cocktail?'"

"And walking next to the curb when you're with a lady ——."

"Well, there's some reason for that."

"I suppose so," she said. "But to have a man dodging around every time you cross the street looks sort of ostentatious—and elegant. And taking off your hat in an elevator. Fin would never take off his hat in an elevator." It was the first time she had spoken Fin's name. She said, "He loved to ride up and down in elevators with his hat on with gentlemen who had their hats off. They used to stare at him, and then he'd stare back. I should have asked you—perhaps you'd rather have had a drink?"

"I don't want a drink, thanks."

"There 're some bottles in Fin's closet."

"No, thanks."

"What do they say?" she asked—"I mean, about Fin. That he'd—that they'd been drinking?"

"Not that I've heard," Bob said.

"That's what they always say. After an automobile accident, late at night."

"I didn't see the papers. Just a local paper in Canada."

"I don't mean the papers," Jean said. "I mean people."

"I haven't seen anybody since I got back. You're the first person."

"He went down to spend the week-end on Long Island," she said. "With the Suttons. Alex Sutton wrote a book called Butter Side."

"I don't believe I know it."

She smiled. "Did you read Fin's last book?"

"Yes. It was darned clever, I thought."

"Clever," Jean said. "How he would have hated that!"

"I mean ——"

"I couldn't go," Jean said. "At least, I wasn't feeling well. And the Suttons' parties are rather exhausting. They keep going all the time. They have a lot of amusing people and play games."

"Games?"

"Not your kind of games," she said. "I mean, parlor games. Writing poems, and Twenty Questions, anagrams—you know."

"Oh."

"Wait," Jean Said. She Turned to the Other Girl. "They Were Found, Among Some Papers, in a Tin Box That Belonged to My Husband"

"They live in a sort of colony—artists and writers—down on the South Shore. Fin went there quite a lot during the summer. Alex Sutton, or somebody he knew, had a sort of cabin near some beach, and they let Fin use it when he wanted to be alone and work.

"That night," she went on, "they'd been at somebody else's house. It had been raining and the roads were slippery. There were two cars. When they started home, back to the Suttons', Fin drove the runabout. It was queer; he never cared much about driving. A girl named Curtis went with him. The others went on ahead in the other car. When they got home they waited up for a while for Fin and Miss Curtis; then they went to bed. Alex Sutton said they thought they might have gone to some inn down there to dance. Early in the morning Miss Curtis telephoned. They'd taken the wrong road and were going very fast along some road near the ocean, and the car skidded and turned over. She said she'd lain in a field, unconscious, for several hours. Otherwise she wasn't hurt at all. When I got there she'd gone. Olga Curtis.

"I've never met her," Jean said. "I used to go to the Suttons' parties last winter, when they had an apartment in town, but I'd never heard of her before. But they're always making new friends. She told Alex that Fin must have been killed instantly. The steering wheel ——"

She got up and switched on a lamp near the tea table. She went over to one of the windows and pulled a curtain across.

"Let me do that." Bob went to help her. They stood together at the window, looking down into the street. There were a lot of children playing in the middle of the street, enjoying the last minutes of the short November twilight. Two boys were throwing a baseball back and forth across the street. There were some small children with boxes set on a plank and four wheels. Others were skating; most of them had only one skate apiece. They all kept up a constant yelling and were having a good time. It was a fine street to play in. Once in a great while a truck or a taxicab went by.

Jean pulled the curtain across the window and went back to the sofa.

"More tea, Bob?"

"No more, thanks." He sat on the arm of his chair and smoked a cigarette. Her face and throat stood out as if disembodied, in the dim room. Otherwise she was all black. Her hair was as black as her dress. It was cut quite short—shorter than the hair of some men—musicians and artists, for instance. When she was a kid, it had been very long, parted in the middle right back to the nape of her neck, worn in two braids. Now her short hair made her look a mere kid still—much younger than she was, which was twenty-nine.

"Are you going to stay on here, Jean?"

"I suppose so," she said. "The lease has a year to run—all but a month. I'd like to find something smaller."

"Smaller?"

"It's rather gloomy," she said.

The apartment was on the second floor of an old private house. There were two large, high-ceilinged rooms which ran the length of the house. Between the rooms was a bathroom and a sort of hallway which had been made into a small kitchen. In the front room—the sitting room—the walls were dark and the furniture was dark and heavy—except for a few pieces which were hers—and gave the room a gloomy look, especially in the daytime.

"The other apartment was very expensive," she said. "And this is fairly cheap—being so far east."

"Is there anything I can do?" he asked. "About the estate, or anything?"

She was busy making herself another cup of tea and didn't answer for a moment.

"There is something," she said finally. "I didn't quite know what to do—after it happened. You were in Canada, and I thought you'd planned to be away for a month anyway. Fin's people aren't living, so I went to a Mr. Emery who did some law work for mother once. He asked me to see if I could find a will.

"Fin had a black tin box in which he kept a lot of papers. There wasn't any safe-deposit box at a bank or anything like that. And there was nothing else in the apartment—no papers, I mean, except a scrapbook of press clippings and letters about his books. The box was locked, and I couldn't find a key and I had to have one made. I went through it hurriedly, looking for the will. It was mostly full of things to do with his writing—notes for stories, some things he had started and never finished, outlines of plots—and a few business papers—the lease of our old apartment, for instance."

"You didn't find any will?" Bob asked.

"No. I don't suppose Fin ever thought of it. But Mr. Emery wants me to go through it carefully. There may be some manuscripts that are finished—I know Fin had worked on some short stories once—things that Mr. Mosely, Fin's agent, ought to see. And I found two stock certificates, which Mr. Emery says aren't worth anything. But he thinks there may be some insurance policies ——"

"Isn't there ——" Bob stopped, and then asked, "You haven't found any life-insurance policy?"

"No. There may be one in the box. I didn't look very carefully—only for the will. Will you go through the box for me, Bob? I was going to ask Mr. Emery, but I'd much rather have you. I don't feel like doing it myself. It's hard to explain, but it seemed to me that Fin had put away in the box all his plans for years to come—all the books he was going to write. And to read the notes now and know that nothing can ever be done with them —— It's hard that he didn't have more of a chance. He had so many ideas and believed so in himself, and that some day he was going to be really famous. So, if there is anything more that should be published —— Now he has only the three books ——"

"They're great successes," Bob said.

"It's hard to tell yet about the last one," she said. "He made quite a name on the first."

"There's no trouble about the royalties, or whatever you call 'em?" he asked. "They come to you, all right?"

"Oh, yes. I had to be made adminis—adminis ——"

"I know," he said.

She stood up. "I'll get the box for you."

"But I don't know anything about writing, Jean, or literary things."

"It isn't necessary," she said. "If you don't mind doing it for me."

"Of course not."

"With you it will be almost professional, as if you were a lawyer, without any personal interest. You didn't know Fin well; you and he were so entirely different." She smiled at him and turned and went into the other room. She returned with a fairly large black tin box. Bob took it from her.

"Here's the key." She gave it to him. "I think you can destroy most of the papers—the notes for stories, and so forth—but if there are any finished things, or if you have any doubts, you can show them to Mr. Mosely. You may have trouble reading them. Fin did all his writing in longhand; Mr. Mosely has someone who did his typing and can read his handwriting easily. Any business and legal papers you can send to Mr. Emery. I'll give you their addresses." She went over to a desk and wrote out the addresses and gave them to him.

He Took the Key From His Pocket and Sat Down and Unlocked the Box

"You don't want to see the things first?" he asked.

"No. It's a nuisance for you, Bob ——"

"It's nothing. I'll get at it tonight. Good-by, and thanks for the tea, Jean."

"Good-by. I'm sorry the shooting wasn't good, but I'm glad you're back for a while anyway."

She went with him out into the hall, leaving her door open to give him more light on his way down the dark stairs. When he turned and disappeared at the bottom, she went back into the room and closed the door. She carried the tea things to the kitchen and washed them and began to prepare her supper.

II

ROBERT HOYT and his father, the last of those particular Hoyts, dined alone in the cavernous dining room. The butler and a second man went about silently, skillfully, always with ceremony, as if a large party were in progress.

"What brought you back?" his father asked. "Didn't What's-his-name show you any sport?"

"We went out once. Sheep are scarce this year. In the Northwest, anyway."

"Once! And you decided they were scarce?"

"Yes."

"Did Blaine come back with you?"

"No. He stayed on."

"How long are you going to be here?"

"I don't know," Bob said. "I may go down to Harford next month."

"Not Ireland, then?"

"I guess not. Not this year."

"I thought you'd written Leslie."

"I did. However, I think I'll call it off." Bob smiled. "I've decided it's

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"No One Ever Told Me," She Said. "I Remember it Now. It Was Warm and Lovely, and the Stars Were Bright"

FORTUNATUS PREFERRED

By Kennett Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

THE old bullwhacker, Sam Stegg, picked a live coal from the edge of the camp fire and rolled it from his horny palm into the bowl of his corncob pipe; he then loosened a waistband whose constriction was beginning to incommode him and leaned back against a rock, puffing luxuriously. "This," he said, "is what I call living!"

Tip Yoakum, the Hat Creek granger, emptied about half a pint of the Cheyenne River from his right boot and proceeded to remove a saturated sock. He had just met with a misadventure at the pool below the falls. "I spose there ain't no law against you calling it that if you want to," he grumbled, "but if I hadn't grabbed a root when my foot slipped, it might have been what I call drownding."

The firelight threw a flickering illumination on Mr. Stegg's beatific smile. "No ladies present," he rhapsodized, "no napkins and no remarks if you use your overalls, no clean floor to worry about if you happen to drop any of your victuals, no frills! A good afternoon's sport with the fish biting, fresh fried catfish, salt pork, roasted p'taters and flapjacks; a fire, a pipe, the dark shadows around and the bright stars winking above and the sound of falling water! Ah-h! Seems like the old days was back again!"

Yoakum was ironical respecting the attractions of camp life and eloquent concerning the comforts of home, which, he declared, should never have been abandoned by snoozers of Mr. Stegg's advanced age and infirmities. He predicted rheumatism and was only diverted from that subject by an enveloping cloud of acrid smoke from the fire.

The third member of the party, Hank Simmons, of the Box Elder stage station, reproved Tip for his language. He himself shared the old bullwhacker's satisfaction with present conditions. He would, he said, do this here all the time, were he rich.

The conversation turned on riches, on neglected opportunities of acquiring wealth. Yoakum stated that his experience contradicted the axiom that honesty was the best policy, and the stocktender assured him that he should have pursued that policy longer in spite of his early discouragement. Mr. Stegg began to chuckle in a way that made it evident that he was reminded.

When I Come Up He Started Talking to Me in His Broken Lingo, Waving His Hands and H'isting His Shoulders and Hopping Around Like a Pea in a Skillet

Some folks are thataway—the bullwhacker said. Any little setback and they give right up in despair. There was Jake Bodilow up at Rapid was like that. Joel Evans used to say that Jake had been plumb full of the milk of human kindness, but he got caught out in a bad thunderstorm one day. But Jake was rich. Soon after he come to the Hills he reco'nized that what the country wanted was capital, and he opened up an office to supply such to the needy and deserving. Some of them had been in the habit of taking everything they could out of the land and putting nothing back on. Jake done what he could to remedy that. He had 'em slap a mortgage on it—one that they couldn't lift, let alone haul away and sell. It stuck. And the mortgagor was stuck too. He'd put in a few years working night and day to keep up the interest and then he'd light out, leaving the lands, tenements, hereditaments and livestock and farming implements described as follows, to wit, to their fate and the sheriff. Then Jake's loan comp'ny got busy with their harvesting. First off, Jake acted as the comp'ny's agent and then he cut loose and went on his own hook—and he hooked a-plenty. Dick Proudfoot took his place, but Dick was too human to compete with Jake. He just done business tempered with mercy, Dick did.

Jake wasn't no shriveled old hunks with a billy-goat beard; he was a fine, pink-faced, upstanding geeser, a few years the sunny side of forty, with a hearty handshake and a noisy laugh. He could tell a good story and he'd joke with you while he was cutting your throat; and when he took a notion he was a free spender. He wore good clothes and always went into court with clean hands. Altogether, he wasn't as unpopular as you might think; but nobody ever gave him credit for having a heart. Claude Jennings and me was the first to know that Jake really had a heart as big as an ox's and tender to a fault as well as pulsating with gen'rous emotions. It may have got out of kelter and stopped working, but it was there—spang in the right place—or it had been afore it was took advantage of.

Claude was afore your time, maybe. He was a rock sharp—a Number One expert, a fine boy and as square as they ever come. In some college East now. When he had his office in Rapid he wasn't hardly thirty, tall and loose-jointed; not bad-looking, but with the solemnest mug you ever seen. Right humorous, but he'd hardly ever crack a smile. I'd been grub-staking Joe Arp on a prospecting trip and he'd brought back some ore samples that looked good to us. Black—sulphurets of silver, looked like.

Speaking of being wealthy, that was one time that I was richer'n Vanderbilt—until Claude told me different. Well, Joe had taken some of that rock to Deadwood for assay, but the assayer only give us a trace of silver and not enough gold to pay for the milling, but he was p'tic'lar nosey about where that rock come from. Joe didn't tell him, but he sent some of the samples down to me—I was running my corral in Rapid at the time—and wanted me to have Claude see 'em.

On my way to Claude's office, I seen him in Jake Bodilow's, talking to Jake, and he waved and beckoned for me to come in, which I done. "You're just the man I want to see," says Claude. "You know Johnny Corwin, don't you?"

"I know him up and down and for'ard and backward," I says. "Johnny ain't hard to learn. Good, steady, hard-working, God-fearing, law-abiding old fool," says I.

"Exactly," says he. "I was trying to convince Brother Bodilow here that Johnny's word was as good as his bond and that when he says he'll be able to pay off the mortgage that Brother Bodilow holds on his ranch within one calendar month, principal and interest, Brother Bodilow can bank on that statement. Johnny's got a good job in Pactola and a sure prospect of a considerable sum of money from another source. When I say sure, I mean absolutely certain, beyond cavil or doubt—inevitable, like sunrise in the morning and death and taxes, and so forth. Do you get my point? Yes? Well, on the part of Johnny, who is not able to be here and who is a friend of mine, I am urging Brother Bodilow to extend the time of payment until next month—continuing the interest, of course. It seems to me a pity that Johnny should lose his ranch after nearly paying the amount of the original loan in interest. Brother Bodilow points out that Johnny will be entitled to all that's left after the sale and after the expenses of foreclosure have

been deducted; but when I ask Brother Bodilow to mention one specific instance of there being anything left, Brother Bodilow is silent or evasive. In other words, there ain't a-going to be no core to any apple he sets his pearly teeth into. Do I wrong you in this statement, Brother Bodilow?"

"You certainly do," says Jake. "I'm surprised at you, Mr. Jennings. Personally I'd be more than glad to wipe off the whole debt. Heaven knows I don't want no more'n what I'm legally entitled to; but this is business, and the only way to do business is according to business principles. Mr. Corwin will have to pay up by noon tomorrow at latest or I'll have to foreclose. I hate to do it, and I'd be glad to oblige any friend of yours, but friendship is one thing and business is another. I'm sorry."

Claude took his feet down off the desk and sighed again. He looked like he was heart-broke. "Well," says he, feeling in his pocket, "there's only one thing to do, I reckon, and that's to pay you. Here's a certified check for the whole thing that Johnny's sent me, so if you'll open up that safe of yours and give me the mortgage and notes, I'll move on and get to my own work."

Jake certainly did look ugly. He just sat and glared.

"Just my little joke, Brother Bodilow," says Claude. "Don't take it to heart. Open up your safe and give me the mortgage and a smile."

Before Jake could more'n get his mouth set in the beginnings of a sour grin, a lady come into the office. She wasn't a young lady, nor a beautiful lady, nor a well-fed looking lady, nor yet well-dressed. She looked sick and wore out—like her clothes—and sort of anxious and discouraged and unhappy. I didn't know her and couldn't call to mind I'd ever seen her. Before I could move, Claude jumped up and placed his chair for her, and she give him a weak smile and 'most dropped into it.

"Well, ma'am?" Jake snaps at her.

"I'm Mrs. Nick Jordan," she says, and her hands and her voice both shook.

"Oh!" says Jake, shoving out his jaw. "Have you brought the money Nick owes me?" he snaps.

I turned to go out, but Claude caught my eye and shook his head for me to stay, so I sat down again.

"I'm sorry, but I haven't, Mr. Bodilow," says Mrs. Jordan. "Nick's sick—awful sick. I guess he's—he's—— He heard you was living here and we don't know another living soul in this town. Nick thought that for the sake of old times you might come and see him. We're in a heap of trouble, Mr. Bodilow."

"Yes?" says Jake, his voice softening. "Sick, is he? In trouble, is he? Well, well! Maybe I could help him out with another loan, for the sake of old days?"

"Oh, if you only would!" she says, clasping her hands. "If you only would, until I could find work of some kind. There must be something I could do to earn money here. You see, Mr. Bodilow, we only got here yesterday. We were on our way to my folks in Chadron, and Nick took a bad turn and we had to get off, and—and—we'd spent the money they'd sent us for stage fare, and Nick thought——"

"I don't want to hear what he thought, or what he said," Jake told her. "If you ain't got no other business here, I have. You and Nick can get out of your trouble or stay in it, for all of me. I wouldn't turn my hand over for you after the way he treated me. The poor farm's good enough and too good for him. Tell him I said so."

She was making for the door when Claude stopped her and ast her, very respectful, where she was a-staying. She told him at King's, and he thanked her and said if she didn't mind he'd call and see Mr. Jordan in a little while. I spoke up and said I'd come, too, if there wasn't no objections, and she said she'd be glad to have us both come, and went off.

Jake laughed as she went—one of his loud, jolly laughs. "Talk about nerve!" he says.

"It beats all, doesn't it?" says Claude. "Now, if you'll get into your safe, Brother Bodilow, I'll be obliged," says he.

As Jake turned to go to the safe, Claude shook his head at me. I reckon he thought I was a-contemplating vi'lence, and I won't say he was wrong. Anyway, I sat down again. When the papers was turned over, Jake says, with one of his good-natured laughs, "I spose you boys think I was a little mite harsh with that old hen?"

I was a-going to tell him what I thought when Claude stopped me again. "Wait a minute, Sam," he says. "Whether or not Brother Bodilow was unduly harsh depends to a certain extent on the circumstances of the case. Am I right or am I wrong, Brother Bodilow?"

"You bet your sweet existence you're right," says Jake. "But I wish you'd quit calling me Brother Bodilow. Once in a while I wouldn't mind, but you're running it into the ground."

"I apologize, Brother Bodilow," says Claude. "There I go again!" he says. "I reckon I'm busting with fraternal feeling whenever I see you. 'After all,' I tell myself, 'he's a man and a brother.' I have to keep reminding myself of that. You say there was circumstances, Brother Bodilow. You don't mind, Sam?"

He sat down in the chair that Mis' Jordan had left, so I sat down too. Jake took a box of cigars from a drawer in his desk and offered them to us. Claude allowed he'd roll himself a cigarette, which he done. I just didn't take no notice, so Jake lit a cigar himself and locked the box up again. "You bet your life there was circumstances," he repeats.

"She hinted that her husband had helped you," says Claude.

"I'll tell you about that," says Jake. "Nick Jordan and me come from the same town and his folks was well fixed and left him some money. There wasn't much chance for a young fellow around there, so I come out to the Territory. I borrowed enough money from Nick to bring me here

(Continued on Page 101)

Hélène Didn't Show No Signs of Falling on His Neck as Time Went On. Most Generally She Was a Little the Other Way and Seemed to Favor Him the Least of Any—Without Being Unpolite or Mean

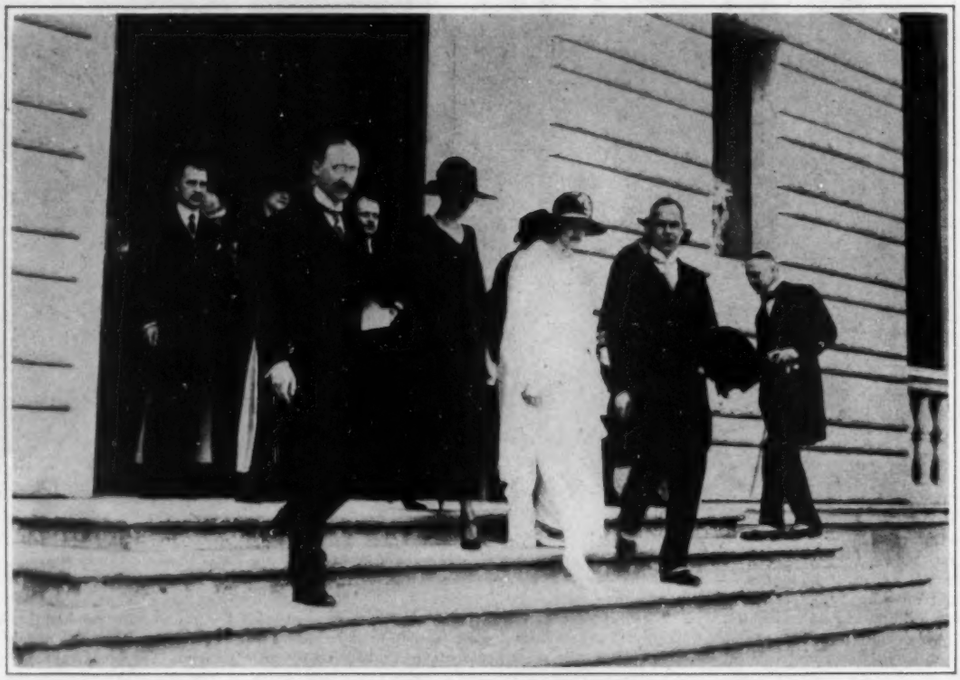
Jake Landed About a Third of the Way Across the Street and Slid to About Halfway

PLEASURES AND PITFALLS OF DIPLOMACY—By Maude Parker

ROME, July 26, 1921.

OUR diplomatic life started two days ago, when we arrived by the afternoon train from Naples and found at the station the entire embassy staff, formally garbed in morning coats or uniforms. In view of the terrific heat, which must have made such costumes insufferable, the welcome was impressively official, probably to them as well as to us.

We came at once to the Grand Hotel, where a comfortable suite had been engaged, and after settling the babies and their nurse, dressed leisurely and went to the Gunthers' for dinner at nine. Mr. Gunther, a career diplomat, is the counselor of embassy, and has been chargé d'affaires in the interim between the departure of Dick's predecessor, Robert Underwood Johnson, and our arrival. In addition to an excellent dinner served on the terrace of their large apartment, they gave us a great deal of information about Rome which we had been unable to obtain in Washington during the crowded weeks of parties and packing, after President Harding had appointed Dick as ambassador here.



Former Ambassador and Mrs. Child on Their Annual Visit to the King of Italy

The first problem is, obviously, to find a place in which to live. As it must be adequate for extensive entertaining and also for the needs of our family, it will be difficult to find, they say. Every other large country owns a completely equipped embassy into which its representative moves painlessly upon arrival in Rome, but the American ambassador has to rent a temporary embassy out of his salary of seventeen thousand five hundred dollars, and, in addition, has hard work finding a suitable place at any price.

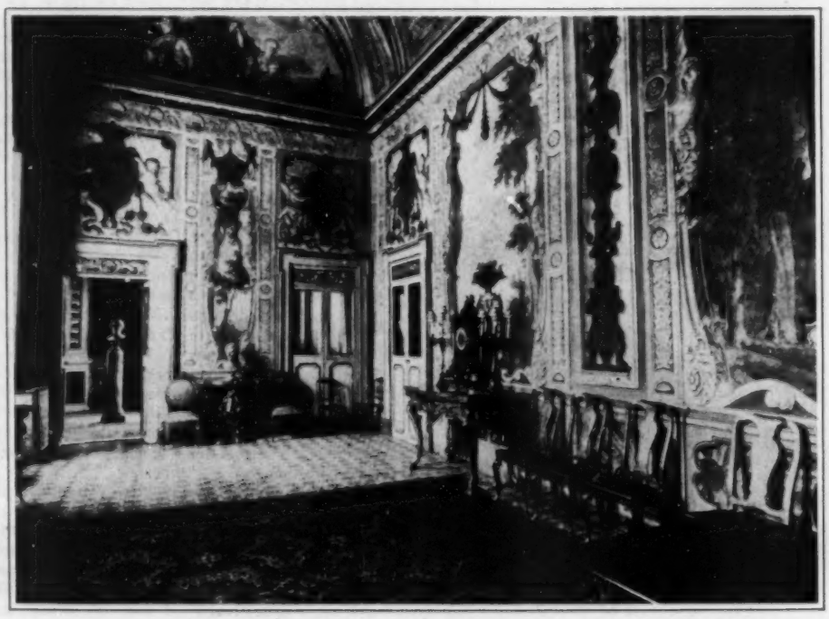
Fortunately, there are still three months before the definite social season begins, and my formal official duties are not supposed to start until after I have been received by the Queen, who usually stays in their country place in the north until late in the autumn. The King will come into Rome within a few days to see Dick at the palace and accept his credentials from the President.

In the meantime, I shall have to take the children to some cooler place in the hills, which will be accessible enough so that I can come into Rome to look at houses, engage servants and meet some of the people who have had to stay here because of official duties. The heads of the various diplomatic missions are all away.

Yesterday afternoon, in our official capacity, we attended a reception given on the Palatine for a hundred and fifty visiting American students. Dick made a brief address, and afterward we met countless Italians, among them Boni, the famous archæologist, to whom ancient Rome is apparently more real than the present capital, with its incongruous ugly modernity and occasional vistas of beauty.

We had expected to motor today to investigate a near-by summer resort, but the Communisti have called a general strike, and we were warned to stay indoors. Ever since we landed in Italy we have heard such diverse and conflicting rumors of the combat between this party and the Fascisti, who are variously likened to the American Legion, the Vigilantes and the Ku Klux Klan, that we decided to disregard the warning, but could find no chauffeur who would take us.

With the aid of Cleveland Perkins, Dick's personal secretary, who came over with us, I went through a pile of letters telling us of magnificent palaces or villas we could rent for an embassy. Many of them declare that the offer is made in strictest secrecy, as the owner would not grant the privilege of living in his ancestral home to any other than the representative of our honored country. But we find that the more they honor America, the larger the price they ask. So far, not one of them has proved possible.



Sixteenth-Century Wall Decorations in a Long Drawing-Room of the Palazzo Orsini

FIUGGI, August 22.

THE children and I have been for several weeks at this pleasant resort in the hills, two hours by motor from Rome, where Dick has joined us as often as his work permits. The other night he and Cleveland arrived exultant at having found the perfect embassy. After days of disappointment they had learned that the Duchess of Sermoneta would rent the main wing of the Palazzo Orsini, near the Tiber, which is one of the oldest palaces in Rome, and they described it in superlatives. I went in the next day and was equally enthusiastic. She has decorated and furnished the central part, of more than forty rooms, for her own use, with taste which is impeccable. There are three large, high-ceilinged drawing-rooms, beautifully furnished, opening onto a court garden in which seven small fountains, mandarin trees and flower beds make a pleasing pattern, and, in addition, a ballroom with walls hung in golden-yellow brocade, a library with comfortable chintz-covered sofas, and a fine collection of books reaching up to the ceiling, charming bedrooms, four modern bathrooms, central heating, and fireplaces in most of the rooms.

Madame Brambilla, who was Julia Meyer, daughter of a former American ambassador to Rome, and her husband, who is an Italian diplomat, gave a very pleasant semiofficial dinner for us in Rome the other evening, with the Marchese della Torretta, Minister of Foreign Affairs; Baron Romano Avezzana, former ambassador in Washington; Mr. and Mrs. Thomas of the British Embassy; Prince Ruspoli, the Gunthers and Cleveland.

We have seen a good deal of the British Ambassador, Sir George Buchanan, and his invalid wife, the Lady Georgina,

who are in Fiuggi. They are not only helpful because of their contemporaneous knowledge of Rome but have a perspective gained from many years spent in diplomacy at other capitals.

The smart dark-eyed wife of the Spanish Ambassador, the Marquise Villa Urrutia, is also here. It is amusing to contrast the point of view she and Lady Georgina hold about their positions with that held by the inexperienced. Ever since Dick's appointment I have been told countless times of the great privilege that was to be mine in becoming an ambassadress, and have almost been persuaded, against my initial belief, that there must be some truth in it. These two say, on the contrary, that it is an arduous and thankless job.

They reiterate that it is hard work, and its rewards are negligible. Yet each one of them has a splendid embassy, as well as certain permanent servants and automobiles provided for them, and their husbands receive a much larger salary than the American Ambassador. The British, in addition, are given a summer embassy on the Bay of Naples.

Other excellent information and advice issues daily from three of the most delightful old ladies I've ever known—Mrs. Woodworth, Mrs. Berdan and Mrs. Hazeltine—who for years have held important places in the American colony. As they are all approximately eighty, they consider anyone still in the twenties as almost defenselessly young, and are therefore maternally solicitous in warning me of the exigencies of my new rôle.

I have followed Lady Georgina's advice and asked every one who leaves cards to tea as soon as possible. I have no definite day at home, and have been advised not to, since people who come on that day do not feel they have had a personal invitation. Moreover, there are so many groups which are not congenial that it seems wiser—so the old residents tell me—to try to sort them out instead of asking everyone at once. Obviously this is not always possible, particularly in the case of American tourists, who are in town for only two or three days.

So far I've enjoyed these encounters with our fellow countrymen, despite an occasional incongruous mixing of them. The other afternoon when a dozen or so were here, the wife of one of the embassy staff, who was pouring tea, exclaimed in a stage whisper, when I passed near her, "But where did you collect these strange people?"

She told me afterward that she thought I was being "too kind to stray tourists," and that they neither deserved nor appreciated it. Considering her own unfortunate record for ignoring all but socially important Americans, which is said to have greatly handicapped her husband's career, it did not seem necessary to argue the point.

Last night we gave a farewell dinner for Lady Georgina and Sir George Buchanan, who has reached the age at which his government automatically retires its representatives. We have seen the royal family twice this week—the first time at the Chiesa de Santa Maria degli Angeli, the morning of November second, when the funeral service for the Unknown Soldier was held. The cards prescribed, for Dick, "grande uniform," but as our representatives have not adopted the custom of other ambassadors in providing uniforms, grand or otherwise, he had to don full evening dress. I was dressed entirely in black, having been warned to include in my wardrobe a costume suitable for official mourning. Outside the church, rows of troops and horsemen in their most splendid uniforms were drawn up. When we entered, young Prince Ruspoli, who is a court official, escorted us to seats bearing our names, in the first row of pews, set apart for the heads of the diplomatic corps, adjoining those reserved for the court.

Shortly afterward the Queen Mother, the King and Queen, the tall good-looking Crown Prince, and the three young Princesses, as well as the Duke and Duchess d'Aosta and various ladies in waiting and aides, entered. As each member of the royal family took his place, the women of the diplomatic corps curtsied as low as the pews permitted, and the men bowed. But the King, after turning to bow in a friendly way, turned quickly away, so that no further ceremony was possible.

Two days later, when the body was buried in the Victor Emmanuel Monument, with a deeply moving ceremony, the King shook hands with all of us.

"To Mrs. Richard W. Child With Cordial Greetings and Best Wishes—Florence Kling Harding"

The Author Reading in the Library of the Palazzo Orsini

PALAZZO ORSINI, ROME, October 2.

WE ARRIVED last night after two weeks of shopping in Florence, and are delighted to be in our own home after such a long time in hotels.

Our present staff consists of ten men and four women, including the two porters who are always on duty at the gate which marks the entrance to the palace, but the initiated say we shall be undermanned when we begin to entertain. Fortunately for our expense account, which the summer has already dented considerably, wages are unbelievably small. The butler, who was maitre d'hôtel at the Austrian Embassy before the war, gets four hundred and sixty lire a month. Even if the dollar drops to twenty, this is only twenty-three dollars! The chef, who is said to be one of the best in Rome, gets three hundred and fifty. Our total monthly budget for servants is about four thousand lire.

Our rent is reasonable—a little less than six thousand dollars—but there are all manner of incidental expenses which make up for it, including the purchase of all the china and glass we shall use, which had to be ordered from France, as we shall need such huge quantities.

There are still a few details to be attended to, but I feel as if the stage were set and the performance would start at any moment.

November 5.

DURING the past few weeks, although there is supposed to be "no one in town," we have gone out a great deal and have entertained about a hundred people here. The days have been warm and sunny, and after luncheon we have coffee in the garden, and often have tea there. There is joy in mere existence in this place!

A Small Round Room With the Famous Greek Head of the Fifth Century B.C.

November 15.

LAST week the Fascisti and the Communisti created a good deal of disturbance. A general strike resulted in a complete tie-up of trains, street cars, taxis and every sort of conveyance. On one day thirty-five people were killed in the streets, and no one knows how many on other days. Everyone is also vague as to who did the killing, and why. The only change in our routine was that we kept the children at home instead of letting them go to the Borghese Gardens, where they often play.

We have been entertained continuously, but have enjoyed no occasion more than a luncheon the Brambillas gave in the country at Capraroia, where they have a superb old palace. Julia, who has great talent for entertaining, had about thirty people; most of them Italians or members of the diplomatic corps.

The Countess Marcella Gianotti, whose mother was American and whose father was master of ceremonies at court, gave a splendid dinner for us the twelfth. The Minister of Finance, Soleri, took me in. Among the women, I liked especially the Marchesa Guglielmo di Vulci, who is one of the youngest and most charming of the Queen's ladies in waiting. Incidentally, I learned that this position carries with it a high ranking not dependent upon the husband's place at the table, which may be much lower.

The Duchess of Massari gave a tea for me, where I met a number of her friends, with a bewildering array of names and titles. I enjoyed it, but horrified one of the guests by saying, in answer to her question, that I did not play bridge. "But tell me: what can you find to do between tea and dinner?" she demanded.

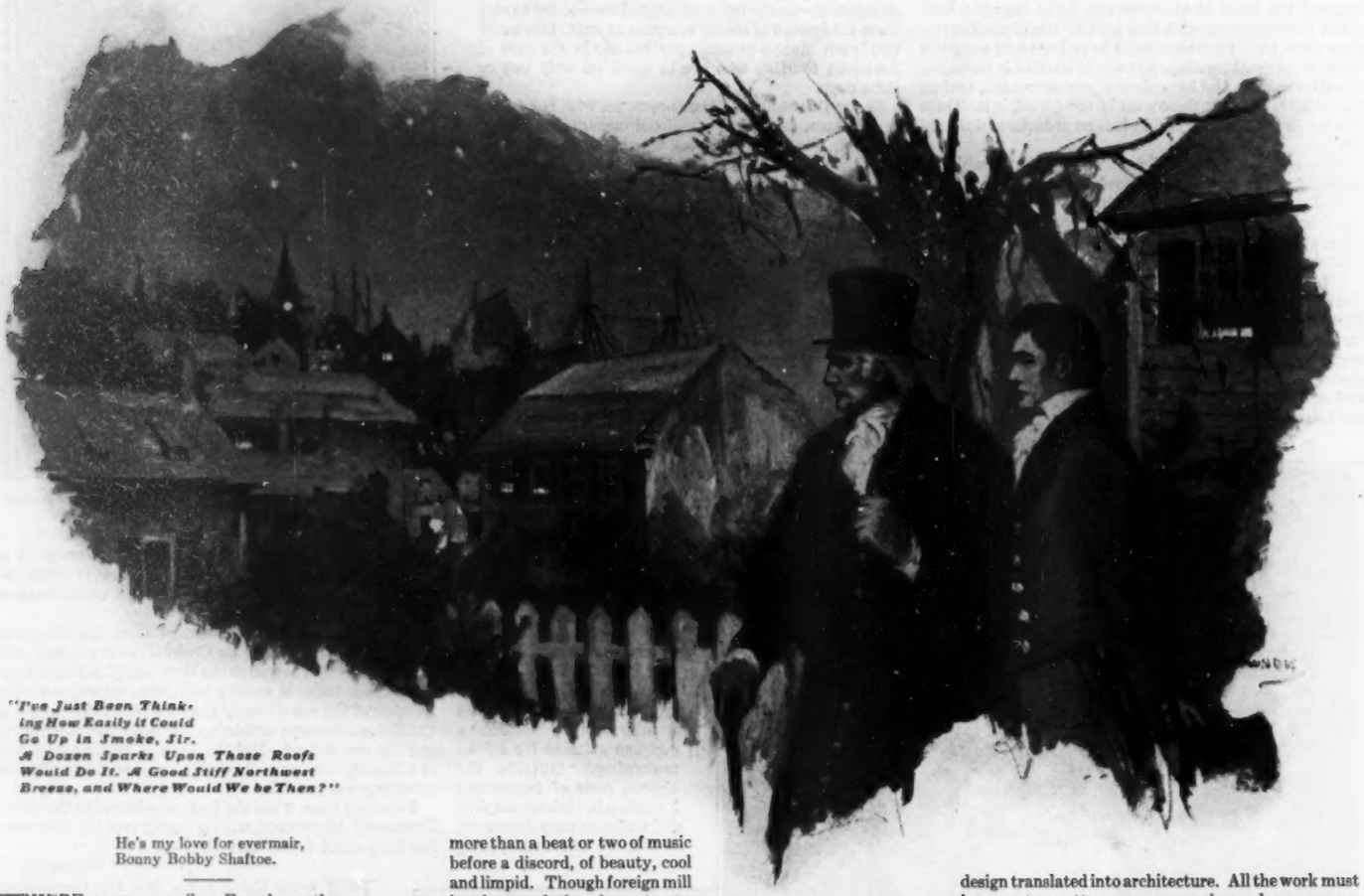
What, indeed! Every hour of the day is full, starting immediately after breakfast, to which both the children come now, when I give the cook his orders for the day and look over his books. I am told this is the custom of the most efficient Italian

(Continued on Page 68)

BOBBY SHAFTOE

By John P. Marquand

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER



"I've Just Been Thinking How Easily it Could Go Up in Smoke, Sir. A Dozen Sparks Upon Those Roofs Would Do It. A Good Stiff Northwest Breeze, and Where Would We be Then?"

He's my love for evermair,
Bonny Bobby Shaftoe.

THERE are no penniless French gentlemen now to walk the streets of Haven's End. Guadeloupe and all the Indies are very far away, and Emma Parlin—what was she? There is no beauty in the Parlins now, to light the fires of romance, but when you saw the face of Abner Parlin, who ran the Parlin farm until a year or so ago, there was a continuity about it which made this faded scandal nearly real. There was a latent strength in Abner Parlin's face that told of stronger Parlins. There was a sharpness in the lines about his eyes, and a hint of the balanced adroitness which once had made a Parlin rich. Like Samuel Parlin, who wore gold buttons on his coat when our town was an important place, Abner Parlin was no fool.

Abner Parlin would fetch down the papers from the attic, if you asked him. First there was a bundle of Emma Parlin's letters, tied by a faded ribbon from some ancient dressing table, and secondly was the diary of Raoul de Sèvres, written in an old account book, as clear as a copper-plate engraving.

"He was one of these Frenchies," Abner would explain. "He come from Guadeloupe in the old sailing days, you understand; though you'd stump me to tell where that is."

And who in Haven's End knows Guadeloupe today? Those islands might as well be Borneo—as fantastic and far away as our town's forgotten splendor.

"Yes," said Abner Parlin, "you know them Frenchies—hot-blooded and immoral, ain't they—the sort that breaks up homes? There's nothing ain't natural about it either. Did you hear how Bill Scarlet's wife ran off with the cigar salesman back last week? Well, human nature hasn't changed."

And he may have been right. Human nature has not changed, but the grand manner has gone with the Federalists and the ships from Haven's End, and the greatness of our town has gone, and Samuel Parlin was the one who saw it going, more than a century before, all in a choking cloud of smoke. The Parlins were not farmers in those days, and the Parlins were no fools.

There was no reason why Abner Parlin should know the past, for the glory of our town was a moment, nothing more than a beat or two of music before a discord, of beauty, cool and limpid. Though foreign mill hands crowd the river streets, there is the vestige of a politeness by the river, and of a plenty, now grown sere; but the palace of the Parlins has vanished and Guadeloupe is very far away.

It lies as far as riches from the Parlin farm, for the Parlins have ended there as they began—on their grant near the first settlement on the marshes. To look at Abner Parlin, shuffling from the barn in his patched overalls, you would never think that the Parlins once owned sugar lands in Guadeloupe close to the De Sèvres plantation, or that Parlin ships were sailing for the Orient as early as 1803.

But there is memory of it still in Haven's End; strange, exotic, like other memories of New England commerce, and the old engraving of Parlin's palace hung in the Parlin entry, unbelievable among stuffy odors of boiling cabbage and apples.

The Mansion and the Grounds, it was called, of Samuel Parlin, Esq., merchant, at Haven's End, Showing Odd Trees and Shrubs from many Foreign Countries, and being known as one of the most Elegant Dwellings in the United States. Printed and Engraved by Silas Smith, book printer and engraver, at his shop in Prince Street, Haven's End, 1803.

Behind the smoky glass, on the discolored paper that vanished house was a startling sight—more like a French château than any house now standing by the streets of Haven's End. It was three stories high, surmounted by a cupola, with a captain's walk upon the roof, and a turned, embellished railing. The fence upon the street curved in festoons between pineapple-capped posts. The main gateway by the drive was arched above with Italian ironwork, which held a swinging lantern, and between the palings of the fence were glimpses of peculiar trees and shrubs, drawn in weird shapes by Silas Smith, and summerhouses and two round fish ponds. A balustraded terrace from that garden held the house aloof. Tall French windows opened on the terrace, each window, even to the upper story, topped by a carved laurel garland. There was carving on the cornice and carving on the doorposts—meticulous shipwrights' carving, which had that economy of line and that legacy so distinctive of New England—the lightness of marine design translated into architecture. All the work must have cost a pretty penny, even when a dozen carvers were employed at Haven's End. In that print you could see a coach and four beside the great front door, the horses each with a foreleg arched, a coachman and a footman on the box. There it stood, immense and startling, that palace of Samuel Parlin, Esquire, as artificial as the dying age which built it, as formal and polite.

And when you saw that picture, all the tales of distant places which still surround our town would come sharply into focus, and the legend of Samuel Parlin, tossing silver from the windows of his coach and drinking from gold cups, seemed real enough, and Raoul de Sèvres, the adroit and dancing *émigré* from Guadeloupe who once held the right of entrée to Versailles, seemed less like a fantastic silhouette. Once you saw that picture, they and all the others were flesh and blood in a painted, tinsel world.

"Yes," Abner Parlin used to say, "what of it? An old man and a young wife—isn't it the same old story?"

He did not add that Raoul de Sèvres was a gentleman—and what did Abner Parlin know of beauty and gold and wine?

But he was right. Old scandals are the same as new ones in our town, where the old and new run singularly together. It needed no judge, versed in the subtleties of human nature, to tell what would happen when Samuel Parlin, at the age of sixty, with a gouty toe, took Emma Whistle as his third wife. Though Emma Whistle was just turned seventeen, she was already sharp of tongue and wit, like all the Whistles. Once one saw the picture, one could imagine her easily enough, sharp-eyed and vividly colored. You come near to seeing her walking on that lawn, staring at the fish ponds, where her restive face stared back, clear, transparent, lovely—the water-color face of a lady of ancient fashion. You could imagine her, half unhappy without knowing why, against the gilt and glass and satin of the great rooms, all done with the latest furniture from France, screens with panels by Greuze and Watteau, shepherdesses and cupids sporting on the ceiling, jade elephants on gilded stands bearing pagodas full of sweetmeats on their backs. And there would be Samuel Parlin, somewhat stout and at his ease, yet with a dangerous eye, which saw

everything, even when it stared at nothing. There would be the immobility of a gambler in him, and a capacity for action not wholly lost in gout and added weight, as he sat in tranquil ease and looked backward at great days and generous nights.

They say, when Samuel Parlin asked for Emma Whistle's hand, that Madame Whistle ran to tell the people in the kitchen, out of sheer surprise and joy that a daughter of hers should have so fine an offer, but Mr. Thomas Whistle kept his head, though he had five daughters on his hands of marriageable age; for families were large in those days of plenty. He hesitated for a moment before he made an answer, gazing toward the door through which Madame Whistle had departed.

"Samuel, my girls are young enough to be your daughters."

"That is why I ask for one," Mr. Parlin said. "I need someone who is young. I'll make her happy, Thomas. Look! Do I show my age?"

It was true—he did not show it. His gray satin coat with its silver frogs was like a younger man's. His face, though heavy, was placid and was stamped with kindly humor, but none the less he was buying a wife as he might have bought a two-hundred-ton brig ready on the ways, trusting to his credit and a gamble of one voyage.

"And yet," said Mr. Whistle, "we grow no younger. You know the saying—*Tout passe, tout casse, tout lasse.*"

Those were the days when men were polite. Quotations from the classics came easily with money then, and Mr. Parlin understood him. "Possibly," said Mr. Parlin, "but I'm not sure. All I have has come from wishing; do ye see? The more you want, the more you get—that's plain. And now I want a wife, and she'll love me. Women have before, and if she doesn't ——"

"Yes," said Mr. Whistle, "there you go, chucking Fortuna's chin. Suppose she doesn't."

Samuel Parlin blinked, and no one could tell what lay beneath his conceit and calm.

"I don't think of failure often," he replied. "That's part of it, but if she doesn't, I'll close the books. Do you think I'd try to hold her?"

"No," said Mr. Whistle, "I'm not saying you'll not treat her well. It is not that."

Mr. Whistle must have known that the older a man grew, the harder it was to break illusions.

"Then where's the matter?" Mr. Parlin asked. "I'll treat her well and I'll promise she'll have as fine a place as any lady in Haven's End."

"My friend," said Mr. Whistle, and set the tips of his fingers one against the other, "you and I have seen the world; we've seen a war and something close to anarchy, and now we face a time when trade is growing worse. But there's one thing we should have learned—age and youth do not march in step. . . . Which one of the girls do you wish, Sam? Why . . . damme, you do not know their names!"

"No," said Mr. Parlin, "but I can read faces and I've managed people for fifty years. If you'll agree, I'd like the tall one with the dark eyes whom you corrected for laughing at the table."

"That will be Emma," Mr. Whistle said. "It's like you, Sam, to pick the best one that there is. She'll make a good wife; she'll stand by her word—that one—if she gives it—remember that. She plays fair and tells the truth. Yes, Sam, she'll be a faithful wife."

"And now," said Mr. Parlin, "about those five hundred hogsheads of molasses; I'll consign them through my agents."

Mr. Whistle nodded. "Thank you, Sam," he said. "We gentlemen must stand together in the lean days." And then he spoke beneath his breath, so low that Mr. Parlin could not hear. "Poor Emmy," he said—"poor Emmy!"

Mr. Whistle was a man of the world who took the world as it was made, but he could see into the future as he spoke, as Samuel Parlin would have seen if he had dealt with any other matter. "Tell me," said Mr. Whistle, "have you an *émigré* working in your countingrooms—dark, bright-eyed? What is his name—De Sèvres, from Guadeloupe?"

"Oh," said Mr. Parlin, "De Sèvres? I'm doing what I can for him, poor devil. He's a good man at figures. What makes you ask?"

"Because," said Mr. Whistle, "he's called here often at the house. Have you seen him dance? Have you ever heard him sing?"

"Ah," said Mr. Parlin, "thank you, Thomas. It's kind in you to have him call."

What more was there to say, if Mr. Parlin could not guess which way the wind was blowing? Surely Mr. Whistle had done his best—a hint was all that could be offered. Expediency and love could not march side by side, as even Emma Parlin must have known.

"Madame," He Said, "One Must Not Complain at Life. That is All a Woman Ever is to Man or Man to Woman — an Answer to a Wish"

There were a dozen to dinner almost any evening at the Parlins' house back in 1803, for it was a time when all distinguished visitors passed through the palace doors. Washington himself had slept there when he made his grand tour of the New England coast, and Frenchmen—that was the time for Frenchmen. There must have been a dozen or more impecunious French gentlemen in those days within the limits of Haven's End, washed up like wreckage from a storm. They gave a leaven to our town's old manners, debonair and light, and Samuel Parlin was their friend. Like other Federalists by politics, he loved the order and the manners of the old régime.

When Raoul de Sèvres fled from Guadeloupe on the day the black field hands rose and burned the gentlemen's estates, he escaped on a Haven's End vessel lying in the harbor. He was the one who gave an account of Haven's End, still printed in the proceedings of historical societies.

"Haven's End," he wrote in his journal—like all Frenchmen he loved to keep an orderly record—"is elegant for a provincial town, and rich with a polite society which considers itself wholly of the best. Figure to yourself a town of close grouped edifices, nearly all of wood, many trees upon brick-paved streets, fine white churches with the classic spires, a sumptuous *hôtel de ville* and other public buildings. Figure to yourself that this small place supports three printers of excellent books, three silversmiths, two coach builders, three rum distillers, besides all the industry of shipping yards, rigging lofts, ropewalks, and the like, and you can conceive it is a place not to be sneezed at easily. The merchants live like princes, though the rabble puts on airs. They have mansions for the most part close to their shipping wharves, many with glass houses for orange trees and horticulture. The servants of many wear liveries. Their tables have the best of plate and porcelain; their manners are not *nouveau riche*. Mr. Parlin, in whose countinghouse I work, has the air of a nobleman of four generations; it is the touch of gold."

In the reprints from his journal were most authentic records of the progress of their parties to the tinkling of glass and music. "This evening," the journal goes, "Monsieur Gerard and I dined at Mr. Parlin's with many rich citizens and their ladies. At the end of the meal there was singing by the ladies in the grand salon, Madame Parlin performing with much vivacity and sentiment. Later many gentlemen sat about the punch bowls, smoking long pipes and discussing politics and trade. The smoke and the liquor was too much for Gerard, who was soon led home. But I remained quite cool, talking with Mr. Parlin, an amiable gentleman."

"*Un homme gentil et bien amiable*," was the way De Sèvres put it, and he also was an amiable gentleman, with standards of his own and without the frankness of a Pepys. He did not add that Mr. Parlin's conversation on trade conditions was not all that brought him thither. He had his sense of gratitude and his honor as a guest to make him silent. He was no Casanova.

"Mr. Parlin has asked me to reside at his great

(Continued on Page 79)

WET SMACKS

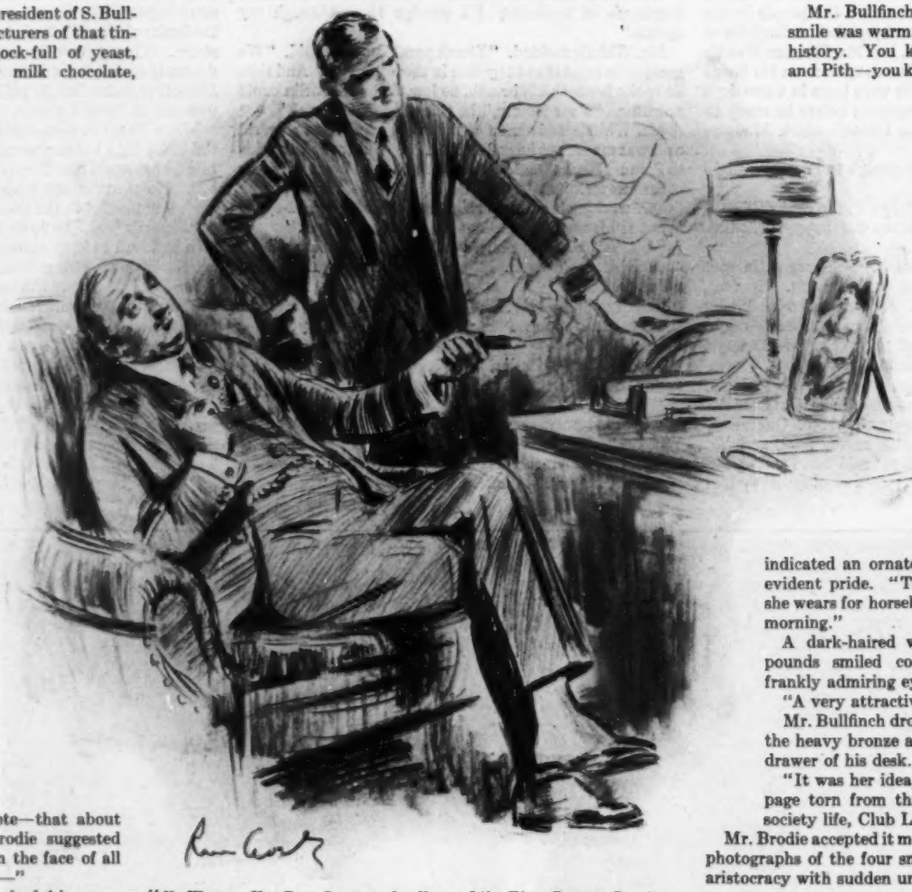
By Everett Rhodes Castle

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

MR. S. BULLFINCH, president of S. Bullfinch & Co., manufacturers of that tingling confection, chock-full of yeast, toasted almonds and zippy milk chocolate, known to a vitamin-hungry world as Wet Smacks, leaned back in his chair and eyed the typewritten copies of the new series of Wet Smacks advertisements soon to appear in Throbs of Life.

William Alexander Brodie, vice president and account executive of the Atlas Advertising Agency, noted that his client did not respond with his customary enthusiasm to the messages that would soon be making millions of persons Wet-Smack-minded. Even the top message, which Mr. Brodie considered in the nature of an advertising epic, evoked no comment. Mr. Bullfinch just stared at it.

What Makes the Flapper Flap?
Forget your kidneys. Put your slippers away in mothballs.
Don't bother to fill the flask. Be Young With Wet Smacks! There's more pep in a 5-cent bar of this wonderful mixture of topping milk chocolate, health-giving yeast and munchy almonds than there is in a red-headed gal!
GET HOT WITH WET SMACKS!



"No Woman Yet Ever Deserved a Name Like That Better, Brodie. A Real Pal. That's Her in the Middle of That Picture"

"Rather an educational note—that about forgetting the flask," Mr. Brodie suggested tentatively. "Constructive in the face of all this talk about sweets and ——"

Mr. Bullfinch's nod matched his eyes. "Sure," he assented listlessly. "Positively. Okey."

"And yet I think it has all the attention-getting value so characteristic of our ——"

"Sure, sure."

Mr. Brodie followed the dull eyes of his client from the sheaf of typewritten papers to the wiggling points of his patent-leather shoes, with a sinking heart. The Old Man was not himself. He was not Wet-Smack-conscious. Or was it Brodie-conscious? Had competition been undermining the —— A lesser man might have waited. A poorer contact man might have retired to consult with that dynamic personality, T. Tattersal Byrd, head of the Atlas Agency. An inferior salesman might have hemmed and hawed. But William Alexander Brodie was none of these. He stiffened.

"See here, Mr. Bullfinch," he began "I can see that for some reason the copy for this Wet Smack campaign does not appeal to you. You do not respond with your customary enthusiasm. Your reaction, though not quite negative, is far from positive. I fear I have failed. Please be quite frank with me. Do not spare my feelings. We can only obtain real results by true coöperation and a mutual understanding of our problems."

Mr. Bullfinch patted a damp lock of black hair which zigzagged across his pink dome like a scale map of a transcontinental railroad system, with a three-carat-diamond-laden hand.

"Sure," he murmured. "Positively."

"Perhaps you have some suggestions."

Mr. Bullfinch selected a long black cigar from a yellow pigskin case and removed the end with a mighty snip of his gleaming teeth. He regarded the cleanness of the amputation with slightly heightened interest before applying the flame from a large gold cigar lighter to the other end.

William Alexander Brodie waited until the air was blue with smoke—the blue of Mr. Bullfinch's spring suit. Then he resolutely returned to the attack: "Please be quite frank, Mr. Bullfinch."

Then, as if impelled by the gentle sales pressure applied by the words, the creator of Wet Smacks leaned suddenly forward. "Listen, Brodie," he commanded earnestly. "You are mistaken."

"I am glad to hear you say that," his listener replied with equal earnestness. "I have felt very strongly about this series. I feel that its very closeness to the great bulk of our people—simple, friendly"—he waved a comprehensive hand—"will do a real job of merchandising for us."

"Sure it will." The customary Bullfinch vigor was in the assent. "Okey. Great stuff, Brodie. Even better than that stuff about what might have happened to Napoleon if he had some Wet Smacks when they locked him up on that island of—you know the place I mean. I was just thinking of something else that I wanted to talk to you about."

"Certainly."

"Absent-minded-like."

Mr. Brodie laughed and nodded. He accepted a light for his cigarette from the great gold lighter.

"The fact is, Brodie, I like you."

"Thank you. I might say ——"

"I am very pleased with what you have done for us. A real job." Mr. Bullfinch beamed.

So did William Alexander Brodie.

The blue smoke trailed upward. Mr. Bullfinch followed it with a reflective eye. "An account like Wet Smacks, that spends a million dollars a year in advertising, don't grow on bushes, does it, Brodie?"

"It certainly does not, Mr. Bullfinch."

"And—and it is worth doing a little something like a favor to keep, eh?"

"Of course it is. Anything I can do. Anything the Atlas can do for a client"—Mr. Brodie again waved a comprehensive hand—"is a pleasure."

Mr. Bullfinch nodded. His little black eyes confessed their satisfaction. "That's the way I like to hear a man talk, Brodie. You scratch my back and I scratch your back!—That's what makes friendship something more than just monkey business."

"Of course it is," declared Mr. Brodie vigorously.

Mr. Bullfinch dilated on the subject. His smile was warm. "Just like those two fellas in history. You know who I mean? Raymond and Pith—you know who I mean, Brodie. Each for all and all together is what makes the world go round. That was what I said to Birdie this morning ——"

"Birdie?" murmured Mr. Brodie politely.

Mr. Bullfinch explained. Something close to tenderness stole over his round red face. "My wife. A nickname, Brodie. Her real name is Bertha, but when we got married—on account my last name was like that of a bird—I called her Birdie." The black cigar twisted earnestly. "No woman yet ever deserved a name like that better, Brodie. A real pal. That's her in the middle of that picture." Mr. Bullfinch indicated an ornate silver frame before him with evident pride. "Taken in her riding pant—what she wears for horseback in the park every Sunday morning."

A dark-haired woman of some two hundred pounds smiled coquettishly into Mr. Brodie's frankly admiring eyes.

"A very attractive woman."

Mr. Bullfinch dropped the remains of his cigar in the heavy bronze ash tray and opened the middle drawer of his desk.

"It was her idea," he explained, and held out a page torn from that supermagazine of American society life, Club Life.

Mr. Brodie accepted it mechanically. His eyes noted the photographs of the four smart members of the American aristocracy with sudden unease. He read:

THIS WINTER ——
When Mrs. Potter Pange drops into the Bath and Tennis Club at Palm Beach. . . . When the Princess Batcheti—*née* Alice Otterly of Baltimore—flashes vividly against the white slide at Lake Placid. . . . When Mrs. Georgy Van Alstid electrifies the smart Continentals in the dining room of the Grand Hotel des Iles Borromees at Stresa. . . . The imprisoning dream of youth . . . exotic. . . . The Désir du Cœur—of all women—will be contributed by
LA BELLE CLIQUETTE
THE COSTLIEST BEAUTY PREPARATIONS MADE

Mr. Bullfinch lit a fresh cigar. "You handle that advertising, don't you, Brodie?"

"Our—our Mr. Mudge does. He ——"

Mr. Bullfinch inhaled deeply without noticing the troubled eyes of the tall young man staring down at Mrs. Georgy Van Alstid. "Ain't it a coincidence," he confided innocently, "that Birdie—Mrs. Bullfinch—uses nothing but this La Belle—this expensive stuff? Ain't it, Brodie? And for three winters now she has gone to Florida? Ain't it funny the way things work out? A small world, eh?"

"It—it certainly is."

Mr. Bullfinch smiled. "Just what I said to Bir—Mrs. Bullfinch. 'Here,' I said to her, 'is a chance for me to do my friend Brodie and his company a good turn. I'll bet you,' I said, 'they are always on the lookout for good-looking women—who—who like this expensive stuff—to use their recommendations along with a nice picture like that one of you I have on my desk—that one of you in your white riding p—things.'"

Mr. Brodie coughed. The agonized face of that *artiste* in words—Alvin Ashley Mudge—rose before his eyes. "A great many women don't care to have their pictures in an advertisement."

The creator of the fastest-selling five-cent confection in the world cut in with a sweeping movement. "For a friend who should think of little things like that?" he demanded generously. "Not me or B—Mrs. Bullfinch."

"But ——"

"And besides"—one of Mr. Bullfinch's little eyes closed rapidly—"we might be doing ourselves a little bit of good. Like: 'The wife of the creator of Wet Smacks, that amazing confection that is sweeping the country like a storm.'"

Master salesman that he was, William Alexander Brodie failed signally to register admiring enthusiasm. A disinterested observer might have designated his effort as a nervous titter.

"A—a great idea, but—but most of these advertisements are made up a year in advance and ——"

Mr. Bullfinch held up a halting hand. "Of course, Brodie," he suggested coldly, "if coöperation don't mean anything to you ——"

"But it does. I—I only ——" began Mr. Brodie desperately.

Once more Mr. Bullfinch halted his friend. "Don't say no more," he commanded genially. "Go ahead. Don't bother that you should feel under obligations to us for helping your firm out. It's a pleasure. Here"—Mr. Bullfinch reached for the picture on the desk and held it out—"take this with you. Only, as a little favor in return maybe, you might see that Bir— Mrs. Bullfinch don't get put in with people that ain't of the first class, eh, Brodie?"

"I—I will take the matter up with Mr. Mudge."

"It is a pleasure to help him out, Brodie. Only tell him to keep the picture big and—an' say that Bir— Mrs. Bullfinch goes every single winter to Florida, whether business is good or bad."

II

ALVIN ASHLEY MUDGE, vice president and account executive of the Atlas Agency, stood before the long oak table in the conference room and, holding out at arm's length the photograph of a very large lady in a white riding habit, laughed loudly.

"And you ask me to put this into La Belle Cliquette? Are you crazy? Mrs. Birdie Bullfinch, wife of the creator of Wet Smacks, the confection for the morons! In the same breath with Lady Harcourt-Tidd of Burley House!" Every one of Alvin Ashley Mudge's one hundred and thirteen pounds of creative flesh shuddered freely. "You must be crazy even to suggest it."

"How much is 15 per cent of a million dollars?" his associate demanded coldly.

"The—the amount we will lose if we were so silly as to attempt to place this—this"—the photograph twisted convulsively—"in our La Belle Cliquette advertising."

"Wet Smack money is as good as La Belle money," muttered Mr. Brodie sullenly, and then with sudden heat: "As far as that goes, it isn't a moron account either. It's good, healthy food. It doesn't need a lot of tinhorn aristocrats to put it over."

"You call Lady Harcourt-Tidd a tinhorn aristocrat?" Mr. Mudge dropped the picture on the table and laughed hysterically. "I—I suppose the Princess Batcheti is a tinhorn too."

"She looks like a string bean with the bends," said Mr. Brodie rudely.

"Doubtless," rejoined Mr. Mudge with extreme hauteur, "the princess, by birth a flower of the Old South and married to a scion of one of Italy's oldest families, would be as amused as I am at your silly remarks."

"You talk," observed his associate, "like one of your cold-cream advertisements."

"Thank goodness," said Mr. Mudge to the pad of paper on the table, "I don't talk like a Wet Smack."

"Boys!" From the open doorway came the throaty admonition of T. Tattersal Byrd, president of the Atlas Advertising Agency. The white eyebrows were raised in gentle inquiry. "What is the meaning of all this? Surely you are not quarreling again over the young lady in the art department that ——"

"We—that is I—was trying to discuss a matter of business," Mr. Brodie broke in shortly.

Mr. Mudge laughed, again bitterly, and pointed to the photograph on the table. "If—if you can call that business, chief."

T. Tattersal Byrd advanced slowly and picked up the picture. "Who is—the lady?" he asked finally.

"Mrs. Bullfinch. I was merely trying to find out if there wasn't some way we could do ——"

Mr. Mudge indicated the photograph with a scornful forefinger. "He wanted me to put—that into our La Belle Cliquette campaign. That's all. Can you imagine what would happen to the account if we did, chief?"

Mr. Brodie faced his principal. "Can you imagine what will happen if we don't, chief? You know Bullfinch. He wants what he wants when he wants it. And instead of trying to get my point of view and help me to figure out some way to satisfy the old boy, Mudge has to fly up."

"He stated distinctly," countered Mr. Mudge coldly, "that our La Belle campaign was nothing more or less than an arrangement of tinhorn—tinhorn was the exact word—aristocrats and that I talked like—like a cold-cream advertisement." Mr. Mudge fingered the violet necktie under his deep collar and glared. "Ha-ha! Cold cream, indeed."

"He called our Wet Smack market a bunch of morons," Mr. Brodie explained.

T. Tattersal Byrd halted a further exchange of words with a calm, uplifted hand—a hand pink of nail, and soft and white. He sat down at the head of the table and drew from his coat pocket the brier pipe so familiar to all readers of the Inspiration Monthly as a necessary adjunct to all pictures of the man. He filled it slowly as Mr. Mudge continued to glare. Finally when the beloved Problem Solver, as it was known to every member of the Byrd public, was well alight, he turned to William Alexander Brodie and commanded the complete story.

Mr. Mudge punctuated the recital of his associate with a series of significant sniffs. Mr. Brodie finished his account, but his chief continued to apply his energies to sending spinning billows of gray-blue smoke toward the beamed ceiling. When he finally spoke, it was to ask a question:

"What is the motto of this agency?"

"'The client is always right,'" said Mr. Brodie.

"'The client is always right,'" echoed Mr. Mudge.

T. Tattersal Byrd nodded approvingly. "Exactly. The Wet Smack account is worth a hundred and fifty thousand to this agency. Obviously we cannot do anything that will place Wet Smacks in danger."

Mr. Brodie nodded vigorously. "Just what I've been trying to say ——"

"On the other hand, it is equally apparent that Mrs. Bullfinch, who goes to Florida whether business is good or bad ——"

"Birdie. Don't forget the Birdie," supplied Mr. Mudge.

"—— has no place in our La Belle program. We must remember that La Belle is as important an account as Wet Smacks."

"An irresistible force meets an immovable object, eh, chief?"

"Exactly, my dear William."

"Chaos," contributed Mr. Mudge.

"Not at all." T. Tattersal Byrd stared contemplatively into the haze which wreathed his well-fed face. "Where there is a problem, there is an answer," he said in his best Inspirational Monthly vein. "Instead of bickering over our individual responsibilities in this matter, let us all become problem minded. In that direction lies true progress."

III

BAD news has a way of percolating that is entirely its own. Almost at once the Atlas organization sensed a stoppage of the creative flow. Rumors trickled up and down corridors. Atlas was going to lose La Belle Cliquette. Atlas was about to lose Wet Smacks. In an advertising agency bad news can only take one form—the loss of a big account. Miss Foster in the bookkeeping department had it on good authority that the real cause of all the trouble was that Miss Whelan in the art department.

"You mark my words," prophesied Miss Foster. "When all is said and done, you will find this vampish little thing, playing up to all the men in the organization, at the bottom of it all. You just wait and see."

Alvin Ashley Mudge bowed coldly to William Alexander Brodie when he met him in the halls. Even T. Tattersal Byrd was less benign. Hubert J. K. Sparks, head of the new-business department, went about as a man weighed down.

Once he exploded. "I never saw such a business as this advertising business," he declared heatedly. "Everything is going smoothly with an account, and then out of a blue sky the client's wife has a cousin that has gone into the advertising field, and bang! Or everybody is happy, and then the client's son comes out of college and tells us we don't know our business because we didn't use the right shade of green in the last dealers' catalogue. Or the sales department of the client is falling down and needs an alibi, and makes us the goat by blaming it on the advertising."

And then Mr. S. Bullfinch called up to inquire when the advertisement with Mrs. Bullfinch's picture in it would be ready for inspection.

"What will I tell him, chief?" wailed Mr. Brodie.

Alvin Ashley Mudge was in the room at the time.

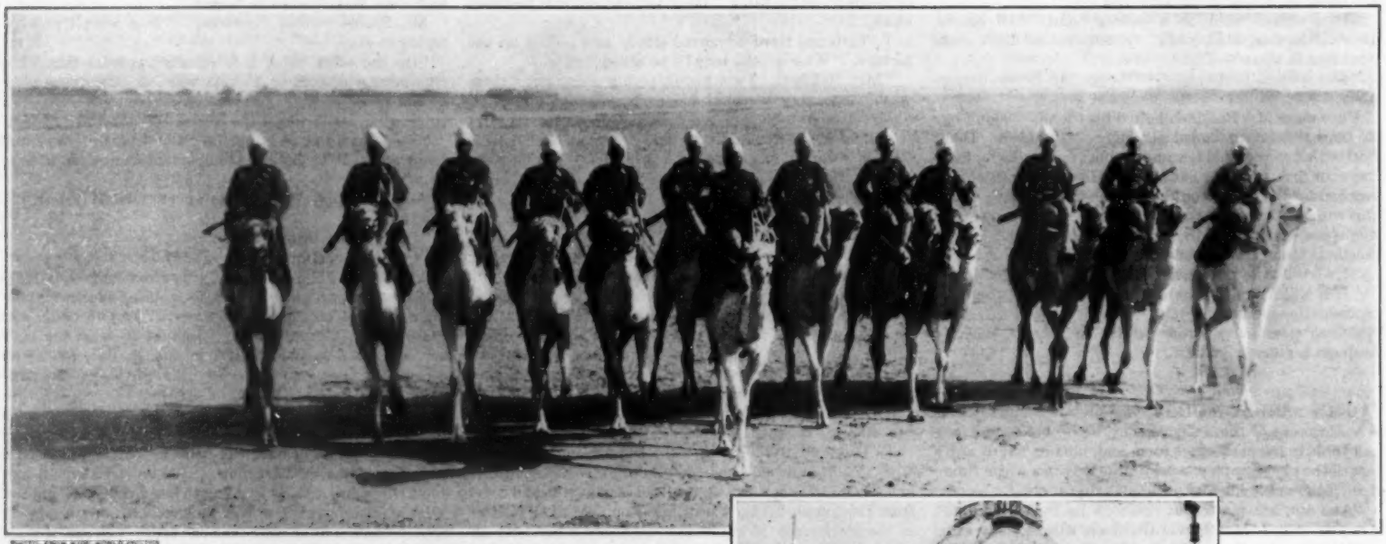
"Tell him we'll show him a proof at the end of the week," snapped his principal.

"Really," began Alvin, "I cannot see ——"

"You Mark My Words," Prophesied Miss Foster. "When All is Said and Done, You Will Find This Little Thing, Playing Up to All the Men in the Organization, at the Bottom of it All. You Just Wait and See"

(Continued on Page 130)

Europe Arms for the Next War



PHOTO, FROM WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

A Detachment of the Crack Egyptian Camel Corps. At Right—Celebrating in Berlin the Tenth Anniversary of the Adoption of the Republican Constitution

By George Sylvester Viereck

DESPITE all lip service at the altar of peace, twelve years after the war to end all wars, Europe resounds with the beating of drums and the clangor of arms. One-half of Europe is disarmed after a fashion. But the total war strength of the continent is undiminished. In fact, it is more formidable than ever. The practical disarmament of the Central Powers was heralded as the first step in a general reduction of armaments. Thus we read in the Peace Treaty. The same thought inspires the Covenant of the League. But while diplomats talk softly of peace, military preparations go on with undiminished zeal. Land, air and sea reverberate with the clang of artillery. Expensive industries are forced to grow, contrary to natural economic laws, in the hothouse of military preparedness. The normal development of transportation is distorted and impeded by the consideration of general staffs, and the economic life of the nations is diverted from its natural channels.

In order to collect my material, I talked to many military and diplomatic officials in the capitals of the great powers. I received official taffy from smooth propagandists in military uniform or in civvies, but the material they gave me was important only by comparison with the information which I elicited from their potential opponents. By comparing the two sets of facts and figures and discounting the propaganda, I could form an estimate of what was actually going on.

Distrust

ALL these figures and budgets are subject to constant change and revision. My facts are confirmed largely by military publications and from official armament year-books, modified by information from private and confidential sources. Both the figures and percentages are substantially correct. I do not propose to discuss naval expenditures here, because these figures are already sufficiently well known. It is needless to say that most European countries, with few exceptions, groan under the double burden of militarism and navalism.

No European trusts his neighbors. No one is prepared to disarm. The Continental powers attempt to create the illusion that they are slowly groping toward a solution of the disarmament problem. It is doubtful if there is an immediate solution. But it is by no means certain that Europe wants a solution. Few Europeanstatesmen are willing to face the facts honestly. The variousmeetings of the preparatory committees for disarmament have been so many exhibitions of shadow boxing.

"INTERNATIONAL NEWSREEL"

The weight of the public debt constitutes the strongest motive for the limitation of armaments. Nevertheless, England spent more than twice as much on her army in 1927 as in 1913. France is reducing the size of the army on paper. But the reduced army costs more than its predecessor. Germany, disarmed theoretically, spends on her toy army of 100,000 nearly one-half of the amount consumed by her immense military establishment before Armageddon. England and Germany, like the United States, pay comparatively more for their armies because they employ professional soldiers. In countries where universal service is compulsory, like France, Italy and Russia, both the pay and the maintenance charges are insignificant. Italy has doubled her expenses; in Russia, militarism, not content with men, forms battalions of Bolshevist Amazons. Innumerable small countries that did not exist before the World War are arming at a tempestuous speed.

A British economist calculates that military expenditures lower the general standard of living in all military countries by 10 per cent. That economist is an optimist. The public debt of England, largely the heritage of past wars, is ten times higher than it was before the World War. The French foreign debt, calculated in gold, is two and a half times higher than in 1913. The interest on the public debt absorbs 60 per cent as against 46 per cent of

PHOTO, COPYRIGHT BY THE NEW YORK TIMES

French Soldiers Drilling

the entire budget of England. In France this percentage has risen from 19 per cent to 39 per cent. Only recently the city of Danzig paid off an indebtedness incurred in the Napoleonic Wars. Many generations to come will stagger under the burden imposed by the cataclysm which shook the world from 1914 to 1918.

I was discussing these facts with a diplomatic friend attached to the League of Nations. "Has there been no reduction in armaments whatsoever?" I asked.

The diplomat smiled wanly. "The figures," he replied, "speak for themselves. It would not be right to say that figures don't lie. In this case they lie by creating undue optimism. Nearly every country secretes expenses for military purposes under deceptive headings."

"Do you mean," I said, "that the various countries falsify the statistics which they submit to the League of Nations?"

Military Expenditures Disguised

"THESE statistics published in the military Annual of the League of Nations may tell the truth. But it is not the whole truth. France, for instance, conceals appropriations for military and naval expenditures in innumerable pockets and pigeonholes of her budget. If all expenditures were counted by an impartial investigator, able to ask searching questions, it would probably appear that French militarism costs more today than the joint bill of both France and Germany before the war.

"Germany's expenditures are enormous under present conditions. Army service offers few attractions to the young German unless the compensation of the soldier compares favorably with the wages of industry. The state must compete with industry for their labor. Nevertheless, Germany's expenses seem proportionately too high. Unable to persuade her neighbors to disarm, she circumvents in every possible manner within the letter of her covenant, the restrictions imposed upon her by the Peace Treaty. Such, at least, is my impression.

"Even with the best of intentions," my friend continued, somewhat apologetically, "it is not always possible to disentangle the facts. The French budget is complicated by the French colonies. The British budget is impenetrable because all British dominions have separate military and naval budgets. In 1929, for instance, the total military expenditures of England, considered independently of her colonies and dominions, amounted to 14.2 per cent of the total budget. Australia spends 4.3 per cent, Canada 4.7 per cent of her total income on preparedness for war. I do not know the percentages of South Africa, New Zealand, India and Ireland. England, like every country, devotes large sums, not accounted for in military budgets, to the physical training of her youth. The Germans make a fetish of physical culture, while France, Italy and Russia pounce upon their children almost in the cradle, in order to make them physically fit to bear arms."

"Would you say that France was the worst offender?"

"No," the diplomat remarked. "We are all of us sinners. However, France and her satellites are arming most energetically. The Central Powers would vie with France in the race for preparedness, if they were not handicapped by the peace treaty."

"Can Germany not arm in secret?" I asked, remembering Scharnhorst and Jahn, who reorganized Prussia after the defeat by Napoleon.

"The radicals within her borders would betray to the Allies any attempt, however secret, to arm on a large scale. For the time being Germany is pacifist by compulsion, not by inclination. Some of the smaller neutrals would like to abolish their armies and navies, but even they cannot denude themselves of arms completely.

PHOTO, FROM WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

Italian Alpini on the March up Little St. Bernard During Their Annual Winter Manœuvers in the Alps. In Oval—H. M. S. Courageous, as it Left Devonport for its First Steam Trials. Millions Have Been Spent in Converting This Ship to an Aircraft Carrier

"Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Jugo-Slavia, once mere pawns in the chessboard of militarism, are today formidable opponents. Italy was never so strong as she is today. And in the East, like a cloud of locusts, vast and threatening, looms the menace of the Red Army.

"Practically in every country the percentage of military expenditures is rising. In Germany, the military expenditures for 1929 represent 7.6 per cent of the total budget, as compared with 5.9 per cent for 1927–1928. In Austria they have risen from 4.6 per cent to 5.1 per cent."

My diplomatic friend drew forth a table revealing the actual expenditures of Europe to keep Mars in trim. Going with his pencil rapidly over various columns, he marked the most significant figures.

Compared With the National Income

"BELGIUM," he said, "spends 7.81 per cent of her income on militarism. Albania, the new ally of Mussolini, 36.6 per cent; Bulgaria, 16.7 per cent, which is a little less than the percentage appropriated the year before. In Denmark the percentage is 12.6 per cent. In Esthonia it reaches 23.1 per cent. In Finland, 13.6 per cent. France"—here my friend paused for a while—"admittedly appropriates 28.9 per cent of her budget to maintain her military supremacy. Mussolini spends 23.4 per cent of the annual income of the state to revive the glory that was Rome under the Cæsars. Jugo-Slavia spends more than one-fifth, Lettland more than one-fourth, to compete in the race of preparedness. In Poland the percentage reaches the staggering total of 38.7 per cent. Even the Netherlands devote 15.44 per cent, Norway 12.8 per cent to military purposes. Little Sweden is compelled to pay out 17.7 per cent; Switzerland, one-tenth of her national income. Soviet Russia admits 11 per cent, Czecho-Slovakia 20 per cent, Hungary almost 10 per cent. And Turkey, though one of the vanquished powers, devotes 40 per cent of her budget to resuscitate the military prestige of the caliphs.

"These percentages," my friend added, "tell the story more completely than any attempt to state the actual figures, which, being based upon fluctuating currencies and changing price indexes, are necessarily always misleading. Factors such as these complicate all calculations. All

(Continued on Page 134)

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King George Watching a Mimic Battle Between Small Tanks at Tidworth, Salisbury Plain

FOR BURNT FINGERS

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

T. P. McTODD was an important personage, and nobody knew it better than T. P. McTodd. He looked important, and no lion roaming the veldt could roar more impressively. If he could not persuade other men to his way of thinking, he bellowed them down. So it had been somewhat of a shock to him to discover that his own son, Jefferson McTodd, was able to treat him at his stormiest with humorous affection and go his own way in spite of lion roars or other intimidating phenomena. Possibly the old gentleman had been a bit proud of his boy. It was hard to say. You couldn't tell about him.

Anyhow Jefferson, following his own bent and with love of life in his heart, walked out of the orbit of his father's millions to become golf professional at the Lark Meadow Country Club which knew not T. P. and accepted Jeff at his face value.

She Asked Him Into Her Little Parlor Whose Walls Were Covered With Photographs. Jeff Thought He Never Had Seen So Many

But it was not to be expected that T. P. would keep his finger out of the pie. Not when, in effect, he had been browbeaten by a boy, and more or less told to go sit on his millions and keep them warm. Jeff was pretty cocky, he told himself, and it would be good for the young man's soul to get his come-uppance. Nor was he satisfied with the genial letters he had from his son. They didn't tell enough. So he sent to Hampstead an astute individual to look and to see and to report at the home office.

T. P. McTodd puffed out his heavy jowls at the details of this report. His son was behaving himself. His son had created a place for himself in his new environment—but most irritating of all, his son had been making a pot of money in an odd and offhand way. Exactly how much, the gentleman with the seeing eye was unable to state, but he estimated it at something in the neighborhood of a couple of hundred thousand dollars.

"Which," said that person, "he has in the local bank."

"Herrumph!" said T. P.

So that was how things marched, the old gentleman ruminated. His son was making good his bluff. His son was well on his way to winning that quasi bet he had made with his father—that he would acquire an income of twenty-five thousand dollars a year in a given time or return obediently to a humdrum desk in the office.

"Herrumph!" said T. P. two or three times more, so that his herrumphing was audible in the outer offices and caused clerks to shake their heads apprehensively. They knew the signs. T. P. was on the warpath. He pressed a buzzer, and one of his lieutenants entered the office.

"Know my son, Jefferson?" asked the old gentleman.

"Of course."

"Gone to a town named Hampstead. Had bull luck. Made a little pot of money. Couple of hundred thousand. This way and that way."

"Splendid," said the lieutenant.

"Splendid your eye! Spoil him. Think the world is his oyster."

"He's a good lad, Mr. McTodd. We're all fond of him here."

"Herrumph!" said Mr. McTodd again. "Don't hate him myself. Got to pare down his comb though. Can't have him strut. Now, about that two hundred thousand, Williamson. Got to get it."

"What?"

"And then give him the horse laugh. Bet your life. Show him the old man's still the old man, eh? Get the idea? Teach him a lesson. Teach him a couple of lessons. Teach him a whole basketful of lessons."

"A little tough, isn't it, when a man of your resources and influence and ability goes after the pile of an inexperienced boy?"

"He'll have more experience when I get through with him. Herrumph! Jeff doesn't know Paxton, does he? Never saw him?"

"I believe not."

"Tell Paxton to come here then."

"Seems pretty tough to me," said Williamson. "At least you ought to sound your rattle."

"Warn him? Warn the young whippersnapper? Whoosh! No-siree. Never know what hit him till the old man horse-laughs in his ear."

"You don't want to make an enemy of your son, do you?"

T. P.'s eyes narrowed. "Enemy? Of my son? Go sit on a tack. Herrumph! My son, ain't he? Ain't he?"

"He is."

"Then," said T. P. with a pride he did not know he was exhibiting, "watch him be a good sport."

So it came about that a gentleman who signed the name of Jerome Paxton on the hotel register appeared in Hampstead and looked about him. He was a slender, keen-eyed, immaculately dressed person at whom you could not look without conceding to him a certain winning charm, an intelligence above the ordinary, and a something which hallmarked him as one accustomed to the society of gentlemen. He came well introduced and presently was dining at such homes as the Vances' and the Ralstons', and enjoying the guest privileges of the Lark Meadow Country Club, where, naturally, he came in contact with young Jefferson McTodd, the club's professional.

Not that he gave more than the most cursory attention to Jeff. He bought balls from him and passed the time of day, but in his manner to the young professional was rather reserved and distant. Which Jeff did not mark, if, indeed, it was worthy of remark, because he was exceedingly preoccupied with pressing affairs of his own. The name of those pressing affairs was Abigail Vance.

Falling in love is not without its peculiarities. If there is a girl with whom you ought to fall in love, who is eminently suitable, who is desirable to your parents and friends, and to whose parents and friends you are desirable, she is the one woman in the world who will not cause your heart to execute evolutions. If, on the contrary, there is one whom common sense tells you you must not fall in love with, then you go ahead and do it regardless. You can't fall in love on purpose, and once you have fallen, no amount of resolution will get you out of it. There you are, fight as you will, and let the chips fall where they may. Consequently Jeff had fallen rather more than ordinarily in love with Abigail. He, a club professional, determined to live or die by his profession, was aching with desire to marry the daughter of the president of the club of which he was a servant—with Abigail, daughter of the richest man in Hampstead, where, indeed, wealth did not count so much as family and distinction and position. But Abigail had all those. She would, Jeff told himself, as soon marry her chauffeur or her father's butler. So his immediate problem was to regain his peace of mind by falling out of love, and the job was exhausting.

He thought seriously of declining to give Abigail her three golf lessons a week, but could think up no reasonable excuse. Therefore, whether he could bear it or not, he had to spend at least three half hours every week in her devastating company. Consequently he was scarcely aware that Mr. Jerome Paxton existed—and that suited the ends and aims of Mr. Paxton admirably.

Perhaps seven days after Mr. Paxton became a familiar figure about the club, Jeff was giving a lesson to Miss Vance. They stood upon the practice tee, and as Jeff placed balls for the young woman she swung at them venomously. It was apparent she was in a temper.

"If," said Jeff ironically, "you would hit the ball with your club and not your disposition, we might get some place."

"My disposition is none of your business," she snapped.

"During this half hour," he said coldly, "anything is my business that interferes with your swing."

Abigail hurled her driver to the turf. "Oh," she exclaimed, "I could cuff her! I could shake her! I—I——"

"Suppose," suggested Jeff, "you go and do it and then come back for your lesson."

"I'm ashamed of her," Abigail went on. "The very idea! How a girl raised as she was, in the surroundings to which she has been accustomed, could ruin her life so, I can't understand."

"I'm not getting five dollars an hour to help you understand," Jeff said, "but to teach you golf."

"I'm talking about Mary Parsons," Abigail continued, regardless of his sarcasms. "What do you think she's gone and done? Married. That's what she's done."

"I understand," Jeff said, "that another girl did that once. Here's your driver."

"But she married a baseball player. A professional! The idea! Threw herself away. Nobody will receive him—not in

Hampstead. Her family is heartbroken. She might as well have married the gardener."

"Better," said Jeff gloomily. "A professional is the lowest form of animal life."

Abigail glanced at him quickly and bit her lip, for she was not one to hurt another needlessly, and it required no telling to inform her she had been guilty of something worse than tactlessness. But it was said, and she was too honest to retract words which she felt to be truth. She could only go on now.

"A professional is not the lowest form of animal life," she said, "but obviously he is not suitable as the husband of a girl like Mary. Obviously."

"Oh," said Jeff, "obviously! Two obviouslies!"

"It is terrible both for her sake and for his," Abigail continued. "He would be unhappy out of his element, and she will be miserable dragged down to his level."

"If a professional may be said to have a level," Jeff observed. "If you will now try to hit this golf ball I shall feel I am earning some part of my fee. And, if you don't mind, I am not interested in Miss Mary Parsons."

When Jeff returned to the shop he saw Jerome Paxton leaning upon his show case chatting with another gentleman. Paxton shot a penetrating glance at the young professional and then said in a perfectly audible voice, "Extraordinary situations arise in business. Just as an illustration: Right now I am hunting for a block of stock in a certain corporation. This corporation, intrinsically, is worthless. I may almost say it is on the verge of bankruptcy, but through a combination of circumstances it has become essential in a merger plan. I should say the stock of that concern is worth about eighty cents, but, unbelievably, I am empowered to offer as high as three hundred dollars a share for one certain block of stock which will give us control of the enterprise. Once we have that stock we can scrap this company and go ahead with our project. One stockholder, whose holdings are practically worthless, can make a fortune, and we will be glad to pay it."

"Lucky man," said the other gentleman.

"Or woman. The deuce of it is, I don't know which. And that adds to the bizarre situation. A lost stockholder. We don't even know his name. We do know that, five years ago, a certain man owned this stock—a thousand shares. Our investigators have discovered that he signed his certificates in blank and handed them over to someone as security for a loan. To some friend or relative or somebody. Then he up and died just after becoming a bankrupt. And the stock is lost."

"Wasn't it ever transferred on the company's books?"

"No. I imagine the present holder thought it worthless. The company has paid no dividend. It seems a hopeless job, doesn't it? We've a list of all the original stockholder's friends and associates and are running them down one by one. In part, that's my reason for being here."

"Then the fortunate individual may be in Hampstead?"

"Possibly. But if he is, I've no more idea of his identity than you. But we've got to have that stock."

"Have you advertised?"

"In every paper that carries advertisements," said Paxton with a certain permissible exaggeration.

"H'm," said the other, "it would be a lucky man who could run onto this stock. I, for instance. Probably could pick it up for a song and then sell it to you for a grand opera."

"Exactly," said Paxton dryly, "but I shall endeavor to avoid that situation. We've no desire to enrich a complete stranger, as you can imagine."

"Always hoping to pick up the stock yourself for a shilling."

"Precisely," observed Mr. Paxton.

Jeff had listened. It was impossible not to listen, and it was equally impossible that his inquiring mind should not busy itself with so unusual a situation and one in which existed so many possibilities. But he did not follow and listen to Paxton's conversation with his friend after they left the club.

"Did you keep your eye on him?" Paxton asked.

"Like a hawk."

"Did he overhear us properly?"

"Couldn't help it."

"Um-m. . . . Seem interested?"

"I noticed him stand very still with something in his hand he had been about to put in its place. Oh, he heard, all right. I think the bait dangles nicely."

"Better insert that advertisement today," said Paxton.

The advertisement was inserted in that evening's edition of the Hampstead Sentinel and was to the effect that a certain holder of a thousand shares in the Rapid River Boom and Development Company, would hear something to his advantage if he would communicate with Mr. Jerome Paxton, resident in the Hampstead Hotel.

"The next step," Paxton said, "is to drop the name of the original stockholder in young McTodd's eager ear."

"No sooner said than done," agreed the other gentleman. "But give him a chance to see that advertisement first."

It would have been incredible had not the conversation overheard by Jeff set to itching that inquiring mind of his. It was a situation. There was romance in it, and human stupidity and human sharpness. Also, for somebody, there was money, and Jeff was after money much for the same reason that a college athlete is after records. Getting rich was a sporting event for him. But his mind could do nothing but itch. Facts were in his possession, but not enough facts to make a solid fulcrum for the lever of his logic.

When the advertisement appeared in the Hampstead paper he collected one more fact—the name of the company in whose stock Paxton was interested, but that carried him little further.

"If I had time to do a little snooping around," he said to himself, "I could probably find the name of that bankrupt stockholder, and then there would be some place to go. But I haven't, and there's an end to that."

But it seemed this piece of information was to come to him without snooping. Paxton and his friend stopped in the shop to buy some balls for their afternoon round and paused to examine a new set of matched clubs which Jeff

(Continued on Page 114)

"If," Said Jeff Ironically, "You Would Hit the Ball With Your Club and Not Your Disposition, We Might Get Some Place"

THE DOOR

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

VI

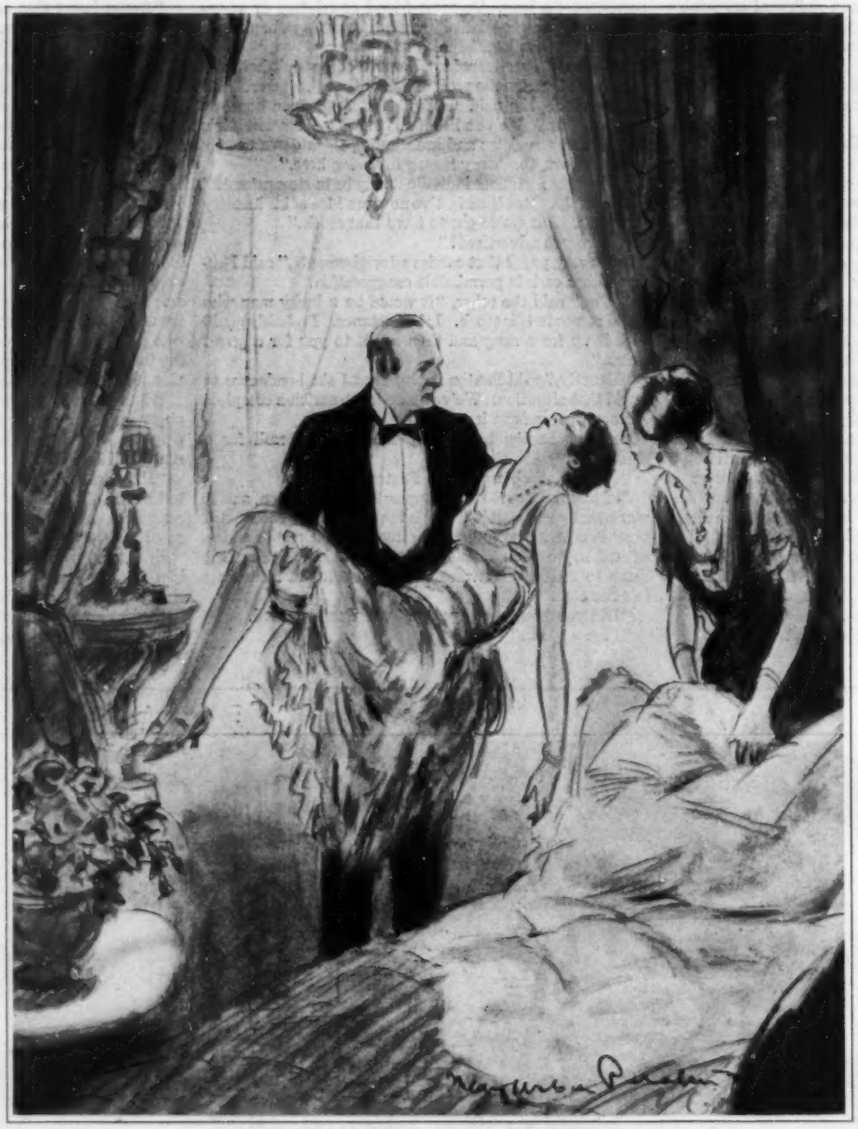
IT IS not easy to tell of this series of crimes in entire sequence. For one thing I kept no journal. For another, I must contend with that instinct of the human mind which attempts to forget what is painful to remember.

I do know, however, that Sarah was murdered on a Monday, the eighteenth of April, and that the death of Florence Gunther did not take place until the first of May. How she had occupied herself in that interval we cannot be certain; we know that she was terrified, that at night she must have locked herself in her room and listened for stealthy footsteps on the stairs and that in daytime her terror was of a different order, but very real.

I can find only one bit of comfort. When death did come to her it was sudden and unexpected. She may have been smiling. She must even have been feeling a sense of relief, now that her resolution was taken. She could have had no warning, no premonition. Yet, had she had only a little courage, she might have lived.

It is easy to say now what she should have done. She should have gone at once to the district attorney and told her story. But perhaps she was afraid of that, of being discovered or followed. Then, too, Mr. Waite was away, and she may have been waiting for his return.

We know now that she was hysterical during most of the interval—hysterical and suspicious—that she had built up the crime to fit what she knew, and that the case, as she saw it, was precisely the case as the police were to see it later on. But we have no details of those terrible days through which she lived from the eighteenth of April to the first of May.



Joseph Carried Her Into the House and Into the Library

On the Tuesday following Sarah's funeral, Katherine went back to New York, and on the next day the district attorney sent for me. He had some of the papers on the case before him, and he fingered them while he questioned me.

"You had no reason to believe she had any personal enemies? Anybody who could gain by doing away with her?"

"None whatever," I said promptly, and told him of her relations to the family. "I would have said," I finished, "that she had no outside life whatever."

"She had never married?"

"Never."

"I suppose she was in possession of a good many family facts? I'll not say secrets but facts—relationships, differences, that sort of thing?"

"Such as they are, yes. But it is a singularly united family."

"Save, I suppose, for Mr. Somers' son by his first marriage. I understand that he is not particularly persona grata."

"Who told you that?"

He smiled.

"He told me himself, as a matter of fact. He seems very anxious to have the mystery solved, as of course we all are. I suppose he was fond of her?"

"I never thought so. No."

He coughed.

"In this—er—family difference, I gather that your sympathies have lain with this Walter. Is that so?"

"Yes and no," I said slowly. "Walter has never amounted to much since the war, and his father has never understood him. They are opposed temperaments. Walter is sensitive and high-strung. Mr. Somers is a silent man, very successful in business—he's in Wall Street—and they haven't hit it off. Mr. Somers has financed Walter in several businesses, but he has always failed. I believe he has said that he is through, except for a trust fund in his will—a small one. But if you have any idea that Walter is concerned in Sarah's death ——"

"I have no such idea. We have checked his movements that night. As a matter of fact, when he left your house he went directly to his club. He left at 11:15. He recalls your asking the time, and that your own watch was a minute or two slow. At 11:30 he was at his club and joined a bridge game. That time is fixed. The man whose place he took had agreed to be at home by midnight."

He turned over the papers on his desk and finally picked up one of them.

"Unfortunately," he said, "your own statement that Sarah Gittings had no life outside your family necessarily brings the family into this affair. Your cousin, now—Mr. Blake. How well did she know him?"

"She saw him once in a while. I don't suppose she had ever said much more than good morning to him."

"Then you know of no reason why she should write to him?"

"None whatever."

"Yet she did write to him, Miss Bell. She wrote to him on the day before her death, and I believe that he received that letter." He sat back in his chair and surveyed me. "He got that letter," he repeated.

"Why would he deny it?"

"That's what I intend to find out. Actually it appears that Sarah Gittings knew Mr. Blake much better than you believe. On at least one evening during the week before her death, she went to his house. He was dining out, however, and did not see her. On Saturday night she telephoned to him, but not from your house. We have gone over your calls. Clearly this was some private matter between them. Amos, Mr. Blake's servant, says he recognized her voice; of course that's dubious, but again Mr. Blake was out. Then on Sunday she wrote, and I have every reason to believe that he got the letter on Monday."

"Why?"

"Because he went out that night to meet her."

I think, recalling that interview, that he was deliberately telling me these things in order to get my reaction to them, to watch for those reactions. Later on I believe he attempted to convey something of this system of his to the grand jury; that he said, in effect:

"You are to remember that guilt or innocence is not always solved or otherwise by the sworn statements of witnesses. People have perjured themselves before this. The reaction to a question is an important one—there is a subtle difference between the honest man and the most subtle liar."

So now he watched me.

"Did you know, when she left your house that night, that she was going out to meet Mr. Blake?"

"No. And I don't believe it now."

"You saw the writing on her cuff. Was that hers?"

"It looked like it. I dare say it was."

"Yet no such envelope was found in her room the next day, when the police searched it. Nor among the trash which Inspector Harrison examined. She wrote and sent that letter, Miss Bell, and he received it. Unless someone in your house found it and deliberately destroyed it."

"If you think I did that, I did not."

"No," he said, "I am sure you did not. That is why I know he got it. But why should he deny it? Remember, I am bringing no accusation against Mr. Blake, but I want him to come clean on this story. He knows something. You might suggest to him that it would be better for him to tell what he knows than to have us find it out for ourselves."

I was slightly dazed as I left, and sitting back in the car I was puzzled. How little, after all, we know of people! Sarah, moving quietly about my house, massaging me each morning with quiet efficiency; her life an open book, not too interesting. And yet Sarah had had a secret—a secret which she had withheld from me and had given or tried to give to Jim Blake.

I decided to see Jim at once and give him the district attorney's message. But Jim had had a return of his old

trouble and was in bed. And as it happened, something occurred that night which took my mind away from Jim for the time, and from everything else except Judy.

She had been in a fever of anger and resentment ever since Sarah's death. After all, Sarah had helped to bring her into the world, and she was outraged. I dare say under other conditions I might have found her determination to solve a crime amusing rather than otherwise, but there was a set to her small jaw, a feverish look in her eyes, that commanded my respect. And in the end, like Katherine, she did make her small contribution.

To Dick, of course, she was wonderful, no matter what she did.

So she and Dick were working on the case, she in a fury of indignation, Dick largely because of her. I know that they had gone over every inch of the lot where the dogs had been tied, but that they had found nothing. I think, however, that they were afraid I could not give their efforts sympathetic attention, for, except for their lack of success, they did not confide in me.

On that night, Wednesday, they had been making a sketch of the lot and the park, but Judy looked very tired and at ten o'clock I sent Dick away. Judy started up for bed, but in the hall she must have thought of something and changed her mind. She went back through the pantry, where Joseph was reading the evening paper, and asked if he had a flash light. Joseph had none there, and she went into the kitchen, got some matches and the garage key from its nail and proceeded to the garage.

Shortly after, she came back to the kitchen door and called in to him:

"Where's the ladder, Joseph—the ladder Mr. Walter used in the lavatory that night?"

"It's in the tool room, Miss Judy. Shall I bring it in?"

"Never mind," she said, and went out again.

At half-past ten I heard him making his round of the windows and doors before going to bed. At the front door he stopped, and then came to me in the library.

"I suppose Miss Judy came in by the front door, madam?"

"Miss Judy! Has she been out?"

"She went out through the kitchen a little after ten. She said she wanted the ladder; she didn't say why."

I was uneasy rather than alarmed, until I saw that the garage was dark.

"She's not there, Joseph!"

"Maybe she took the car and went out, madam."

"She'd have told me, I'm sure."

I was for starting out at once, but he held me back.

"I'd better get my revolver," he said. "If there's anything wrong ——"

That sent a shiver of fear down my spine.

"Judy!" I called. "Judy!"

There was no answer, and together Joseph and I started out, he slightly in the lead and his revolver in his hand. It was a black night and starless; and the very silence was terrifying. Halfway along the path Joseph wheeled suddenly.

"Who's there?" he said sharply.

"What did you hear, Joseph?"

"I thought somebody moved in the bushes."

We listened, but everything was quiet, and we went on.

In the garage itself, when we switched on the lights, everything was in order, and the key Judy had used was still in the small door which gave entrance from the side. This door was closed, but not locked. The first ominous thing was when we discovered that the door into the tool room was locked and that the key was missing from its nail. I rattled the knob and called Judy, but received no reply, and Joseph in the meantime was searching for the key.

"She's in here, Joseph."

"Not necessarily, madam. Robert hides the key sometimes. He says that Abner takes his tools."

But Judy was in there. Not until Joseph had broken a window and crawled in did we find her, poor child, senseless and bleeding from a cut on the head.

Joseph carried her into the house and into the library. She was already stirring when he placed her on the couch there, and she was quite conscious, although dizzy and nauseated, in a short time. Enough, indeed, to protest against my calling a doctor.

"We don't want any more fuss," she said, and tried to smile. "Remember, mother, Elizabeth Jane! Always in the society columns, but never in the news."

But as she was violently nauseated almost immediately, I got Joseph to telephone to Doctor Simonds, and he came very soon afterward.

She had, he said, been struck on the head, and Joseph suggested that the ladder itself had fallen on her. As a matter of fact, later investigation showed the ladder lying on the floor, and as Judy said it was against the wall when she saw it, there was a possibility of truth in this. But one thing was certain—however she was hurt, she had been definitely locked in the tool room. She had used the key and left it in the door. Someone had locked her in and taken the key. It was nowhere to be found.

We got her up to bed, and the diagnosis was a mild concussion and a lucky escape. The doctor was inclined to be humorous about it.

"You have a hard head, Judy. A hard head, but a soft heart, eh?"

Well, he ordered ice to what she called her bump and heat to her feet, and while Joseph was cracking the ice below, she told her story.

But although Joseph maintained that she had asked him about the ladder, she gave an entirely different reason herself.

"Abner has a foot rule in the tool room," was her story to me. "I wanted to measure the cabinet. Sometimes you find a secret drawer that way. So I got the key to the garage and went out. I thought I heard something in the shrubbery behind me once, but it might have been a rabbit; I don't know.

"The tool-room light had burned out, so I lighted a match when I went in. The door was not locked, but the key was in it. There was nobody in the tool room, unless they were behind the door when I opened it. I lighted a fresh match, and just then the door slammed behind me and blew out the match. I said 'damn,' and that's all I remember."

To add to our bewilderment and my own secret anxiety, Joseph brought forth something when he carried up the ice—something which was odd, to say the least. This was that, just before ten o'clock, when he let the dogs out the back door, he heard them barking in the shrubbery. This barking, however, ceased abruptly.

"As though they'd recognized the party," said Joseph, who now and then lapsed into colloquial English. "Jack, now, he'd never let up if it was a stranger."

But there was something horrible in that thought—that anyone who knew us would attack Judy—and the situation was not improved by Norah's declaration the next day that, at two o'clock in the morning, four hours after the attack on Judy, she had seen someone with a flash light in the shrubbery near the garage. The night had been cool and she had got out of bed to close her window. Then she saw the light, and because it was rather ghostly and the morale of the household none too good, she had simply got back into bed and drawn the covers over her head.

Inspector Harrison had come early at my request, and Norah repeated the story to him. The flash light, she said, was close to the ground, and almost as soon as she saw it, it went out.

Up to that moment I think he had been inclined to lay Judy's condition to accident; the more so as she refused to explain why she had been in the garage.

"Come now, Miss Judy. You had a reason, hadn't you?"

"I've told you. I wanted to get the foot rule."

"Did you tell Joseph you wanted to see the ladder?"

Judy Mounted it and Examined the Joists Above

(Continued on Page 58)

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PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 8, 1930

The Burden of Crime

LAST year's prison outbreaks, especially in several of the New York State institutions, not only filled the newspapers with sensational and disturbing narratives but produced endless discussion of penological topics. Little attention was paid, however, to the burden which is being placed upon society by its criminal population, and the increasing nature of that load.

There are students of the subject who do not hesitate to lay responsibility—or blame, if one wishes to use the word—for the criminal upon society itself; that is, upon its carelessness, ignorance and the outworn methods employed in dealing with the criminal. So far as this may be true, society should mend its ways; but, after all, the whole is greater than one of its parts. The normal members of every community are more than paying for their sins of omission; they are carrying a load which is punishment enough.

All surveys of New York's prison situation agree on one point at least, whether the attitude be official or unofficial, professional or amateur, specialized or general. There is an immediate need for new and more modern buildings to take the place of outworn and antiquated structures. In addition, there is an appeal for more guards and for larger salaries for the force. The Commissioner of Correction asks for $10,000,000 at once and $20,000,000 more by 1935. The demand is not quite so acute in other states, but the Federal prisons are asking Congress for very large sums on the ground that they are housing and feeding twice as many inmates as they should accommodate—a statement which appears to be conservative. Certainly they are overwhelmed with numbers. Now when we bear in mind that nearly every one of the more than three thousand counties of the United States has a jail, that all states and many cities have them, and that, in addition, a huge system of Federal prisons is superimposed upon the rest, some idea of the magnitude of the problem is presented.

It is true, fortunately, that the cost of prisons is much smaller than that of schools or highways, and it is less than that for naval and other military establishments and operations, past and present. But it is an encumbrance upon society of a singularly disagreeable nature, and one upon which public attention is focused. Thus there is significance in the fact that only a few days after the Commissioner of Correction of New York asked for $10,000,000 immediately and $20,000,000 within a few years, a leading manufacturer of that state insisted that heavy taxation was driving manufacturers West, and he disclosed the further fact that an economic committee of twenty-five had urged the governor to abandon all plans for additional expenditures upon welfare work, in order to eliminate further loads upon the taxpayers.

Here we have in striking form a great modern paradox. What is the capacity of the manufacturers of New York or of any other group of people to pay? How far can that or any other state go in piling up its overhead without destroying the goose that lays the golden eggs? There are no absolute answers to such questions, but a few facts are known and need to be emphasized. New prison buildings are imperative in New York, taxes or no taxes. Nor need the tax burden be impossible to bear if government expenditures are undertaken with plan and forethought, and if the operations of government are carried on with due honesty, intelligence and capacity.

It is clear to all that prison systems can be improved in countless ways and be made more useful and less costly to the community. Obviously prisons are primarily, if not solely, for the purpose of protecting society, and as long as the criminal remains in prison society is protected from him. But if the prisoner comes out as bad as when he went in, or worse, there ceases to be any protection. If the prison can turn out men who are better than those who entered, then both elements of society—those who have been in prison and those who have not been there—are aided.

Along these lines are endless encouraging possibilities. Both practical common sense and scientific discoveries point the way. Men in prison are not reconstructed by cruelty, on the one hand, or by coddling and sentimentality, on the other. Far more careful classification of the different kinds of inmates, and segregation of certain types, are needed. The whole subject of parole systems requires the closest attention. Most important perhaps of all, the prisoners must not be idle, and if there is not enough ingenuity to solve this particular problem, then we might as well give up in despair any attempt to handle the crime situation. Of all crimes against society, none quite equals that of keeping prison inmates idle and unoccupied. Surely the evils which flow therefrom must far exceed any small harm which comes from the sale of prison-made goods in the commercial markets.

Finally, prisons cannot do their work well or profitably without two conditions requisite to success in any government activity. The public must be interested, on the one hand, and those in charge must be fitted to their tasks. The English prison system is not only centralized under the Home Secretary but it is professionalized. Prison work there offers a career to college graduates, it is free from the crudities of spoils politics, there is security of tenure and a period of training. All this points the way. As Sanford Bates, superintendent of Federal prisons, recently said, "The United States should take the lead in insisting upon the professionalization of prison management, and not lag behind."

The Spirit of Ishmael

THOUGH we rightly look upon Europe as the seat of most of our inherited culture and as the fount from which our own civilization flowed, we have an uncomfortable feeling that in some respects she is still back in the Dark Ages. Her ancient tribal spirit still remains. She has never quite shaken it off; she has never quite outgrown it.

We must remember that until modern times her population was one of small, warring tribes which, for self-preservation, and in order to avert complete extinction, gradually banded together into loose confederations, then into small and more or less homogeneous states, and finally into closely knit, powerful nations. This slow and painful process of lumping small political units into larger and more formidable ones has been going on from time immemorial. It has favored immeasurably the advance of civilization, and it has made possible eras of comparatively high levels of general prosperity. It has had a tendency to substitute occasional great conflicts for continuous little wars; and it has brought sundry blessed interludes of peace—but the spirit of Ishmael still lives.

To American eyes, the Europe of today presents a strange and contradictory picture. We are at a loss to decide whether we should be more deeply impressed by what her advancing civilization has won for her, or by what she has lost in spite of it. We are full of admiration for her achievements. We tiptoe silently through her wondrous cathedrals or stand mute before her matchless pagan temples. We do reverence to her arts, her literatures, her religious establishments, her systems of jurisprudence and her ancient seats of learning. When we sum up all the debts which humanity owes to the Europe of the Christian Era, we concede that she has changed for the better every factor of daily life except human nature.

Even human nature has been somewhat tempered. The world no longer takes for granted, as it once did, the polity of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. The leaven of other teachings has had some effect upon the lump of humanity. And yet, the age-old impulses and reactions still persist. The populations of Europe are still to a large extent under the dominion of the spirit of her warlike tribes of old, of the inherited blood feuds which trace back into the dim past, of the old suspicions and of the ancient grudges never quite wiped out.

This is the heritage which enslaves most of Europe and grinds down her peoples with the task of keeping up her great and growing military establishments. War lust and war dread are alternately her masters and oppressors—and there is little to choose between them. Intellectually we Americans can understand these mainsprings of Old World statecraft. We can comprehend such sentiments, but we cannot share them, any more than we can justify them in our own minds or perceive whatever validity they may possess. Our forbears might have done so, but we have now had some three hundred years of freedom from any overpowering menace of hostile frontier neighbors—and in three centuries a nation can do a deal of forgetting.

The late Baron Rosen, the Czar's brilliant and witty ambassador at Washington, used to observe that we should make our national motto "God bless the Atlantic Ocean" and thus do homage to the broad natural barrier that permits us to have an international psychology so different from that of the over-sea nations. Recognition of this difference of outlook is perhaps the only circumstance which will enable the majority of us to understand the persistence of the war spirit in Europe. Deplore it as we may, we cannot deny its existence, any more than we can doubt the sincerity of the inherited convictions which give rise to it.

Lovers of peace—and most Americans can be so described—will find but cold comfort in the pages of this issue devoted to a careful recital and analysis of Europe's current expenditures for military purposes and for the upkeep of navies and standing armies. The fine phrases of statesmen and their protestations of pacific intentions do not alter the fact that Europe is again making herself an armed camp—to what end only the future can reveal. Disheartening as this array of facts and figures may prove, it is one that should be faced and studied.

The United States is unique in the family of nations. It is the only first-rate power which is not feared in proportion to its strength in men and treasure and natural resources. Europe may dread our economic penetration, our invasion of her old markets and our competition for world business, but not our participation in any war of aggression. Our diplomacy, as far as its adherence to equity, justice and good faith is concerned, commands the respect of all nations. Our aspirations for world peace and for the studied avoidance of the occasions for war are nowhere seriously doubted. Our moderation in the matter of military establishment is without equal in the history of major powers.

More than ever we need wisdom and sanity and foresight in our National Government. Partisan politics, fatuous pacifism and self-seeking jingoism are alike out of place in aught which affects our international relationships.

WHAT DO WE EARN?

By George Soule

IS IT true that the rich are getting richer and the poor poorer? That fewer and fewer are working for themselves, more and more becoming wage slaves?

Karl Marx predicted this in 1867 as the inescapable outcome of a capitalistic, industrial civilization, and Marxians still argue that time has borne him out, even in America. Circumstantial evidence was against them, but direct disproof has been lacking. The income-tax, census and other existing figures did not cover enough ground to be conclusive.

Three years ago the National Bureau of Economic Research began a methodical, disinterested study of American income in the period from 1909 to the latest available figures. The result now is released in a volume by Dr. Willford I. King, The National Income and Its Purchasing Power.

The rich are standing still, the middle class is gaining strikingly in wealth and numbers, and the poor are decreasing in numbers, is the conclusion of the report. In as much as all earning less than $8309 a year fall into the lowermost class—here called the poor—that conclusion is the more notable.

It might be said that the income of the American people has a trifle more than trebled since 1909. It is true, but just what of it? The population having increased and the value of the dollar shrunk, what is left of the trebling, and who gets it? Because a comparison of 1909 dollars and 1927 dollars is meaningless, Doctor King has taken the buying power of the dollar in 1913 as a standard of measurement.

He divides incomes into four classes—less than $5000, from $5000 to $25,000, from $25,000 to $150,000, and all above $150,000. Translated into present-day values, these sums become, respectively, $8309, $41,513 and $249,255. That is, it takes $8309 now to buy what $5000 did in 1913. The man whose salary was $25,000 in 1913 has only stood still in actual buying power if he now gets $41,513.

If the rich are getting richer and the poor poorer, the lowest and the highest classes should be growing steadily in numbers. The facts are that a smaller part of the population falls into the less-than-$5000 division today than in 1914, when incomes first were taxed. The percentage stood virtually still until 1921, since when it has fallen slowly.

The wealthy of the more-than-$150,000 group multiplied between 1914 and 1916, but with our entrance into the war, shrank so that by 1921 there was but one person earning more than this sum for every fifteen who had in 1916. Since 1921 the wealthiest group has grown again, but the net change over 1914 is virtually nil.

The lowest class is decreasing, the highest is stationary, but the two intermediate classes are growing, particularly the great middle-class group falling between $5000 and $25,000. A distinct tendency of the lowest class to graduate into the second and a lesser trend of the second group to rise into the third—$25,000 to $150,000—are the most significant findings.

But do the rich, though few in numbers, nevertheless control the lion's share of the national income, while the masses have the smaller part? That is an article of the soap-box creed. In fact, the report discloses, seven-eighths of the national income goes to the masses of the less-than-$5000 group, while the above-$150,000 class gets only one-sixtieth of the country's entire realized income.

What if the communistic ideal were realized and the combined incomes of the three upper groups—of everyone, that is, getting more than $8309 a year—were to be expropriated, and divided evenly among the first and poorest paid class? Their incomes would be increased only by one-seventh. A man earning $3500 a year would get $4000.

It is true that we have not abolished poverty, and that the lowest incomes would benefit materially by equal division, if it were possible. But in order to accomplish that result we should have to carry our expropriation down to many of those earning less than $8309 a year. We should have to injure many persons whom even a communist would hardly call rich.

The gain of the poor from equal distribution would be considerably less, Doctor King demonstrates, than the average American citizen has already gained in income since 1922 by the general increase in the productiveness of American industry.

"Between 1921 and 1927 the purchasing power of the income of the people of the United States increased by approximately 44 per cent," the report declares. "It is probable that no other nation at any time in history has ever enjoyed such a marked advance in income in anything like the same space of time. In most of the older sections of the world, indeed, the attainment, even in a century, of such a proportionate increase of income would be regarded as remarkable."

In 1928 a further gain of more than 3 per cent occurred, and 1929, when the figures are assembled, undoubtedly will bring the increase

(Continued on Page 162)

POST SCRIPTS

DRAWN BY RATE COLLIER

"Sneak Up on Him, Joe. You Won't Frighten Him"

The Raw Recruit

COACH, my name is Johnnie Johnson,
And I hail from Lund, Wisconsin.
In the buff I weigh a flat two hundred pound.
I'm the all-scholastic center,
And a Western baseball mentor
Says my equal as a pitcher can't be found.

Such a craze I have for knowledge,
Which no place but old Blank College
With its Eastern culture ever can supply!
When, just for a little starter,
I adopt her Alma Mater,
For dear old Blank I'll sure be glad to die.

Poor old dad passed out last summer,
Leaving six of us and mumma,
And a heavy mortgage on the homestead too.
But I pine to be a scholar,
Though I haven't got a dollar—
In your answer specify what you can do.

P. S. Make your offer good and speedy,
For you see I'm awful needy,
And these Western schools are promising a lot.
Board, tuition, room and carfare
Ain't enough to get you nowhere!
Make it good, and I'll be Johnnie on the spot.

—*Amos Green.*

As the Tabloids Would Introduce Them

(Red Riding Hood)

FIEND FOLLOWS FLAPPER! SWALLOWS GRANDMOTHER AND TRIES TO WRECK LOVE NEST! (SEE COMPOSITE PICTURE OF WOLF DISCOVERED IN RED'S APARTMENT.) "I DIDN'T REALIZE," SOBS RED.

(Cinderella)

HINT CINDY HAS SUGAR DADDY! EAST-SIDE QUEEN FLEES ORGY! DID PRINCE DRINK CHAMPAGNE FROM GLASS SLIPPER? (SEE PAGE 5.) POLICE SPREAD DRAGNET FOR MISSING GIRL!

(The Three Bears)

CROOK GETS BIG HAUL! APARTMENT WRECKED! CHAIRS SMASHED! "WOOF! WOOF!" SAYS BIG BEAR (INSET.) "WHO ATE MY PORRIDGE?" HINT GIANT SWINDLING ORGANIZATION!

(Alice in Wonderland)

POISON RUM DWARFS FLAPPER! SHRINKS THREE FEET! FIEND HELD WITHOUT BAIL. PICTURE SHOWS ALICE CLIMBING THIMBLE! POLICE RAIDS IMMINENT!

(Jack and the Bean Stalk)

BOY SLAYS MONSTER! DID SUPERSCIENCE GROW GIANT BEAN STALK? SIGNS VAUDEVILLE CONTRACT. "I GAVE HIM THE AX!" SAYS JACK.

(The Goose That Laid the Golden Eggs)

AX MURDER! WOMAN SLAYS GOOSE AND KILLS SELF IN SUICIDE COMPACT! (SEE PICTURE OF GOOSE LAYING GOLDEN EGGS.) "NO MORE EGGS!" SOBS HUBBY. DETECTIVES HUNT MOTIVE.

—Parke Cummings.

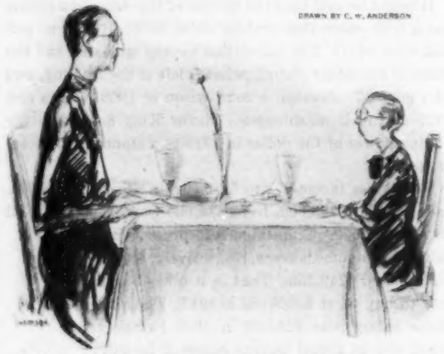
More in Sorrow Than in Anger

TO SIT upon a sunny beach
And be completely out of reach
Of paper clips and desks and such
Would gratify me very much.
And though I've made it more than clear
That at this season of the year
A tranquil, balmy, southern sea
With beach attached appeals to me,
I'm grieved to be compelled to state
My boss does not coöperate.

—*Margaret Fishback.*

DRAWN BY P. HESS

"Just Think What a Man Like That Could Do With 'Moanin' Low,' Pamela"



DRAWN BY C. W. ANDERSON

"Now be a Good Boy and Eat Your Spinach and Mamma Will Read Proust to You"

Aftermath

MRS. SMITH led a spade. "Really," she said, "this market crash must have been a terrible thing for ever so many people."

"Just wiped 'em out," said Mrs. Brown sadly. "Plunged 'em into debt."

"'Now you see it, now you don't,'" quoted Mrs. Jones. "It went like that."

There was a lull. The pleasant tinkle of tea things. The settling of a log. White hands deftly busy among silver. Mrs. Black broke the spell.

"Well"—and there was a barely perceptible tentativeness in her voice—"I know it cost me my round-the-world cruise. We had reservations and all."

The other ladies regarded her with a new respect. "Well, it hit me too," said Mrs. Smith after a momentary gulp. "Russell had ordered me a four-carat solitaire—pear-shaped. He simply had to cancel it. Christmas won't be quite the same this year."

"I had troubles too," said little Mrs. Brown. "You remember that darling car we saw one day in that store window—with the silver fittings and plum-colored upholstery?"

"Perfectly," nodded Mrs. Jones. Her brow was beginning to furrow.

"Well, it'll still be there, I guess," said Mrs. Brown. "Ed had put down a two-thousand-dollar deposit on it. He was going to have it brought around to the house for our anniversary. With my initials on the door, in mauve."

"In mauve!" chorused the three. "What a shame! It hit a lot of people."

"Our house went in the crash too," sighed Mrs. Black after a pause.

"Not your house!" cried the others. "You don't mean you had to sell?"

"No, our new house. The one we had all planned in Greenwich, you know."

"Oh," said the ladies. "Well, that's something saved, at any rate." (Continued on Page 156)

These soups simplify your housekeeping!

A supply of the different Campbell's Soups on your pantry shelf is a convenience that is a constant aid to simpler housekeeping. It means less other food to buy and prepare—easier meal-planning—less time in the kitchen—and better meals. More varied meals. Brighter, more cheerful, more enjoyable meals. For example, what more tempting, more convenient luncheon than Campbell's Vegetable Soup, with its 15 delicious healthful vegetables—a meal in itself! Already cooked. A wonderful soup for the children, too. 12 cents a can.

Sing a song of airships—
Sailing o'er the moon.
Sing a song of healthfulness—
Campbell's in the spoon!

Your choice . . .

Asparagus	Clam Chowder	Pepper Pot
Bean	Consommé	Printanier
Beef	Julienne	Tomato
Bouillon	Mock Turtle	Vegetable
Celery	Mulligatawny	Vegetable-Beef
Chicken	Mutton	Vermicelli-Tomato
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Ox Tail	
	Pea	

MEAL-PLANNING IS EASIER WITH DAILY CHOICES FROM CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS

THE BUSINESS TIDE

By DAVID LAWRENCE

ELEVEN years have passed since the dollar-a-year men scampered home from Washington, happy over a release from an atmosphere they might have described as repressing both initiative and enthusiasm. Many of them vowed they never would go back. Others felt an exhilaration over the experience and never quite felt the same in private life; in fact, some drifted to public service again and found satisfaction in its very entanglements.

Those who reverted to the business group that stands off at a distance, watches the ebb and flow of mediocrity in government personnel, and prefers to do nothing about it, helped to build up that wall of indifference which makes it so hard for Presidents to get high-grade men to accept public office, though Herbert Hoover has tried with some success to break down that stand-offishness.

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Secretary of Agriculture Arthur M. Hyde and Alexander Legge, Chairman of the Federal Farm Board

Some business men found public service a fascinating adventure. They were not chilled by its vicissitudes. The late Henry P. Davison, head of the American Red Cross in wartime, told the writer in Paris one day in 1918 that as between his partnership in J. P. Morgan and Company and public life he preferred the service of Government. By the terms of his will, a son, now Assistant Secretary of War in charge of aviation, is to dedicate his life to public service. Alexander Legge relinquished a $100,000 presidency of the International Harvester Company when drafted to organize the Federal Farm Board. He was a dollar-a-year man during the war. Robert P. Lamont, president of American Steel Foundries, resigned his business connection to become Secretary of Commerce. There are many others who have felt the call and responded. But while we hear of men who have accepted the summons to service in the Federal Government—they are usually conspicuous because everything the national Government does attracts attention—it is a fact that throughout the several states more and more business men have become governors in recent years, or accepted state office. They have as a general rule made a record of creditable achievement. It has meant hard work and much less appreciation. It has sometimes been a thankless task undertaken at a sacrifice of private business.

Most business men are wrapped up in their own affairs and claim they have no time for civic interests. Others, having no taste for it, maintain, nevertheless, the right to criticize—an evidence of interest, at least, which some communities would consider themselves lucky to provoke. It does not often happen, however, that the critic gets a chance to set up his own theory in practice. If he is challenged, he might shrink from the task.

So the tale of Pierre S. du Pont is pertinent. It will be conceded he is a busy man. His directorships are numerous, his stockholdings extensive. He might with impunity have hidden himself in a shell of seclusion and let the affairs of the state of Delaware run their whimsical course, for geography has nothing to do with the intensity of civic interest. Mr. du Pont had no relish for politics. He had the average business man's impatience with the red tape of governmental machinery and its cumbersome methods of administration. But he had the courage to speak out. And before long the critic was called upon to make good his criticism.

"It was about four years ago," relates Mr. du Pont, "when my interest in the public schools of Delaware led me to criticize the methods of collecting the income tax which by law is devoted to the support of the public schools. In reply to this complaint, the governor called upon me to take the position of tax commissioner, although I had never engaged in political life or belonged to any political party or clique.

"On accepting the position I found conditions most discouraging. The department had been provided with no proper investment for its purposes. Even file cabinets were lacking and the records of past years thrown into an unsorted heap in a closet. The retiring tax commissioner had received his appointment in a political way, and, although conscientious, was entirely without means for procuring necessary equipment or of employing sufficient or capable assistance.

"In order to bring about an improvement, it was imperative to have money and, as nothing was forthcoming from the state, I decided to put through the job as though it were a business transaction. This required the doubling of the office space, the installation of files and every kind of office equipment, including an addressing machine.

"A force of clerks was engaged to sort the old records in order to determine who had not paid taxes, and why. A search of every kind of record was made in the state in order to gather together the names of all taxables and, as our duties required the collection of the capitation tax, it was necessary to make this list include practically all the voters of the state.

"According to the census, there should be about 135,000 persons twenty-one years of age or over in Delaware. We have succeeded in listing about 120,000. The tax office doubts very much if the remaining number actually exist, except possibly as floating population, which could hardly amount to more than 15,000 persons.

"I do not contend that the increased collections have been due entirely to better methods of collection. Incomes in Delaware have increased greatly during the past four years, but, on the other hand, had the old system prevailed, doubtless much of the income would not have been reported."

The demagogue's outcry against the business man has usually been that he represents a class viewpoint, that he believes in privilege, that he cannot be expected to administer fairly. Here was a man of wealth, known throughout the state as a large taxpayer himself. And he was actually given control of the reins of the tax office. But friends and foes soon found that the tax office played no favorites and none was more surprised than the politician.

"The tax law of the state," commented Mr. du Pont, "was very loosely drawn, so that the greater part of the practical work of the tax office was under rulings of the tax commissioner. Much was left to his discretion. During the second year of my administration, therefore, I proposed to the legislature a new tax bill, embodying my rulings and few, but very few, changes in the law itself. The bill became a political measure and was voted down.

"This did not disturb me, as it was my province to suggest changes, not to take an interest in the opinions of the legislature on the subject. One change proposed by me was to rectify a blunder in the old law, under which dividends were taxable only when paid out of the income of the year in which declared. This resulted in tremendous exemptions, which cost the state a great deal of revenue. I think that some people were somewhat disgusted with me for not attempting to collect in face of the adverse wording of the law.

"In January, 1929, the beginning of the fourth year of my term, I again proposed a tax law in practically the same form as presented two years before. This time it passed without trouble. I believe that we now have a law that agrees with administrative practice and one that is clearly expressed. In the future we shall have very little trouble in the audit of accounts.

"After four years' experience in the Delaware tax office, I have come to the conclusion that the public in general is not much concerned with the income tax, provided the administration is honest and equitably enforced. Much resentment is caused by attempts on the part of the tax department to collect sums not clearly due under the law. I have taken the position that unless the law clearly provides a tax no attempt should be made to collect. If the legislators do not agree with my interpretation, it is their job to make the words clear enough for the tax commissioner and the public to understand.

"Undoubtedly, I could have collected more money had I assumed a position as is done in Federal affairs—that is, to impose a tax on the flimsiest pretext and allow the taxpayer, after much expenditure of time, to escape if he can. We have had comparatively few appeals of tax cases, nearly all of the appeals dealing with penalties of 100 per cent which are mandatory under the law, but reducible by the tax board of appeals. Several cases involved questions on which there was practically no law. The easier way was to adopt the Federal plan and impose a tax, but I have not thought it wise to do so, with the result that many cases have been held in abeyance pending the development of further light on the subject, generally resulting in a much more favorable attitude toward the taxpayer than at first seemed necessary.

"Although my own position as a taxpayer has frequently made it embarrassing to make decisions, I have not allowed my own case to influence actions of the department, preferring to be criticized rather than permit personal affairs to interfere with public business. So far this policy has proved a wise one."

One of the discouragements which Tax Commissioner du Pont faced was that of inadequate salaries. Naturally,

(Continued on Page 159)

Now you can buy

Corn, Peas and Stringless Beans

packed under this famous brand

Libby's 100 Foods

SUCCULENT and full of flavor, direct from choice garden lands! Three more tempting vegetables packed under the brand you know means highest quality. Libby's Corn—grown from pedigreed seed, packed within an hour of picking. Libby's Peas, carefully sifted, sugar-sweet. Libby's Stringless Beans, uniform and amazingly tender.

PARTIAL LIST OF LIBBY'S VEGETABLES

CORN, PEAS	SPINACH	TOMATO JUICE
STRINGLESS BEANS	PORK AND BEANS	TOMATOES
ASPARAGUS	SWEET POTATOES	PUMPKIN
ASPARAGUS TIPS	SAUERKRAUT	BEETS

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Fascinating radio concerts—"Around the World with Libby." Famous artists, Libby Concert Orchestra. Tuesday evenings through a coast-to-coast network of N. B. C. stations: 8:30 Eastern Time; 7:30 Central Time; 6:30 Mountain Time; 5:30 Pacific Time.

And each Wednesday morning over the same N. B. C. stations, you may hear Mary Hale Martin's Household Period which is broadcast at: 10:45 Eastern Time; 9:45 Central Time; and by special arrangement, 11:15 Mountain Time; 10:15 Pacific Time.

LIBBY McNEILL & LIBBY - CHICAGO

VOTES

By CHARLES FRANCIS COE

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

"Hell's Bells and Gingerbread!" He Bellowed. "Jim Booley's Beat Me to the Newspapers!"

VII

THE peculiarly sapient mind of Old Tim Callahan enabled the man to pencil out on the screen of his understanding the fundamental things of the program which he faced. He was not one to be misled by developments of an extraneous nature. No matter how much might have been achieved in a single day, he made an invariable point of reviewing it all in the solitude of his chamber as each night rolled around. Alone, he could weigh values, lay new schemes, stand off, as it were, and let his perspective embrace the fourth dimension.

Undoubtedly his greatest achievement thus far was the securing of Norman Trago's consent to be a candidate for chief magistrate. Having fought a thousand political battles before this one, Old Tim knew perfectly well what tactics to expect from Jim Booley. There would be crimination and recrimination, charges and countercharges, falsification and vilification. All this Callahan fully expected and planned for, and therein lay the importance of Trago's candidacy. This man on the ticket would breed confidence. Booley's charges would be received at a wholesome discount; might conceivably have the effect of a boomerang. Trago and honesty were synonymous.

Second—and over this Old Tim was happiest—there was Hector Sparr's agreement regarding Miss Pat. Old Tim assured himself that this matter had been handled with consummate skill. None suspected the plan, least of all Pat herself, and Sparr could be relied upon to act wisely and with continuing discretion. As he contemplated this eventuality, Callahan knew the gracious peace of mind with which old age feels itself slipping free of mundane burdens. With Pat safely wedded into the ranks of society, Old Tim would be quite willing to call it a day.

As for Cato, the man served an immense purpose in Old Tim's plans. Sloven that he was, thick-lipped, greasy grafter that his record proved him to be, he nevertheless formed in Old Tim's arrangements a vital contact. This contact had to do with Callahan's recognition of the new-born political power assumed by the criminal.

Cato's position as an assistant district attorney had thrown him in contact with every class of criminal from the backdoor bootlegger to the full-blown racketeer. None knew better than this man Cato the contacts between law violators and some supposedly enforcement officers. And none knew better than Old Tim the tremendous power this combination wielded in the body politic. It controlled votes, and votes formed Old Tim's sole measure of the fitness of things.

So he accepted Trago, Sparr and Cato for exactly the big purposes they could serve. He pondered considerably on the matter of Senator Boden. This man, Old Tim decided, was feline in his gentle purring and therefore might show other traits of the species, such, perhaps, as retractile claws. Ultimately, though, he decided in favor of Boden as a candidate. His logic was quite simple: So long as a feline remains comfortable and unabused its claws lie dormant. Boden was as valuable as any other candidate available and, as a candidate, he was less dangerous than he might be if aligned with Booley.

So the ticket shaped in the boss' mind. Cato undoubtedly would be a vote-getting candidate for district attorney. The very men he was presumably to prosecute might best serve their own special interest by seeing that the man took office. Booley might call this to the attention of the electorate, but he could not get far with cries of graft and corruption so long as the unimpeachable name of Norman Trago graced the ticket.

Boden, as a candidate for comptroller, could be counted upon to carry his own senatorial district, which gave him an added desirability over anyone else. Because of his power in his own district, the man could be used for electioneering in other districts. His suavity, graciousness, exterior gentility and poise might even serve as a mirror to reflect the genuine grandeur of Trago. Spurgeon, for city treasurer, had the advantages of experience and connections.

There remained, therefore, but one point of friction in Sparr's original ticket. Alderman Glench, as a prospective chairman of the aldermanic board, held no appeal for Old Tim Callahan. The furtive little politician with his red pompadour and his terse manner of speech left much to be desired. His name had, Old Tim determined, been too closely affiliated with that of Booley. Knowing, as he did, that the voters' opinion of a candidate is pretty generally identical with that passed along by the inner political machine, he felt that recognition of Glench as a candidate would lend weight to Booley's anticipated charges of disloyalty and double dealing. So he decided against Glench.

The dinner at which Sparr had met Miss Patricia had been most gratifying to Old Tim. Never had he seen the girl so vivacious. Her face had been constantly animated. She seemed dynamically alive, vibrant to the forces of life. New interests seemed suddenly to have possessed her. Her conversation had been witty and understanding, and at times she disclosed mental qualities indicative of her paternal heritage. Old Tim was distinctly proud of her. A dozen times he had glanced knowingly at Hector Sparr, and each time he found in the man's countenance gratifying response to his implied question.

Fennister, too, had impressed the boss. The youngster was keen and thoroughly alive to what went on about him. He had a mental alacrity which was indisputable. Though he spoke but little, everything he said was apt, concise and illuminating. His eyes had followed every move Pat made and he hung tenaciously on her words. This pleased Old Tim because he foresaw that he would make a valuable secretary.

So when he came down next morning to the library and found there Walter Fennister and a neat-appearing young woman stenographer, Old Tim was ready to go to work.

"Good morning," Fennister greeted him.

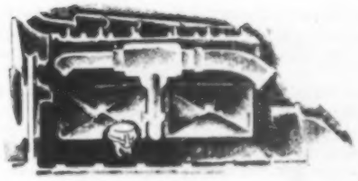
Old Tim nodded curtly, and deliberately walked past the young man and addressed the girl at the desk. "What's your name?" he demanded.

"Margaret Toland," she answered, rising.

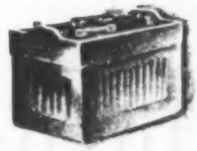
"Sit down," Old Tim snapped. "It makes me nervous when people stand up. Especially before breakfast."

(Continued on Page 35)

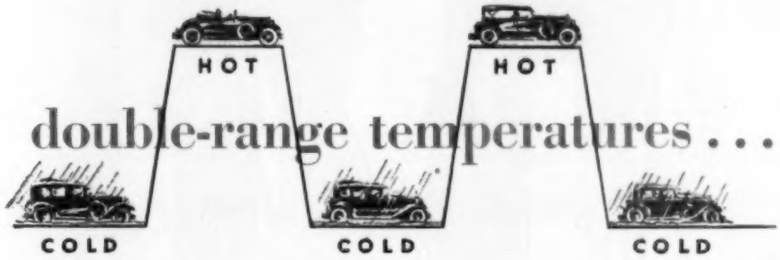
Save your engine!



Spare your battery!



Don't make them fight



double-range temperatures . . .

with single-range lubrication . . .

Why you need Mobiloil Arctic *now*!

Freezing weather—stiff starting! Severe battery overload, and deadly engine wear! They go together. Because—

In freezing weather an oil that is too heavy congeals in your crankcase. Hardens like cold butter on pistons and cylinder walls. In starting your engine such an oil can't get into quick circulation. Abnormal engine wear results. And slow starting is sure to overload your battery—consume its current. But—

Suppose you change to one of the so-called "winter oils." You get easy starting. But at operating temperatures, your engine is at least twice as hot as the hottest tropical summer. Most of these so-called "winter oils" *fail to give hot metal surfaces the protection they must have to avoid wear.*

But not Mobiloil Arctic!

At zero temperature the new Mobiloil Arctic flows freely. You get instant circulation. At all running temperatures, it keeps its body. You get *rich lubrication always.*

The new Mobiloil Arctic gives *double-range* lubrication. For that reason, from Greenland to Cape Horn, it stands alone. In all the cold weather countries of the world, it is the most-used winter oil.

Let your nearest Mobiloil dealer change your oil to Mobiloil Arctic today.

New Ease in Gear Shifting

To further lighten the load which winter driving conditions place on your engine, have the transmission and differential drained and refilled with Mobiloil "CW" Gear Lubricant. This unique lubricant remains fluid in winter weather. Ease of gear shifting and smooth performance are assured where Mobiloil "CW" is used.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Makers of high quality lubricants for all types of machinery

Make this chart your guide

It shows the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for certain prominent cars. If your car is not listed below, see complete Mobiloil Chart at your Mobiloil dealer's.

Follow winter recommendations when temperatures from 32° F. (Freezing) to 0° F. (zero) prevail. Below zero use Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic (except Ford, Models T, TT, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "E").

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1929 Engine		1928 Engine		1927 Engine		1926 Engine	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Auburn, 6-66	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	A
" 8-cyl.	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Arc
" other models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
Buick	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Arc
Cadillac	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc
Chandler Special Six	...	...	A	Arc	A	A	...	...
" other models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chevrolet	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chrysler, 4-cyl.	...	...	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" Imperial 80 and Imperial	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	A	A	A
" other models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Durant	A	Arc	A	Arc	...	...	A	Arc
Elcar, 8-cyl.	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Arc
" other models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
Erskine	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	...	...
Essex	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Ford, Model A	A	Arc	A	Arc	...	...	...	...
" Model T	...	...	...	...	E	E	E	E
Franklin	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	BB	BB	BB
Gardner, 8-cyl.	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Arc
" other models	...	...	...	...	...	...	A	A
Hudson	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Hupmobile	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
La Salle	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	...	...
Lincoln	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc
Marmon, 8-cyl.	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	...	...
" other models	...	...	BB	A	A	A	A	A
Moon	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Nash, Adv. & Sp. 6	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Arc
" other models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Oakland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Oldsmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Packard	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Peerless, 72, 90, 91	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
" other models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Pontiac	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Reo	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Studebaker	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Whippet	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Willys-Knight, 4-cyl.	...	...	...	...	...	...	B	Arc
" 6-cyl.	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc

the New Mobiloil ARCTIC

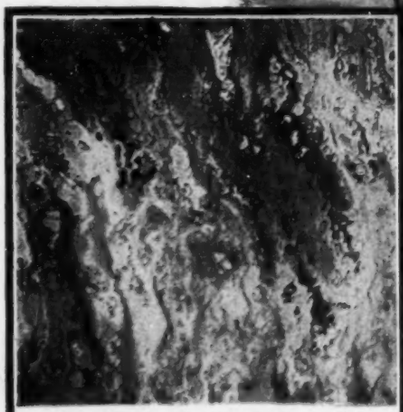
Elusive beauty of age-old marble

THROUGHOUT the ages, marble has ever been associated with culture, nobility, power. Kings and conquerors have commemorated their triumphs in lustrous marble—great cities and nations have written the story of their achievements in this imperial stone.

And today marble is still in style. Modern interior decorators, eagerly seeking new and strikingly unusual color effects, have found them in the richly veined varieties of marble.

Today, however, you need not be a prince to "dwell in marble halls"—to have handsome marble effects in your home or place of business. For an inexpensive, modern material—*Sealex Linoleum*—has rivaled the beauty of marble itself.

A challenging statement—but here are pictures to prove it. Look at the realism of these Karnean marbled patterns. Unexpected dashes and splashes of blue and ivory. Flickering red flames. A vivid streak of color sweeping across the tile like a flash of lightning. Almost incredible, that man should succeed in equaling the gorgeous beauty of nature.



A close-up showing the gorgeous colorings and delicate veinings of one of the tiles in the pattern shown below.

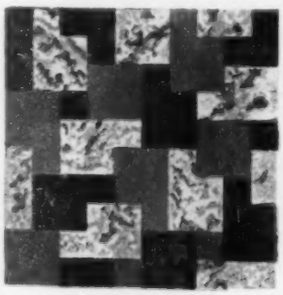
All marble's subtle loveliness—and none of its disadvantages. Resilient *Sealex Linoleum* is warm, comfortable and quiet underfoot—a really "well-bred" floor. And, thanks to the famous *Sealex Process*, almost as easy to clean as marble itself.

Don't expect to find the wonderful marble realism we have been describing in any other linoleum. The process by which the Karnean designs are made is secret. So remember to ask for *Sealex Linoleums*.

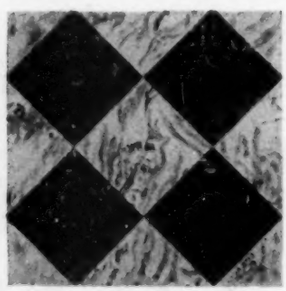
CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC., *Gen'l Office:* KEARNY, N. J.
New York Philadelphia Chicago San Francisco Pittsburgh Boston Detroit Minneapolis Kansas City Dallas New Orleans Atlanta

"WOMEN'S RADIO INSTITUTE"—look for it in the radio column of your newspaper. A half hour morning program of delightful entertainment and practical help. Write us—*or ask your local dealer*—for a copy of the *WOMEN'S RADIO INSTITUTE* folder with broadcast time-table. (*Not yet on Pacific Coast.*)

"MARINE"—A beautiful Karnean pattern in Verde Antico marbled effect. *Sealex Linoleum 3211.*



"LEONARDO"—This design was inspired by the works of Leonardo Da Vinci, great artist of the Renaissance period. Note the individuality of coloring achieved by a skillful blending of sky blues, sunset pinks, grays and cream yellows. *Sealex Linoleum 3225.*



"SEA ROCK"—Black and Sienna Karnean marbled design. *Sealex Linoleum 3037.*

SEALEX LINOLEUMS

Stain-proof – Spot-proof – Easily cleaned

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

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(Continued from Page 32)

Silently the girl resumed her chair. Old Tim turned away. "Where's Morton?" he demanded of Fennister.

The young man glanced somewhat helplessly about the room. "If there's a bell," he suggested, "I can summon him."

Old Tim snarled and walked to the hearthstone. Impressively he turned upon Fennister. "Listen to me," he said didactically. "Whether you work for me one day or a hundred years, you'll spend half your time calling that jackass Morton!"

Even as he spoke, Morton unobtrusively entered the room. He stood just inside the door and his expression disclosed nothing of what he might have felt. Old Tim saw him there.

"I want my breakfast," he snapped. Morton turned and started from the room. "How do you know what I want?" Old Tim shrilled after him.

"You said you wanted your breakfast," Morton answered flatly.

"How do you know what I want for breakfast?" Callahan demanded querulously.

"I know what we've got," Morton returned matter-of-factly.

Before Old Tim could make answer the man was gone, but he managed to call after him, "You'd better hurry it up."

Miss Toland glanced at Fennister, and amazement was stamped wide upon her face. However, she seemed to catch something of the twinkle in Fennister's eye and by it was reassured.

"Where's my mail?" the boss suddenly demanded.

"None has been brought to this room, Mr. Callahan," Fennister answered.

"Well, where is it?" Callahan snapped. "I always get mail—always. Every morning there's mail. Why shouldn't there be this morning?"

"Is there any usual place where it is left for you?" Fennister asked mildly.

"Morton always puts it on the table outside my chamber."

"I'll see if it's there," Fennister said.

"Why should it be there?" Old Tim snarled.

"Did you tell Morton to bring it here?" Fennister asked. "He has probably left it in its usual place."

"Yes," the boss agreed sarcastically, "he probably did. He hasn't got sense enough to know I'd want it here. What's he think you and this girl and all these desks are for—lessons in Swiss wood carving?"

Fennister stepped into the hall in search of either Morton or the mail. When he had gone, Old Tim turned to the young lady. From his trouser pocket he extracted the key to the little red card files.

"Open those boxes," he said to her. "Run through all the cards and classify the names by occupation instead of alphabetically. Do you understand me?"

"Yes, sir," the girl answered.

She took the key and carried the first of the boxes to her desk. She unlocked this and laid the cover back. In a businesslike manner she removed all the cards that were filed under the letter A. These she stacked carefully and began to sort into different piles.

"Hell's bells and gingerbread!" Old Tim grunted. "Think of finding somebody that has to be told a thing only once!"

He returned to the fireplace and shortly Morton appeared with his breakfast. The man ate the food as though he had no realization of what it might be. He sipped the chilled orange juice, and while doing so criticized Morton for his manner of opening the eggs. He set the orange juice down and nibbled noisily at some brittle toast. He took a mouthful of the egg, then returned to the orange juice, and immediately after gulped some hot coffee. During this process his glittering eyes darted from Miss Toland to Fennister. There was no telling what was in the man's mind.

Fennister had returned with about a dozen letters, which he laid upon the library table. Old Tim suddenly espied these. He swallowed chokingly and one scrawny hand pointed to them.

"Open those, Fennister," he instructed. "Tell me what's in 'em."

Obediently the secretary ripped open the first envelope. He scrutinized quickly the paper within. "This is a request," he announced, "from the Amalgamated Associations of Charity. They want a contribution."

"Who wrote it?" Old Tim snapped. "Dan Cohallan?"

Fennister nodded. "Well," Old Tim grunted, "tell 'em to go to hell."

Fennister made a note on the letter with a pencil and laid it aside. He opened the next communication. "This is from the Press Syndicate," he said. "It's signed by the editor. Wants to know if you will make a statement with reference to the grade-crossing propaganda."

Old Tim wheezed down some coffee, shook his head like a terrier disgorging a hot bone. "Tell 'em to jump in the lake!" he snapped. "What do I care about grade crossings? Don't those editors know I'm busy?"

Fennister made another note and continued with the pile of letters. Two or three he cast aside without comment, so indicating that they did not require Old Tim's attention. At length the secretary came to a letter which he read with puckered brow. When he had done he stepped to Old Tim's side.

"I think," he suggested, "you'd best read this one yourself."

Old Tim caught the paper and it trembled between his fingers. "Morton," he snapped, "where are my reading glasses?" Without hurrying, the butler retrieved the glasses from the cellaret and handed them to the boss. "Every time I want anything," Old Tim grumbled, "you are sure to have lost it."

He hooked the spectacles onto his nose and read the letter. It was from the woman young Tim had knocked down with his motor car. She frankly admitted going to the district attorney's office for redress and there being told that she had no legal rights in the matter. She was, perforce, required to seek Old Tim's assistance purely on a basis of kindliness and understanding. A working woman, she explained, she had been deprived by the accident of three days' pay, and there were doctor bills of thirty dollars to be considered. To Old Tim, she pointed out, this was a small sum; to her, it approximated the worth of many days of drudgery.

"Paupers!" Old Tim grunted when he had finished the letter. "Why don't they keep out of the streets? . . . Have you got this address, Fennister?" Fennister reached for the letter, but Old Tim raised it again to his own gaze. "Write this down," he ordered; then he repeated the address on the bottom of the letter. Fennister made a note on an envelope. "Send her a check for a thousand dollars," Old Tim directed, and Fennister smiled.

So the mail was finished, Old Tim's picturesque comments indicating to his secretary what his answer to each should be.

"Now dictate," the boss directed. "That way it won't take me long to tell how much sense you two have got." By way of making it just as difficult as possible, the old man followed Fennister and stood over him and the girl as dictation began.

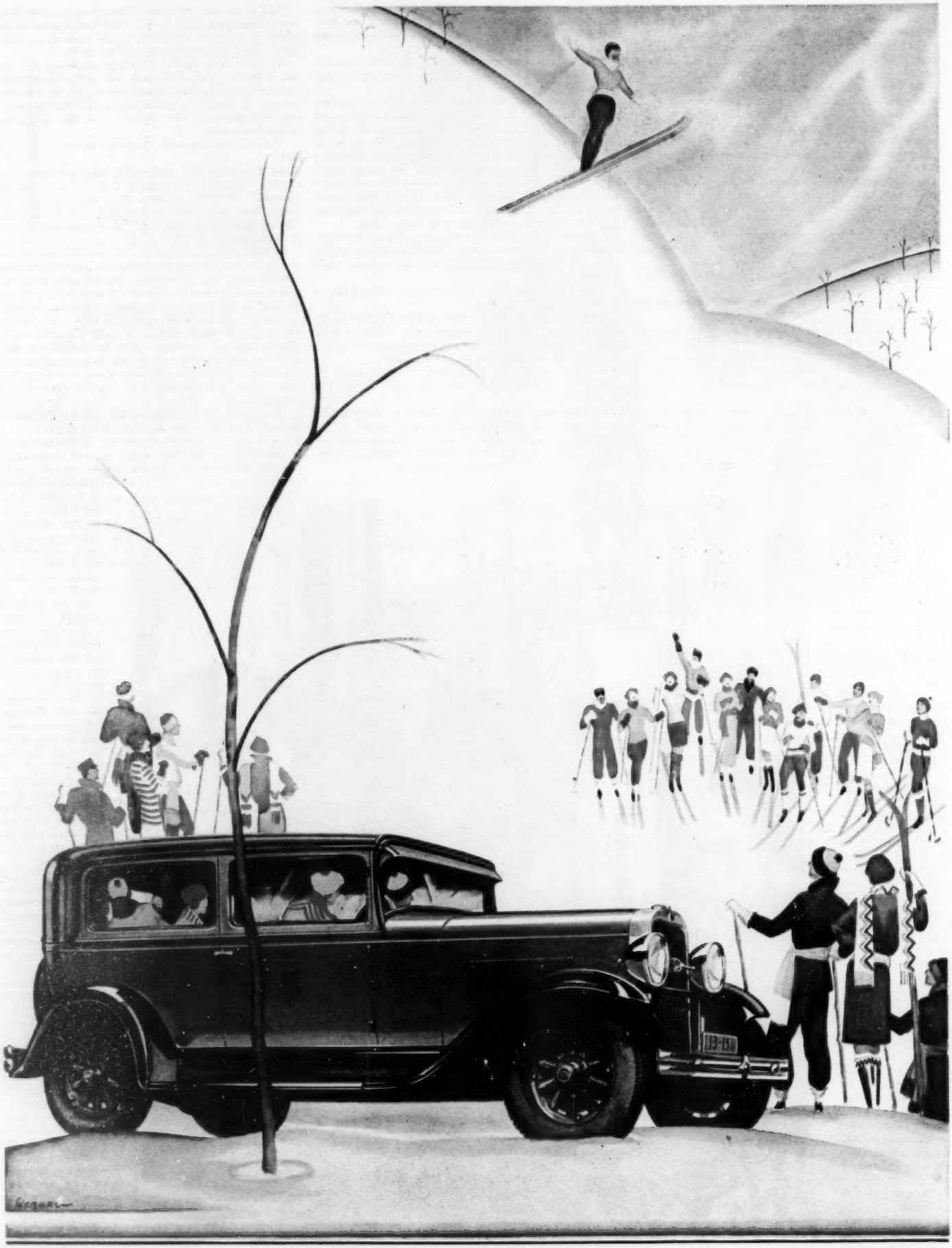
"At least, Mr. Callahan," Fennister ventured pleasantly, "I've too much sense to expect you to be completely satisfied with whatever we may do."

Miss Toland raised startled eyes at the remark, but Old Tim chuckled to himself and returned to the hearthstone. From that vantage point he peered at Fennister through his shaggy eyebrows.

"That's a good sign," he admitted. "I've always said that anything that had a kick in it was bound to kick back." In the same breath he shouted, "Morton!"

"It Would be a Great Honor for You," Old Tim Grunted, "to be Made Alderman of the Ward Where You Began Life With Only One Little Bakeshop"

(Continued on Page 147)



IMPORTANT IMPROVEMENTS

but not one change in fundamentals

The improvements and refinements incorporated in Oldsmobile illustrate effectively Olds Motor Works' policy of "... change only for the sake of progress—never for the sake of change alone."

The characteristic lines of the car have not been changed. The splendid engine which is responsible for the spirit and dash of Oldsmobile performance is substantially the same. The fine chassis which has so completely proved its stamina and reliability is not radically different.

Yet important advancements have been made in the body, in the engine, and in the chassis ... improvements which definitely add to Oldsmobile comfort, luxury, efficiency, and value.

The body contours have been refined, resulting in longer, lower, smarter appearance. Interiors are more spacious and more luxurious, with finer upholsteries and more comfortable seats. Improved carburetion adds to engine efficiency. Easier steering and improved, fully-enclosed four-wheel brakes increase the stamina and dependability of the sturdy Oldsmobile chassis.

These improvements are important. They make Oldsmobile a better car and a greater value. But they do not affect, in any way, those broad fundamentals of design and construction which have made Oldsmobile so popular everywhere.

Make it a point to visit your Oldsmobile-Viking dealer and inspect this car. Ask the opinion of Oldsmobile owners. Then, when you know all the facts, you will see that Oldsmobile is, beyond question, a wise, conservative and desirable investment in motoring satisfaction.

TO DESIGN PROGRESSIVELY · TO BUILD FAITHFULLY · TO SELL HONESTLY · TO SERVICE SINCERELY

OLDSMOBILE

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

Old Friends . . . THE BUICK DEALER AND THE USED CAR BUYER

Almost anyone can make a *sale*—but only the merchant who deals fairly and squarely can make a *friend.*

Scores of thousands of used car buyers have given not merely their orders but their friendship to the Buick Dealers in their communities—and come back to buy from them again and again.

The facts which cause these motorists to regard Buick Dealers as old friends will interest you if you are in the market for a used car of any make.

Buick Dealers are permanent dealers. They have held their Buick dealership five, ten, even twenty years. They remain in business, and stand back of the cars they sell.

Buick Dealers are *selected men.* They figure prominently in their communities . . . one was recently appointed to the cabinet of the President of the United States . . . and all are friendly, responsible, reliable merchants.

Moreover, in motor car selling as in motor car servicing, Buick Dealers dedicate themselves to this main tenet of the Buick creed: to *satisfy the customer.*

Visit your Buick Dealer. See his wide selection of used cars of various makes. And buy with confidence, for he is an expert in transportation, whether you wish to pay $200 or $2000.

He will see that you get full value in a used car; he will offer it on the most reasonable terms; he will go the limit to please you that he may number you among his friends.

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation
Canadian Factories McLaughlin-Buick, Oshawa, Ont.
Builders of Buick and Marquette Motor Cars

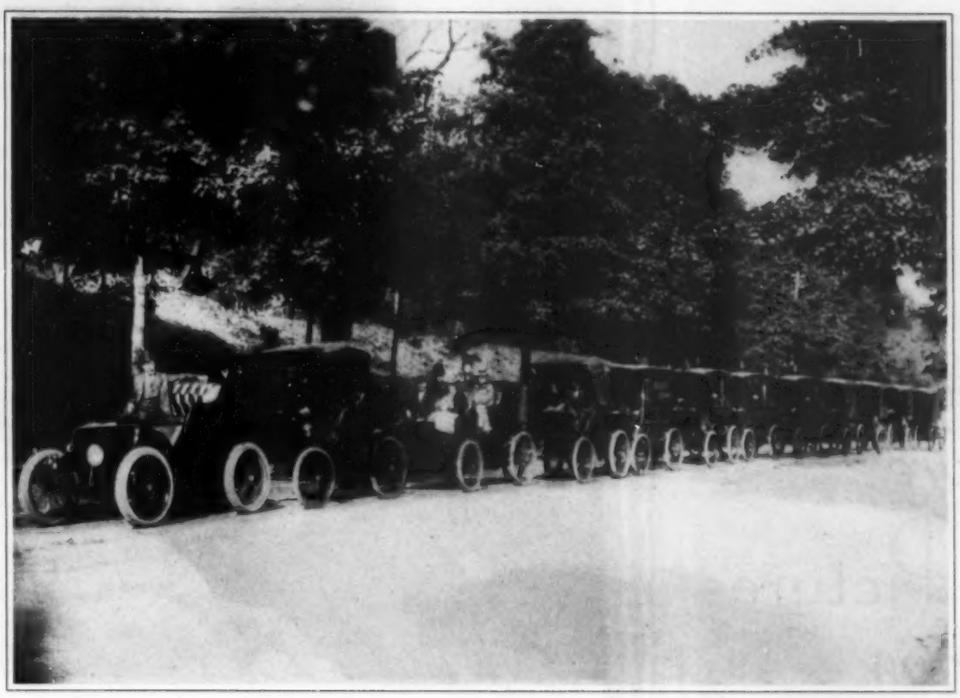
Buick Marquette

"GET A HORSE"—By Alexander Winton

THERE has been much argument—and I guess there always will be—as to who made the first automobile in this country.

My own conviction is that the honor belongs to Charles E. Duryea, although Elwood Haynes, before he died, claimed it. I began serious experiments in 1893, and I am sure Duryea was conducting them prior to that year; also, as I recall it, Haynes and I began about the same time.

But, whether Duryea built the first automobile or whether he didn't, the fact remains I built, and sold, the first American-made gasoline car. The records will support me. That car was a Winton—in front of all the millions of automobiles that have come off the production lines in this country in the years that have intervened.



"Drive-Away" Week From the Winton Plant, Early in the Present Century. Mr. Winton is in the Front Car

The exact date of the sale was March 24, 1898, and about a week later—or, on April 1, 1898—I received payment and shipped the car to its new owner, Robert Allison, a mechanical engineer of Port Carbon, Pennsylvania. I bought it back after Allison had used it a few years, and it is now in the Smithsonian Institution, in Washington.

Thomas Edison's Prediction

WHEN I first contemplated the application of gasoline for vehicles I had a bicycle plant in Cleveland. Because bikes interested me, my mind naturally turned to something a rider wouldn't have to push and keep pushing if he was trying to get some place. The great obstacle to the development of the automobile was the lack of public interest. To advocate replacing the horse, which had served man through centuries, marked one as an imbecile.

Thinking has moved along. People no longer scoff at the man who is trying new ways of doing things. That is, most people nowadays are willing to be sympathetic with inventions and, to some extent, with inventors. In those days, in the 90's, it was different. How different! I had a successful bicycle business, and though I was making my first car in the privacy of the cellar in my home, news of what I was trying to do was circulated around the community and I began to be pointed out as "the fool who is fiddling with a buggy that will run without being hitched to a horse."

My banker called on me to say: "Winton, I am disappointed in you."

That riled me, but I held my temper as I asked, "What's the matter with you?"

He bellowed: "There's nothing the matter with me. It's you! You're crazy if you think this fool contraption you've been wasting your time on will ever displace the horse."

From my pocket I took a clipping from the New York World of November 17, 1895, and asked him to read it. He brushed it aside. I insisted. It was an interview with Thomas A. Edison:

"Talking of horseless carriages suggests to my mind that the horse is doomed, yet this animal shows a greater economy of force than man, for 70 per cent of the energy of the horse is available for work. But the horseless vehicle is the coming wonder.

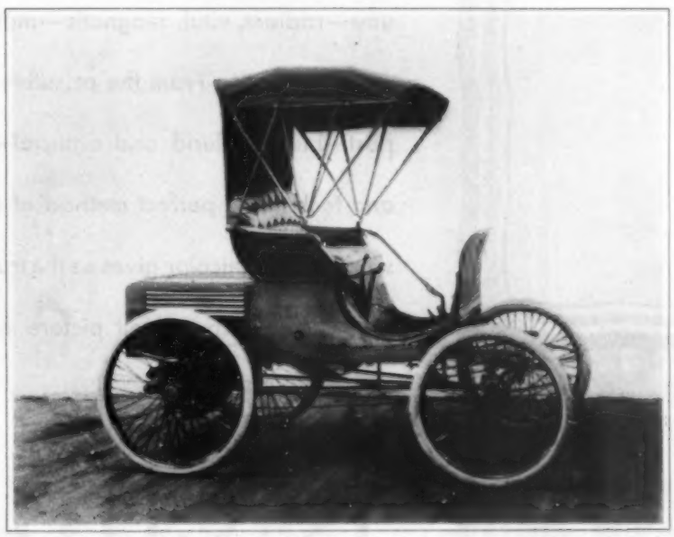
"The bicycle, which, ten years ago, was a curiosity, is now a necessity. It is found everywhere. Ten years from now you will be able to buy a horseless vehicle for what you would pay today for a wagon and a pair of horses. The money spent in the keep of the horses will be saved and the danger to life will be much reduced."

"Will those vehicles be run by electricity?" Mr. Edison was asked.

"I don't think so. As it looks at present, it would seem more likely that they would be run by a gasoline or naphtha motor of some kind. It is quite possible, however, that an electrical storage battery will be discovered that will prove more economical, but at present the gasoline or naphtha motor looks more promising.

"It is only a question of a short time when the carriages and trucks of every large city will be run by motors. The expense of keeping and feeding horses in a great city like New York is very heavy, and all this will be done away with, just as the cable and trolley cars have dispensed with horses.

"You must remember that every invention of this kind which is made adds to the general wealth by introducing a new system of greater economy of force. A great invention which facilitates commerce enriches a country just as much as the discovery of vast hoards of gold."



The First Automobile Made and Sold in This Country. A Winton, Bought on March 24, 1898. This Car is Now in the Smithsonian Institution

Motive Power

THE banker threw back the clipping and snorted, "Another inventor talking."

In those days the only visible market for the motor vehicle was to be found among people too poor to maintain a stable. For this market a very cheap vehicle was required and the outlook was not attractive. The problem, however, was fascinating, and cheap, simple motors applied to ready-made buggies were designed and built.

In the uncertainty of what the public would want, a great many strange contraptions were put together:

Joseph Barsaleaux, a blacksmith of Sandy Hill, New York, built a motor horse. In his device, the horse moved on a single wheel about two feet in diameter, with the wheel attached to the shafts just as was a live horse. Reins attached to the mouth of the horse served as a steering gear, because the machinery was inside the horse and had to be regulated some way. The contraption weighed about 550 pounds, had a cruising speed of six miles an hour, and attracted some serious attention.

There were motors to operate on liquid air, and companies capitalized at millions of dollars were organized to put such a car on the market. In Washington there was a vehicle which gained its power by using compressed city gas. George Elrick, of Joliet, Illinois, was busy with an engine having no wheels or gears and which manufactured its own gas as it went along. D. I. Lybe, of Sidney, Iowa, was the owner of patents on a spring-motor device which stored energy running downhill and used it going uphill, while on level ground he claimed his vehicle would cover 2000 feet at a maximum speed of thirty miles an hour.

Compressed air and superheated water were to be employed by another company. At the time there was more money and influence back of that idea than was behind all the gasoline-car manufacturers put together. Cars with steam propulsion came in—not one or two but nearly a hundred. For that matter, perhaps there were more than a hundred. Electric vehicles clogged the market, but, in the end, public opinion turned to gasoline because it was clean, safe and dependable. But the automobile soon was lifted from the poor man's market because the cost of cars ranged from $1000 to $5000.

In spite of my banker's displeasure, I went ahead with my model and finally had it in such shape that I thought it would run. All I needed to finish the job was a set of tires.

(Continued on Page 42)

THE ROGUE SONG

LAWRENCE TIBBETT, noted Metropolitan Opera star, raises the talking screen to new heights in this magnificent All-Technicolor musical drama, produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. CATHERINE DALE OWEN heads the splendid supporting cast. On your "must" list.

Moving pictures . . . are

Living Pictures *now . . .*

FOR years our screen favorites appeared as shadowy black and white figures, whom you might not even recognize face-to-face. • Then came Sound—and the shadows spoke and laughed and sang. • Today the motion picture lives—through TECHNICOLOR! • See your favorite screen stars come to life through its magic. Flesh-and-blood men and women, now—radiant, vital, magnetic—more fascinating, even, than you imagined! • From the primitive "colored movies" of the past—blurred, lurid and artificial—has grown this scientific and technically perfect method of reproducing color on the screen. • Technicolor gives us the true picture, life-like, natural, real—not the counterfeit picture of ordinary photography.

*Technicolor

SOME OF THE TECHNICOLOR PRODUCTIONS

DIXIANA, with Bebe Daniels (Radio); GLORIFYING THE AMERICAN GIRL, with Mary Eaton. Eddie Cantor, Helen Morgan and Rudy Vallee in revue scenes (Paramount); HOLD EVERYTHING, with Winnie Lightner, Georges Carpentier and Joe E. Brown (Warner Bros.); LORD BYRON OF BROADWAY, with Charles Kaley and Ethelind Terry (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer); MAMBA, with Eleanor Boardman, Jean Hersholt, Ralph Forbes (Tiffany); PUTTIN' ON THE RITZ, with Harry Richman (Feature Production—United Artists); RADIO RAMBLERS, with Bert Wheeler, Robert Woolsey, Dorothy Lee (Radio); CHASING RAINBOWS, with Bessie Love, Charles King (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer); SALLY, starring Marilyn Miller (First National); SHOW GIRL IN HOLLYWOOD, with Alice White (First National); BRIDE OF THE REGIMENT, with Vivienne Segal (First National); THE KING OF JAZZ, with Paul Whiteman (Universal); PARAMOUNT ON PARADE, all-star revue (Paramount); UNDER A TEXAS MOON, with Frank Fay, Noah Beery and Myrna Loy (Warner Bros.); MAMMY, starring Al Jolson (Warner Bros.).

THE VAGABOND KING

DENNIS KING, famous Ziegfeld singing star, in Paramount's vivid All-Technicolor production of this spectacular song romance. With JEANETTE MacDONALD. A Ludwig Berger Production.

HIT THE DECK

JACK OAKIE and POLLY WALKER lead the fun-making in Radio's hilarious musical success of Vincent Youmans. You'll sing "Halle-LU-JAH!" when you see it.

is natural color

(Continued from Page 39)

I went to the Goodrich Company, in Akron, and told them I wanted something bigger than their biggest bicycle tire—something that would fit the wheels of a horseless carriage.

"That's a new one on us," cried a man to whom I had been directed. "A horseless carriage, eh? Hmph! Will it run?"

"You bet it will."

"Well, I guess we can make them, although we never have."

"That's fine."

The man hesitated, rubbed his chin and observed: "We will make them, but you will have to pay for the molds."

"Do what?"

"Yes, sir. There won't be enough call for tires for horseless carriages and we can't afford to pay for the molds. Also, you will have to pay for them in advance—and the tires too. We'll have them on our hands if you don't get them."

I paid.

They were single-tube affairs, and were pretty expensive. It wasn't long before I got a puncture, and while I thought of patching the tire I figured out what I considered a better idea. Molasses was heavy and would stop leaks if they weren't too large, so I began pumping it into the tube. I pumped too hard. The rubber gave way and the molasses came out too quickly to be dodged.

That first car worked pretty well, but I saw so many things wrong with it that I started another, using part of my bicycle factory for the work. I foresaw a future in automobiles and tried to interest some people in starting a manufacturing plant. Failing in that, I decided to go on a long trip, hoping attention would be attracted to the machine.

In July, 1897, I confided in a friend:

"I am going to drive my horseless carriage from Cleveland to New York. I am inviting you to come with me."

He laughed at me. I sought another friend.

On the morning of July 28, 1897, Bert Hatcher and I left Cleveland. The Horseless Age, one of the few motor publications of that time, wrote about us this way:

"Combining business with recreation, Alexander Winton left Cleveland with a companion in a new single-seated motor carriage on the morning of July twenty-eighth, and after a leisurely journey he reached New York City Saturday, August seventh, passing through Rochester, Syracuse, Utica and Albany."

Endurance

"THE object of the trip was to test the motor on a long journey over all kinds of roads, and from Mr. Winton's account, no greater test could have been given the machine as, to use his own words, 'the roads were simply outrageous.' Fully two weeks of rainy weather had preceded him on the journey, and in many places the mud and water were hub deep, and in some places the sand was equally as bad.

"Though on the road nine days—two days, including Sunday, being used for resting purposes—the actual running time was seventy-eight hours and forty-three minutes, and he is certain that owing to innumerable grades and hills and the circuitous route in quest of better roads, he traveled fully 800 miles. The best day's run was 150 miles, though the object of the trip was not to see how quickly it could be made.

"The machine consumed on an average of six gallons of gasoline a day, which would be little more than half a cent a mile for the trip. Much interest was shown by the people on the road and especially by those in the mountains, who doubted his ability to climb the hills. The demonstration, however, is regarded as complete and Mr. Winton is entirely satisfied with the workings of the new motor."

Hatcher and I did not return by motor. We had blisters enough. You may wonder why, on this first trip ever attempted by an automobile over a long distance, we were able to complete a day's journey on an average of six gallons of gasoline. The fuel was more volatile in those days and we had a low-speed motor. The present high-speed motor uses a great deal more fuel, but it is a more adaptable engine for the needs of modern travel.

In those days there were no gasoline stations, and the only place the fuel could be purchased was in a drug store. If, by chance, the druggist had a gallon of it, we were happy.

Seldom were we able to buy in such a large quantity and usually we had to be content with a pint or a quart.

But aside from generous newspaper space, the trip attracted no attention. I waited for months, but no financiers came to put their tall silk hats on my desk.

Finally, however, the afternoon came when an assistant told me: "Mr. Metcalf is waiting to see you."

"Who is he?"

"I don't know."

I hesitated, then said, "Send him in."

The man came in and introduced himself. "My name is Irving D. Metcalf. I am from Oberlin College."

"A professor?"

"Yes, sir."

"You want to see my horseless carriage?"

"Yes, I do."

"There it is"—and I jerked my thumb over my shoulder to indicate the machine standing in a corner of the room.

Alexander Winton in the Office of His Bicycle Plant in Cleveland, 1893. Here He Made the Car That Ran From Cleveland to New York in the First Long Trip Taken by an Automobile in This Country

The First Buyer of Automobile Stock

I TURNED to resume some sketching I was doing when I heard Mr. Metcalf say: "Would you mind explaining it to me? I've read so much about that machine that I'm convinced you have a good thing and, if you have no objections, I'd like to invest a little money with you."

I wasted no time in accompanying him to the machine and explaining its workings. "How many can you build and sell the first year?" he finally asked.

"Four."

"Sell me some stock?"

"If you want it."

"How much can you spare?"

I almost held my breath. "Five thousand dollars' worth."

"All right."

Up to that time no company had been organized to build and sell a gasoline automobile. Leastways, not in this country, so Metcalf became the first outside holder of stock in such a company.

We did not know where our customers would come from, but we were sure they would come. We started building four machines, and when one was finished, Robert Allison, hearing that I was manufacturing automobiles, came to Cleveland.

He wanted a ride. I told him to hop in, and then proceeded to give the first of many millions of demonstrations that, since, have preceded the sale of automobiles. We started out about noon

(Continued on Page 143)

Mr. Winton, Wearing a Soft Hat, in the Front Seat, With a Group of His Friends in Front of the Winton Motor Carriage Company in 1900

IN ELECTRIC COOKING

TO its other amazingly modern superiorities the Hotpoint automatic electric range now adds HI-SPEED CALROD—the fastest, most economical, most indestructible electric range element in the world.

Snap the switch! In a jiffy you have red, glowing heat. Intense heat, clean and pure as sunshine, concentrated on the cooking—not heating up the kitchen. And it's adjustable to the degree you want.

Before you buy *any* range see the modern Hotpoint automatic electric. No other modern convenience can save you so much time every day. Never again need you scour blackened utensils. Nor can soot soil walls, ceilings, curtains. There are no fumes. No life-giving oxygen is consumed. Food is cooked the most healthful way, saving precious minerals and vitamins, and greatly improving flavor.

THE MODERN MAID FOR MODERN MOTHERS

The Hotpoint automatic electric range will cook an entire meal, though you may be gone all day. It is *fully* automatic. You don't need to watch it. You are free to spend precious hours with your children, with your friends—or in healthful recreation. Many a modern mother has found that the secret of beauty, youth and happiness lies in thus *living* with her family and friends—with the help of this modern "maid" that cooks perfect meals while she is *out* of the kitchen.

Economical, too

You can afford to cook the Hotpoint electrical way. In over 9,000 cities and towns throughout America the average cost is only $3.75 to $6.25 a month, depending upon the local electricity cost. It may be actually less than your present fuel cost, or at most but few cents more a day. See your electric company or write us and we will be glad to send complete literature. There are Hotpoint ranges at prices to meet every requirement.

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MAURICE CHEVALIER
ERNST LUBITSCH
"THE LOVE PARADE"
With JEANETTE MacDONALD
Lupino Lane and Lillian Roth. By Ernest Vajda and Guy Bolton. From "The Prince Consort," by Leon Xanrof and Jules Chancel.

DENNIS KING
"The Vagabond King"
With JEANETTE MacDONALD
Warner Oland, O. P. Heggie. Ludwig Berger Production, entirely in Technicolor. From "If I Were King" by Justin Huntly McCarthy and "The Vagabond King" by Wm. H. Post, Brian Hooker and Rudolph Friml.

"PARAMOUNT ON PARADE"
The revue of revues. Grand march of the greatest stars of screen and stage. Many scenes in Technicolor. The New Show World on Parade in a talking, singing hit of hits!

"RETURN OF DR. FU MANCHU"
Rowland V. Lee Production, with Warner Oland, Jean Arthur, Neil Hamilton and others. All-talking, all-thrilling mystery melodrama based upon the Sax Rohmer stories.

JACK OAKIE
"MARCO HIMSELF"
With Skeets Gallagher, Harry Green, Kay Francis. Story by Octavus Roy Cohen, directed by Frank Tuttle. (Title tentative.) Another Jack Oakie film to be announced.

"YOUNG MAN OF MANHATTAN"
Claudette Colbert, Charles Ruggles and big cast in the picturization of the famous novel and Saturday Evening Post serial by Katharine Brush. Directed by Monta Bell.

"THE BENSON MURDER CASE"
With William Powell as "Philo Vance," Eugene Pallette, E. H. Calvert, Fay Wray. From S. S. Van Dine's best selling novel. Directed by Lothar Mendes.

"DANGEROUS NAN McGREW"
Helen Kane, the "boop-boop-a-doop" singing comedienne of "Sweetie" and "Pointed Heels," in an outdoor, all-talking comedy-melodrama with a great cast.

"ROADHOUSE NIGHTS"
With Helen Morgan, Charles Ruggles, Fred Kohler and Broadway's playboys, Clayton, Jackson and Durante. Directed by Hobart Henley. A fast-moving, all-talking 1930-style melodrama.

"MEN ARE LIKE THAT"
With Hal Skelly, Doris Hill, Morgan Farley, Helene Chadwick. Directed by Frank Tuttle. From George Kelly's famous Broadway stage success "The Show Off."

"THE BORDER LEGION"
The famous story by Zane Grey produced in the typical Paramount way as one of the greatest outdoor dramas of all times, bigger even than "The Virginian!"

"THE TEXAN"
with Gary Cooper
In "The Virginian" you saw and heard a new and greater Gary Cooper. Now his popularity will double in this new all-outdoors, all-talking thriller!

HE New Show World of Paramount brought to you on the talking, singing screen such outstanding hits as The Two Black Crows, Moran & Mack in "Why Bring That Up?," Harold Lloyd in "Welcome Danger," "The Virginian," George Bancroft in "The Mighty," "Sweetie" — to name only a few. Great as your enjoyment of these pictures was, it is as nothing compared with the thrills, excitement, romance, *entertainment* that will be yours when you see and hear these new and greatest triumphs of The New Show World.

Paramount they are, and *only Paramount* they could be! Because the greatest stars, the leading directors, the foremost authors and composers are with Paramount. Because Paramount has the greatest resources, physical and financial, in the industry. But mainly because Paramount has the organization, the man power, and the *will* to keep supreme the greatest name in entertainment, and to make more real, year after year, the slogan which now guides millions —*"If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"*

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Paramount Pictures

PARAMOUNT FAMOUS LASKY CORPORATION

ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES., PARAMOUNT BLDG., N. Y. C.

FAUNTHORPE'S FOLLY

By Nunnally Johnson

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL WEBB

THE authorities have paid singularly little attention to the admirable plan formulated by Col. Launcelot Pauncefote Faunthorpe, late of His Majesty's Horse on duty at Rangoon, for the reorganization of existing penal conditions.

This is really a very great pity, for the colonel is an exceptionally able skat player, as well as a master of the broadsword and a brilliant student of phrenology. Also, in a quiet way, he is an apt hand at charades, juggles a little, plays charmingly upon the tuba, and in almost every respect is what is commonly known as a man's man.

Retired from active service with a distinguished record, some of which can be proved, he settled some years ago on the north shore of Long Island to devote the remainder of his days to meditation and writing letters of indignation to newspaper editors, especially on subjects about which he knows nothing. Out of such vigorous and varied interests could not help but come some rarely constructive ideas, among them a few which occasioned no little talk at the time of their publication. So it is doubly strange that his elaborate and detailed prison-reform plan, designed to make everyone happy, within prison walls and without, should have been completely ignored.

Colonel Faunthorpe was moved to concern himself with this subject by a reflection that no matter how prisoners were handled in jails and penitentiaries nobody was ever satisfied. Especially a number of societies and individuals so busy telling wardens how to run their institutions that you wouldn't think they got a chance to take a drink of water, much less eat a square meal.

All Our Bad Eggs in One Basket

IF THE system were stern and punitive, denying the inmates baseball, movies, Thousand Island dressing, and bear grease for the hair, the prisoners were rendered definitely unhappy and inclined to spells of melancholia, while one-half of these societies and individuals cried out at this relic of feudalism and suffered sympathetically.

On the other hand, if more modern methods were invoked and the convicts were allowed to do about everything but settle down in the south of France, the wardens and turnkeys, sometimes called proctors, and generally reduced to the level of valets, were continually getting their tops blown off by nettled felons, and, contrary to a wide understanding, a turnkey with his top blown off is no longer of any practical value to a community. At the same time, the other half of these societies and individuals began writing long letters of protest to the editors, with the result that Colonel Faunthorpe's own letters, demanding that something be done to prevent the extermination of the English linnet, were crowded quite out of the papers.

Outraged at this intolerable state of affairs, the colonel turned his attention to the situation, and the Faunthorpe Plan is the fruit of his labor. The plan calls, first of all, for a good-sized island. The colonel's own suggestion is one off the coast of Maine. The location, beyond the stipulation that it must be beyond swimming distance of the mainland, is of minor importance; but it should be large enough to accommodate around a hundred thousand people. Not accommodate them comfortably; just accommodate them.

The next step provides for the transportation of all the prisoners in the United States to this island, and that ought to be more fun than a barrel of congressmen. All these yeggs and mugs, all the burglars, the murderers, the fire bugs, the forgers, the flat workers, the gunmen—all of them would be dispatched, yelling and whooping and knocking one another on the head, in troop trains to an appointed port of embarkation, whence they would be shipped to the island.

There you have the first phase. The entire country would be rid of those babies, and the penitentiaries could be converted into military schools or armories, and all the wardens and guards and turnkeys could go home or down to the pool room or out to the Polo Grounds or even just go jump in the lake, so far as the Faunthorpe Plan is concerned.

For their usefulness is at an end; there are no guards on this island. (Editor's note: No guards at all!) Not a guard. (Editor's note: Well, goodness gracious me!) Can you beat it! (Editor's note: It seems to me most irregular.) My very word when Faunthorpe told me about it. (Editor's note: But the prisoners—don't they escape?) If you'll creep back into your parentheses for just a few more minutes I'll tell you about that. (Editor's note: They're getting mighty cramped—these parentheses are.) You ought to get them looser around the shoulders. (Editor's note: Ooooh!) There, there! It'll just be a few more minutes! Hold Nunnally's hand, like a good editor! (Editor's note: Thanks. Go ahead.) I'll make it snappy.

Yeggs Without a Yoke

IT IS this island, now, that is the real kernel in the colonel's nut, if I make myself clear. Far from being anything like Devil's Island, it is, under the Faunthorpe Plan, an integral community, a criminal civilization in miniature. It has homes, apartments, banks, stores, judges, policemen, a post office, red-and-green signal lights, a community chest, civic organizations of all kinds, regular elections and a full complement of aldermen and mayor; in fact, everything to make it, superficially, just such another community as that in which you live, and you and you and you, too, my friends.

In this community the inmates would slide gradually and naturally into their own grooves. Those who were accustomed to slugging men in the alley and taking all their greenbacks away would be allotted their alleys. Those who had once been bank tellers and made the error of getting caught with their pockets filled with other people's money would be set to their old jobs behind the bars of the tellers' cages in the island banks. The forgers would be given checks to forge, and the reckless drivers would be given high-powered cars.

Prisoners who had been judges convicted of getting away with a little easy sugar in the way of bribes would be given their silken robes and set once more upon the bench. Gunmen would be returned their rods, fire bugs their matches and cans of coal oil, corrupt aldermen and other public-office holders would be returned to their stations on Colonel Faunthorpe's island, and the burglars would be provided with fine new equipment.

In brief, everything humanly possible would be done to make these poor fellows happy, taking as standards of happiness their own choices of diversion in those dear, dead days when they roamed the ways and byways of the country and polluted the entire atmosphere.

Nowhere on this island would there be any representative of law and order as it is understood on the mainland; nowhere any curb on any impulse that the inhabitants might enjoy.

The only reminder at all that this was not any other normal community would be that all legal tender would be Confederate money, deposited in great bales in the banks by the mainland authorities. Otherwise the population of the island would be quite on their own, as you might say; probably on their own necks.

Once a week, or once a month, a boat would set out from the mainland port of embarkation with the latest quota of prisoners. It would dock on the island, the prisoners all set free on the pier, and then the transport would return to the mainland empty, to await the next shipment. This would be the country's only contact with the colony.

Ah, you say, but wouldn't such a plan result in more or less disorder on that island?

(Continued on Page 161)

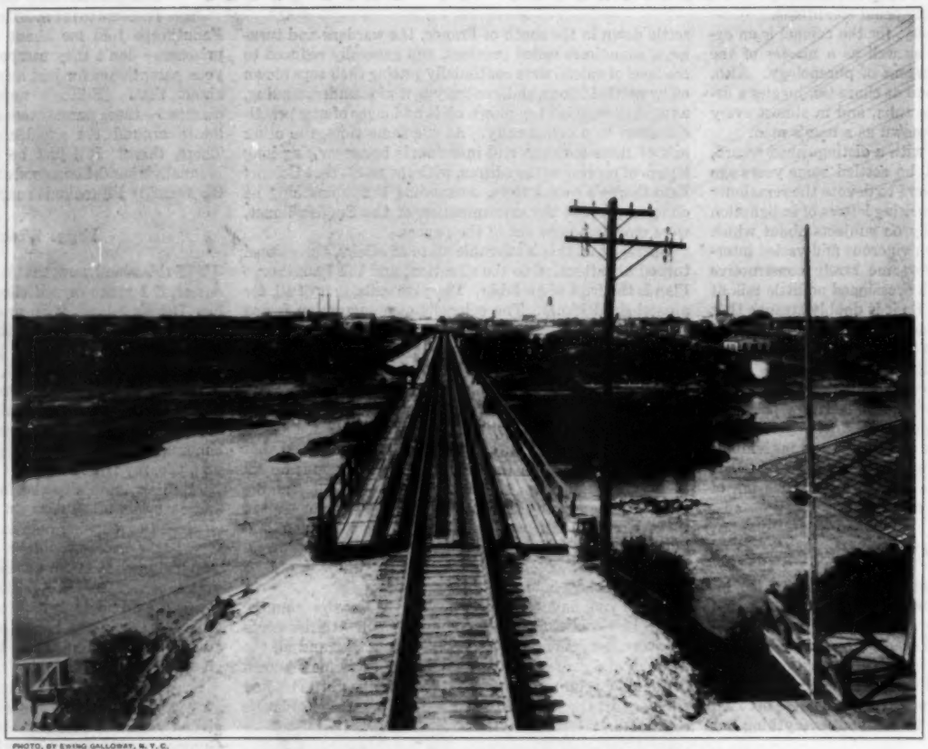
No Matter How Prisoners Were Handled in Jails and Penitentiaries Nobody Was Ever Satisfied

The Mexicanization of American Business

By Roy L. Garis
Professor of Economics, Vanderbilt University

IN HIS acceptance speech, Mr. Hoover linked the policy of restriction of immigration with the protective tariff, as essential components of the Republican Party program to protect our people "from competition with the lowest standards of living abroad."

There is an ever-swelling tide of protest against the hordes of Mexicans who have been and still are swarming into this country without numerical limitation. These protests are based not upon theoretical considerations but upon the actual conditions under which American people have to live whenever and wherever they are thrown into competition with Mexican immigrants. Everywhere throughout the Southwest one is able to find able-bodied Americans who are out of employment, although willing to work, because they cannot subsist and decently rear two or three children upon the wages on which Mexican laborers can live contentedly and bring up six or eight youngsters.



PHOTO, BY EWING GALLOWAY, N. Y. C.

The Bridge Over the Rio Grande, the International Boundary, at Laredo, Texas

The entire Southwest is a picture of the need of a drastic and effective program of restriction of Mexican immigration if we are to measure up to the test thus set by the President when he referred to the restriction of immigration as a phase of the tariff designed to protect the American standard of living.

Those who seek relief are plain, everyday, small-town Americans who lack organization and influence; who do not know how to take their own part in this particular sort of fight; and whose efforts are, therefore, rendered ineffective by the organized opposition. The latter is composed of employers of cheap labor, both private and corporate, who claim that their prosperity and welfare depend upon an unlimited flow of unskilled peon labor from Mexico.

In substance, however, what they really desire is the presence of cheap labor of the most docile type.

Low Wages and Low Living Standards

A RECENT editorial in the Tacoma, Washington, Ledger expressed its approval of the position taken by Congressman Albert Johnson in favor of the restriction of Mexican immigration in these words:

> Not much prosperity may be looked for in a country wherein wages are so low as to preclude the worker from the enjoyment of the ordinary niceties of life. The wonderful prosperity of America has been largely due to the high standard of living made possible by the highest wages it has been found possible to pay. Anything that would lower that standard is a direct blow at national prosperity, hence it is that the position taken by Representative Albert Johnson is amply justified.

Immigration is not a political question in a partisan sense. It cannot become a controversial question between any two Americans who hold the permanent welfare of the nation and the maintenance of its standards as paramount to all considerations of personal or class desire and interest.

The problem has been stated clearly by Charles T. Gwynne, executive vice president of the Chamber of Commerce of the state of New York:

"Many people seem to be of the opinion that the business man as representing the manufacturer or industrialist is strongly in favor of no restriction upon immigration in order that cheap and plentiful labor may be secured. It is true that for many years manufacturers and other business men did hold just such views. Of late, however, and particularly since the war, it has become evident to all who have given the matter even a minimum amount of thought, that unrestricted immigration is a real menace to the institutions of our country.

"It is doubtless generally felt today that anything which tends to higher wages or higher income for the great mass of people means greater buying power and thus greater production and wealth all along the line. If we let down the bars and admit freely all kinds and conditions of labor, which would mean in a large degree unskilled labor, wages would come down and the buying power of hundreds of thousands of our citizens would diminish. This country has been a long time building up its present standard of living for the workingman, and that high standard cannot be maintained unless we maintain the present restrictions of immigration, and many people think even more rigid restriction. . . .

"It has been said of many large employers of labor, particularly in the Southwest, that they require at certain seasons of the year many additional laborers and that any restriction of immigration at these points would seriously interfere with the natural development of the South and Southwest. Yet because of the present practice of admitting many of these laborers without any provision as to their return, the statement has been made from time to time that a large proportion of the asylums, hospitals and other penal and philanthropic institutions maintained by the taxpayers of these sections are occupied by these immigrants or their families. It would, therefore, seem quite in order for some steps to be taken which would obviate the situation."

The Business Men's Commission on Agriculture, appointed by the National Industrial Conference Board and the Chamber of Commerce of the United States of America, went on record in November, 1927, in favor of the restriction of Mexican immigration due to its detrimental effects on American business and general standards of living.

The commission stated: "It may be seriously questioned whether the exemption from quota restriction of immigrants from American countries was wise or desirable. There is a considerable and increasing volume of immigration of low-standard labor from Mexico, most of which enters agriculture, especially cotton production, sugar-beet growing and the raising of fruits and vegetables.

"From the point of view of the farmer employing this labor, this movement is immediately advantageous, but it clearly tends to lower the returns of competing native producers and probably makes for uneconomic utilization of our land resources. If the more desirable types of farmers are to be excluded, it would appear to be advisable at least to restrict the entrance of those types which do not make for the long-run interests of our agriculture as a whole."

President O. W. Killam, of the South Texas Chamber of Commerce, advised the author thus: "I have been more or less interested in this subject as it affects the general prosperity of this part of the country, particularly the agricultural resources and the general labor situation. The influx of Mexican labor into this part of the state has, in my opinion, done much to retard the development of the border country, and its effects are just beginning to be felt by an increased number of people.

"The competition of Mexican labor in every walk in life is so intense that no room or opportunity exists for the American who wants to work for sufficient wages to support himself and family. This is resulting in this country's being almost taken over by the Mexican citizens, because the American cannot compete with the low wages of the Mexican."

Mexican Labor Needed at Home

"MEXICAN labor has enabled large landholdings to be held intact and prevents the coming into this part of the state of individual farmers. The development of every community along the border is in direct proportion to the number of Americans residing therein. The lower Rio Grande Valley has developed more rapidly than any other section of Texas, for the reason that the land was cut up there and sold in small parcels to people from the North and East. In this particular section—Laredo—the land is still held in large tracts and there is practically no agricultural development worthy of consideration.

"It is my opinion that cheap labor is doing more to withhold prosperity from the farmers than any other one thing. To illustrate, the farmer who is raising corn, cotton or cattle, paying a dollar a day for labor, can only expect that amount for the labor he puts into his own operations.

"The permitting of a great amount of labor to come into this country from Mexico is not only a hardship to this country but it is retarding the growth of Mexico, which ought to be developed into one of our best markets. As long as the labor of Mexico can come freely into this country, then Mexico will not make further efforts to develop her own resources to take care of that labor."

The usual proposition is that they are easily exploited when they first come into this country. Being scared, submissive and ignorant, they tend to work in a dumb way for a while until they learn better. Those who are really worth their salt soon get wise and journey to the interior, where wages are better in the industries employing unskilled labor. The others tend to settle in cities and towns of the Southwest, where many of them become an economic and social burden on the community. It is then necessary

(Continued on Page 51)

BLUE MONDAY INDEED . . . *when water from rust-clogged pipes streaks and stains your best lingerie*

NO MORE TROUBLE . . . *now that tubes of shining copper replace those worn-out, rust-clogged pipes*

Ruined by rusty water pipes or Protected . . . *by copper tubing*

IT'S bad enough to have your family irritated by slow-running water from clogged-up pipes. But when fine lingerie and linens come out of the wash rust-spotted, and perhaps ruined, then something *has* to be done about it!

Thanks to a brand-new method of replacing old rust-filled water pipes, something *can* be done—without needless ripping into walls and floors, without useless damage to paper, plaster and tiling.

This new method does away entirely with cutting and threading short lengths of rigid pipe. In fact, no rigid pipe is used. Instead, your plumber works a long, flexible Chase Copper Water Tube through a small opening, down back of walls and under floors, usually without the expense and damage of removing the old worn-out pipe.

When an obstruction is reached, your plumber just bends the copper tubing around it. When the direction of the water line changes, again a bend will take the place of a special fitting. And resistance to the flow of water is cut to a minimum.

One big advantage of Chase Flexible Tubing is that it's copper, 99.9% pure copper. It can't rust. It's there to stay. It's a trouble-saver and a money-saver as long as your house stands. And yet the replacement cost is very moderate.

What this cost will be depends entirely on the amount of tubing and time—something your plumber will gladly estimate.

Why not call him in for the complete story of making your home water system trouble-proof with Chase Copper Water Tubing and Chase Copper Water Tube Fittings?

CHASE COPPER WATER TUBING comes in a coil, bends around corners, and is 99.9% pure copper. Chase Copper Water Tube Fittings are marked and guaranteed.

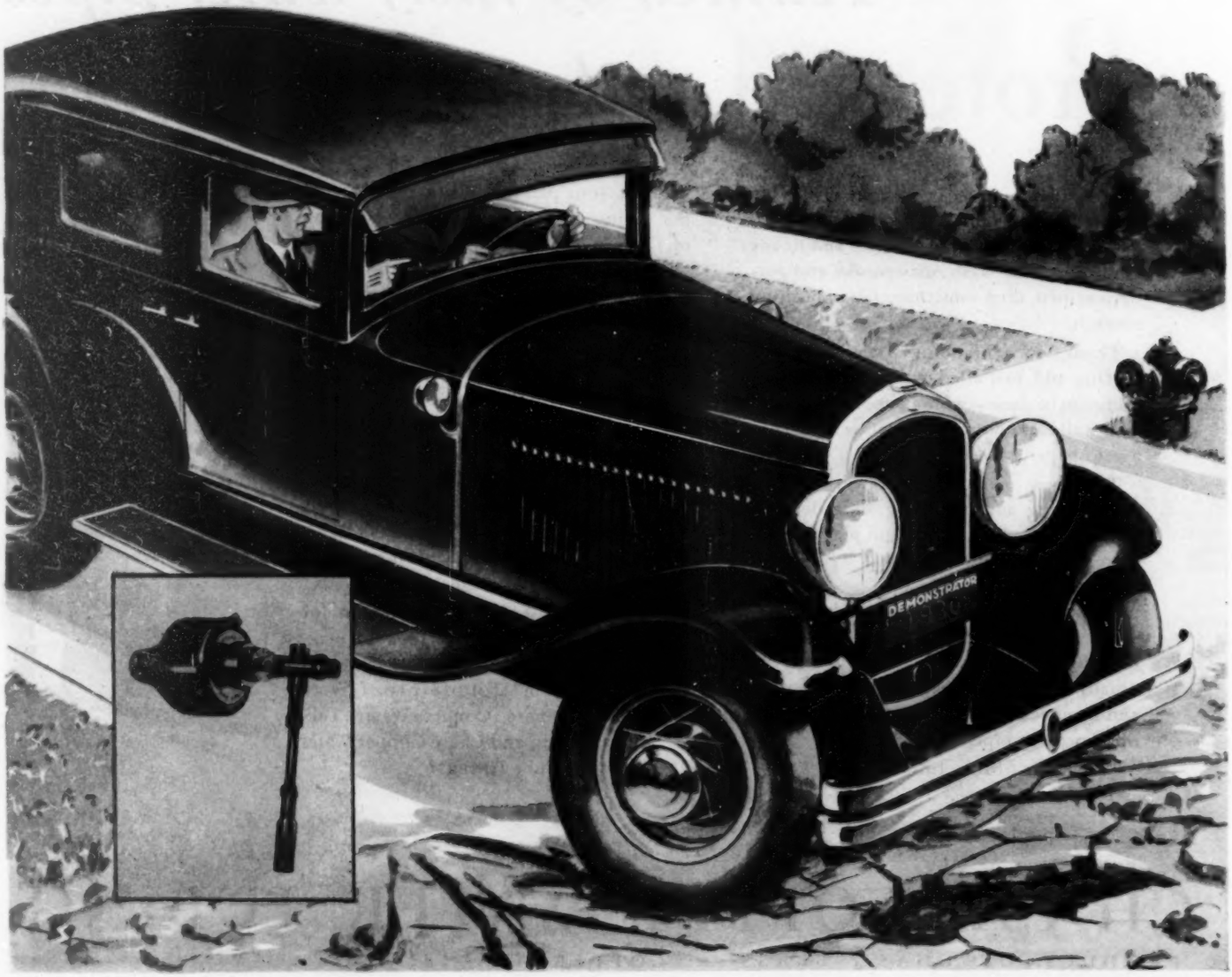
The mark that identifies good brass and copper products

CHASE COPPER WATER TUBING

A PRODUCT OF CHASE BRASS & COPPER CO.—Incorporated—Waterbury, Conn.

EVEN A WHEELBARROW

When you buy a new car—insist on a rough road ride! A demonstration on smooth concrete means nothing!



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RIDES "EASY" ON A BOULEVARD

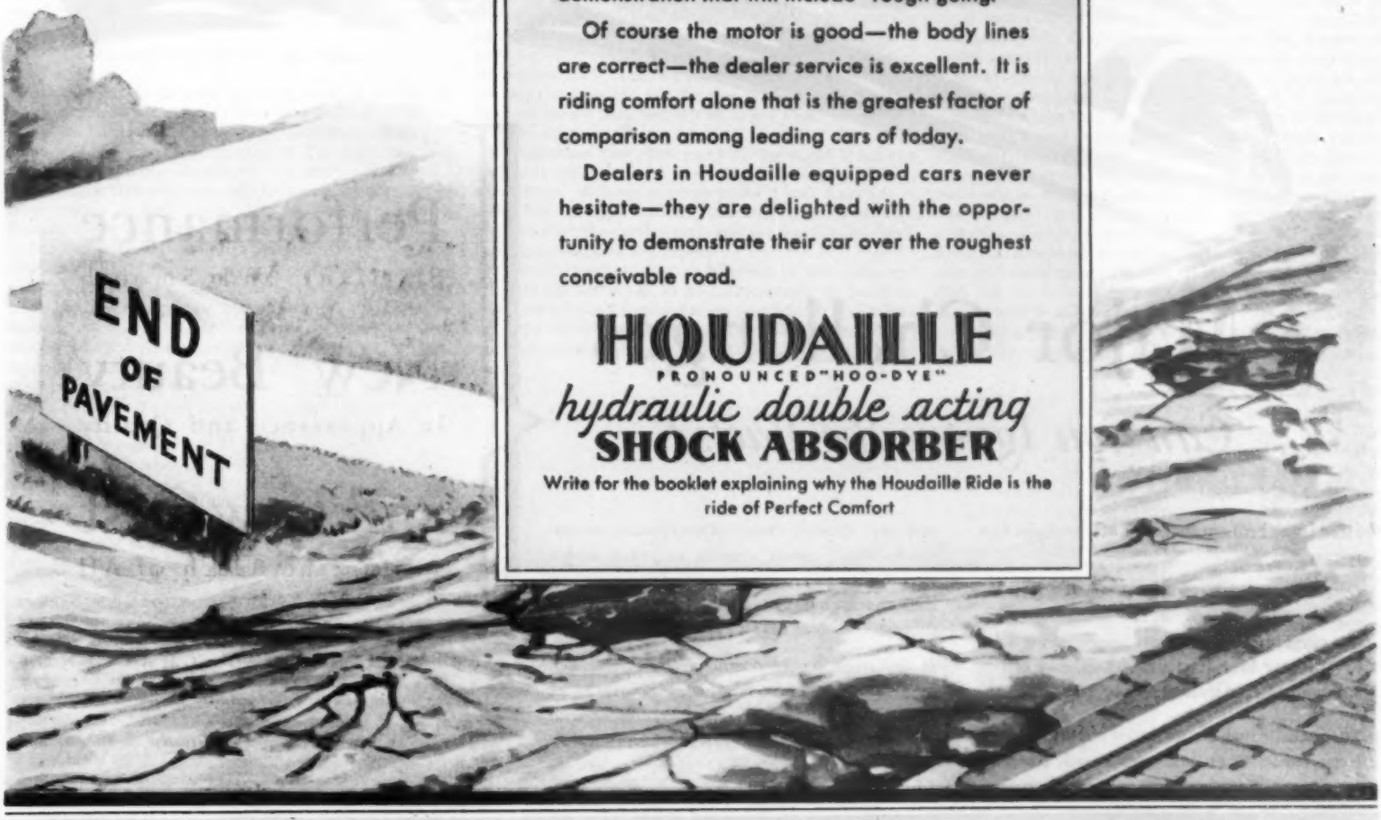
How about the cobblestones—railroad crossings—defective pavements—and rough detours? That's the only true test of riding comfort. After you own the car you will encounter such conditions every day—hence you must insist on a demonstration that will include "rough going."

Of course the motor is good—the body lines are correct—the dealer service is excellent. It is riding comfort alone that is the greatest factor of comparison among leading cars of today.

Dealers in Houdaille equipped cars never hesitate—they are delighted with the opportunity to demonstrate their car over the roughest conceivable road.

HOUDAILLE
PRONOUNCED "HOO-DYE"
hydraulic double acting
SHOCK ABSORBER

Write for the booklet explaining why the Houdaille Ride is the ride of Perfect Comfort



Houde Engineering Corporation

Buffalo, N.Y.

A DIVISION OF HOUDAILLE-HERSHEY CORPORATION

The NEW ESSEX Challenger

3 Major Challenges

Can you Ignore the Facts?

Performance
Brilliant and Smooth

New Beauty
In Appearance and Quality

and Low Cost
Within the Reach of All

Lowest Finance Terms Available

Here is the brilliant successor of a brilliant forerunner.

In every performance test it challenges. The challenge is in speed, in fast get-away, and in hill climbing. It challenges in smoothness and in long car life. It challenges in easy driving and comfortable riding.

These challenges are made for you to know the facts. Then you, as thousands already have, will tell your friends about this wonderful car.

The reason for this sweeping challenge is its more powerful motor and stancher chassis. Many new design features are included. The lively, nimble action you will experience is intended to continue throughout long hard service. Entirely new is the design and construction of the frame. A rolled edge on the lower flange adds 30% to its strength. New axle design overcomes braking stresses and tendency to shimmy. A newly designed manifolding system has increased power without adding to motor size. Other improvements provide for greater smoothness, more quiet operation, easier handling, more comfortable riding.

It challenges too in distinctive looks and well dressed detail. There is a new smartness in its fresh up-to-date lines. Viewed from front with its new radiator, or from the side revealing low roof lines and gracefully sweeping fenders, or from the rear, it is totally different and gloriously beautiful. Every detail is smart and carefully carried out. Interior fittings and upholstery repeat the artistic motif of the exterior. And all is done with infinite care.

The New Essex challenges in these wanted qualities. You will be proud of the accounting it will make for itself when you put it to the test. Most of all you will be impressed by its low cost. The price is within the reach of everyone.

FEATURES THAT CHALLENGE

Greater Power—Faster Speed—Added Economy.

A Super-Six Motor Developed to Greatest Smoothness and Efficiency.

Larger Bodies. New Art Body Designs. New low lines, new radiator and fenders.

Wide Choice of Colors to Suit Your Own Taste at no extra cost.

Four Two-Way Shock Absorbers.

Radiator Shutters, Electrolock, Starter on Dash, Electric Fuel and Oil Gauge.

Richness in Completeness, Finish and Quality of Upholstery, Fittings and Accessories.

(Continued from Page 46)

for the employers and exploiters of these Mexicans to get another lot of green ones to come into the Southwest. Here seems to be the real reason for the insatiable demand for more and more peon immigrants.

Those persons issuing propaganda to the effect that there is a real shortage of unskilled labor for agricultural and other purposes in the Southwest seem to be quite innocent of any understanding of the economic principles involved, as is illustrated by their statements of alleged facts. They make claims and evolve theories that the Americans are unwilling to do unskilled, manual labor; that farming is dirty work which has suddenly become repulsive to Americans; that Americans, for some reason or other, no longer are able to stand the climate of the Southwest, despite the fact that they have been doing so for years; that it is not a question of wages, since the Mexicans get the same wages as the Americans; that the competition of Mexicans is negligible and has in no wise injured the American standard of living or caused unemployment; and so forth. Now, their theories and claims may help in explaining the facts, but the facts do not seem to be such as to substantiate their theories.

Even the distributors of propaganda will hardly dare say that there is a shortage of idle Mexicans in the Southwestern States. It is a common claim of such persons to state that after making a house-to-house canvass seeking laborers, they have been unable to find more than a dozen or so in a city of 100,000 or more of people. Now, the truth of the matter seems to be that there always will be a shortage of efficient Mexican as well as American and all other kinds of laborers who will knowingly submit to the requirements and exploitations of employers who seem to be seeking an abundant supply of unskilled labor with American industry and efficiency and Mexican submission to low wages. Only new immigrants raw from the Mexican interior will submit for a while to the conditions which exist in their own country. It is in the hope of getting more of these temporary workers—docile peons—that employers of such are clamoring for the continuation of an open border. For a new arrival's working ardor rarely outlasts his first year here, and more must be brought over to take his place.

No Shortage of Idle Mexicans

THE idle are to be seen on every hand—a burden on charity, law enforcement, education, real-estate values, American business and prosperity. Each year a large percentage of the crop of immigrants of the preceding year is a white elephant on our hands not only for this but for future years. Indeed, there may be a shortage of unskilled labor willing to work under existing conditions and at present wages, but there is no shortage of idle Mexicans.

Reliable data indicate that there are fully 2,500,000 Mexicans in this country. Los Angeles alone should be able to supply the unskilled-labor needs of the Southwest from its Mexican population. An almost inexhaustible supply of such labor exists in the cities of the Southwest. Unless the interpretation stated above is true, why is it necessary to turn to Mexico for a new supply each year? For the facts indicate beyond doubt that the majority of Mexicans who enter this country do not return to Mexico, but rather congregate in the cities of the Southwest. In this way alone can we account for the swelling hordes of Mexicans that are overrunning our cities. The burden of proof is clearly upon those who claim that a shortage of common labor exists to explain why the tens of thousands of Mexicans in the cities of the Southwest are not available to meet their needs many times over. Granting, for the sake of argument, that a labor shortage actually exists, why is it necessary to turn to Mexico annually when a more than abundant supply of Mexican labor is in our very midst?

From this it is evident that one thing some employers say seems to be borne out by the facts—under existing conditions they seem to be unable to get unskilled white labor to work in the cotton and beet fields, in truck gardening and fruit picking, in the mines and on the railroads as section hands. The Mexican has virtually supplanted the American and driven him out.

This is not to say that the American is unwilling to do unskilled or manual work, or that dirty work is repulsive to him. Rather he is unable to compete with the Mexican and would lose caste immediately were he to accept a job that would necessitate his working in competition with the Mexican.

Thus the Mexicanization of business throughout the Southwest has developed unchecked until it has reached the stage where drastic and immediate action is necessary.

On October 25, 1929, the Commissioner of Labor Statistics in Texas issued a report of the employes and wages of textile mills in Texas. The report of one cotton mill shows a total of 163 employes, 91 per cent of which are Mexicans and 9 per cent Americans. The wages of the men are stated as $14.25 per fifty-five-hour week and the women $10.36 for the same week. Another cotton mill employs 394 persons—119 men and 275 women—of which 95 per cent are Mexicans and 5 per cent Americans. The wages of the men are stated as $12.50 per fifty-five-hour week and those of the women $10 for the same week. A textile mill reported 180 employes, 54 per cent of whom are Mexicans. Wages per week of sixty-nine hours for men are stated to be $24.63 and for women $14.58.

The greatest demand in Texas for Mexicans seems to be in the cotton fields, where they are used to grub and plow the land and to chop and pick the cotton. In picking cotton, let them be as fast or as slow or as incompetent as they please, for they are paid by the pound. Get enough of them into the field and the cotton will eventually all be in the sack.

In justification of the wage scale, the American employer often says, "If I were to pay the Mexican four dollars a day, he would work only one day in the week." Granting this to be true, is it an argument for the importation of more of this class of labor? It seems to be generally agreed among farmers of the Southwest that in order to have a steady, continuous, day-to-day, one-man, Mexican labor power, it is necessary to have a surplus of Mexicans available and on the job, for the peon may get sick or tired, or have a pain, and lay off at any time; hence there must be others to fill in.

Furthermore, such employers feel they ought to have an abundant supply of such labor that is willing to work to select from. A labor shortage exists if such a surplus to select from is not available. It seems to be no concern of theirs that the surplus may, and in all probability will, become a charge on the public.

Their argument seems to be fallacious for two major reasons. In the first place, an abundant supply of American labor is available if freed from the competition of Mexican labor, provided it is paid a decent wage and is enabled to maintain a reasonable standard of living. In the second place, labor-saving machinery seems to have been perfected to the point where it is both practical and economical to use it, especially in the most difficult of all the operations in cotton production—that is, picking.

In a test made in September, 1929, near Corpus Christi, according to the Fort Worth Star-Telegram, the hand-picked bales graded strict low middling, while the machine-picked bales graded strict middling—a difference which made the machine-picked cotton worth one and a half cents a pound more money than the hand-picked. The tests made indicated a direct saving of $7.50 a bale in the increased value of the machine-picked cotton, and of $2.70 in the cost per bale of picking and ginning the trash in the hand-picked cotton, or a total of $10.20 a bale in favor of the machine-picked cotton. According to the tests made, it seems that the machine can easily pick two bales of cotton per day, which is obviously a great labor-saving device.

Nor is the case fundamentally different in the production of vegetables and fruits in California.

According to Prof. R. L. Adams, of the University of California: "The need for common labor by California farm operators fluctuates during the year. This is due to the seasonal nature of many of the operations incident to the production of most crops of high man-labor requirements. There are certain time limits within which the work must be done. This applies to pruning, to spraying, to planting time, to soil handling, and particularly to the harvesting of perishable crops, truck and fruit being heavily represented in the list of perishables."

The Way to Use Itinerant Labor

THE secretary of the California Agricultural Legislative Committee, Ralph H. Taylor, who has been active in opposition to the restriction of Mexican immigration, stated in Ogden, Utah, at a recent meeting of the Western division of the United States Chamber of Commerce that itinerant labor can be successfully employed. "In California—and this is reasonably true of the Southwest generally—we produce more than 180 distinct commercial agricultural crops of different kinds. The peak loads of these crops usually cover, in any one place, a period of from two to four weeks or sometimes more. Taken over the entire territory, however, and for all the crops, they cover a period of ten or more months of the year. In other words, the major portion of the itinerant labor supply of this great area can be kept busy practically ten months of the year, moving from one locality to another to meet these successive peak labor demands. With a proper coördination of transient labor demands of the producers of these farm commodities and of those who transport them—that is, the railroads—it is possible so to adjust the demands for this type of labor as practically to iron out all peaks and keep all itinerants profitably employed for practically twelve months out of the year." He admitted, however, that this is not being done and that a permanent solution of the problem calls for coördinated effort by employers.

Granting these things to be true, the question arises as to why there should be a need, even under existing circumstances, for a never-ending flood of immigration from Mexico to meet this demand for itinerant labor in California, in view of the vast number of Mexicans in the cities of Southern California who are available, but apparently unwilling to work.

It is said that Americans will not work at this class of labor and that climatic conditions are such as to make it impossible for white labor to do the work. Dr. Paul S. Taylor and a host of persons who have worked under the most trying climatic conditions in California refute the latter claim. Doctor Taylor states: "It is sometimes maintained that white labor cannot do heavy work under Imperial Valley conditions, but while the

PHOTO. SUPPLIED BY "INTERNATIONAL NEWSREEL," N. Y. C.

A Group of Mexicans

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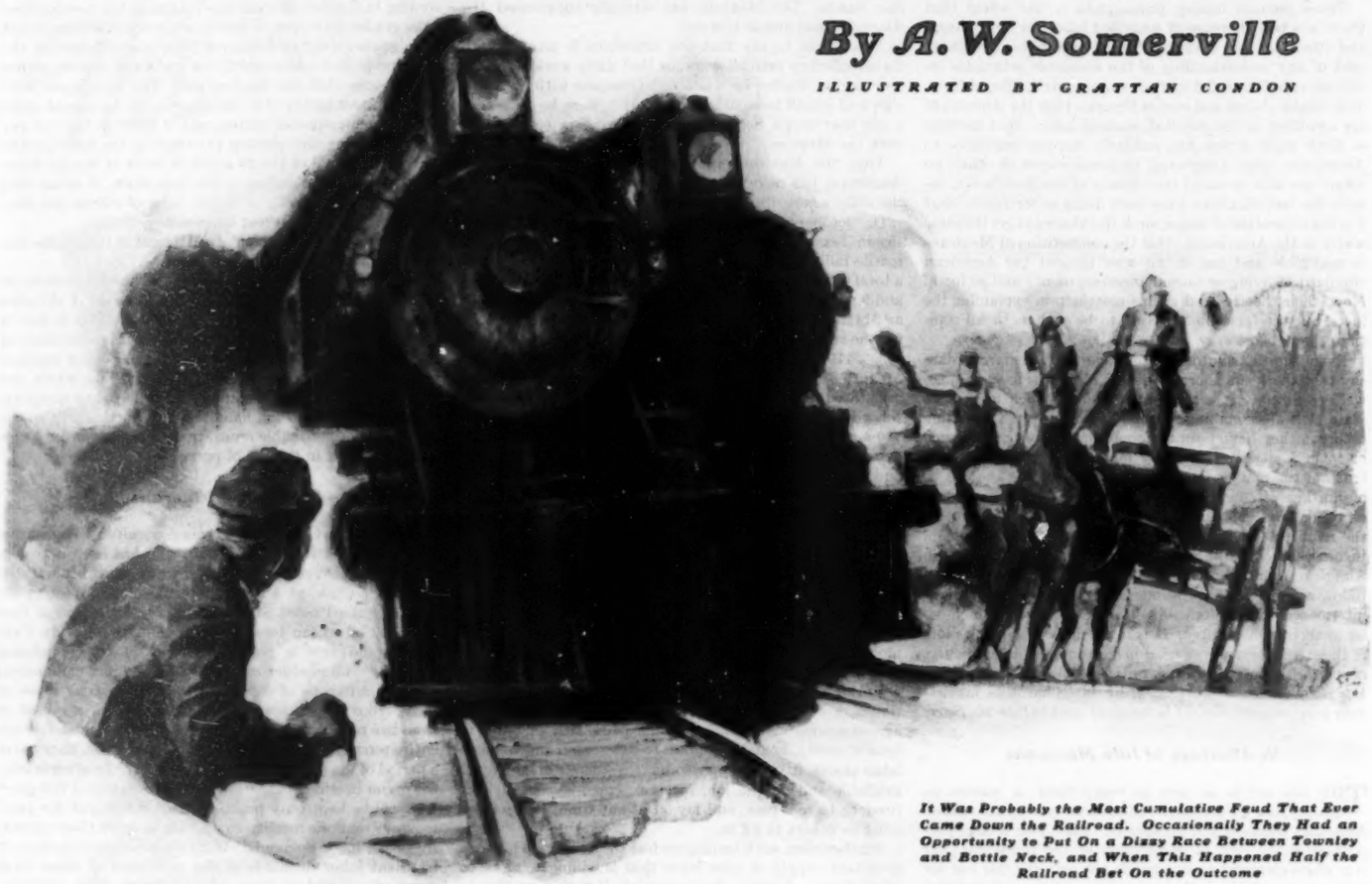
WIDE-OPEN THROTTLE

By A. W. Somerville

ILLUSTRATED BY GRATTAN CONDON



It Was Probably the Most Cumulative Feud That Ever Came Down the Railroad. Occasionally They Had an Opportunity to Put On a Dizzy Race Between Townley and Bottle Neck, and When This Happened Half the Railroad Bet On the Outcome

YOU ain't never heard tell of Oil-Can Tommy Wilkins and High-Wheeled Mike Cassidy?" demanded Johnny Griswold, freight conductor.

"Not yet," I admitted.

"Kid, they was runners!" said Johnny. "What I mean, they'd take the bridle off and roll! They ate up bad track like you'd gobble hot beans! An' they hated each other. Ain't I ever told you this yarn?"

"Not yet," I repeated.

Johnny stoked his pipe. We struggled east out of Townley on a four-track artery, tons by the thousand of fresh foodstuffs for the hungry stomachs of the seaboard. Eggs, butter, green stuff, grapes, rolling east to the seaboard. Oranges from the Pacific, melons from the Rio Grande, bananas from the tropics, meat from the Western plains, carload after carload of perishable, Red Ball freight. From North and South and West these reefer cars came rolling into Townley, to be rammed to the cities of the East via the great steel highway through Lucas and Bottle Neck and Washburn.

"This was their stampin' ground"—said Johnny—"from Townley east to Lucas an' Bottle Neck an' Washburn. Double track in those days as far's Bottle Neck, an' then single track. Just dirt ballast, paper-weight rails, an' rotten, wormy ties. Lucas was a grade crossing then with the Northern Central, an' it 'uz th' place where Oil-Can an' High-Wheeled fin'ly concluded their arguments an' their races.

"You don't hafta believe it, kid, but those two guys helped put this railroad on the map. They showed th' brass collars sumpin about freight; in fac', you might say they pretty near give 'em a brand-new idea about freight. Th' first Red Ball cards ever printed come from Townley, an' th' first freezers ever carded Red Ball pulled outa here. Nobody believed that a full-tonnage freight train could be kept on a passenger-train schedule until Tom Wilkins an' Mike Cassidy opened up their eyes.

"They was runners, kid. Nobody, before or since, could keep th' butter spread like those boys. Either of 'em could'a' handled fifty cars of eggs on a sixty-mile schedule, an' never bust a one! There'd be lots a cold-storage plants starvin' to death today if there was more like 'em!"

The row between Wilkins and Cassidy began the first day they laid eyes on each other. Oil-Can came to the system from a dinky little logging outfit. High-Wheeled came from a standard-gauge railroad, immediately following a difference of opinion with an engine-house boss. They—Oil-Can and High-Wheeled—met in the master mechanic's office at Townley; both applied for jobs as engineers.

Cassidy was first to ask for a job, but Wilkins was shrewder and grabbed an application blank and filled it out. The written record was given precedence over the verbal application, and from that day on, Oil-Can Tommy rated one job ahead of High-Wheeled Mike on the call board. It galled the Irishman that a scissorbill from the backwoods, a man who had never handled engines other than wood-burning teakettles, should take precedence over a promoted engineer from a man's size railroad.

"You're a wise guy, ain't you?" sneered big Mike Cassidy as the two men left the office. "Come an' shove your application under my nose when I'm askin' for a job! Who ja think you are, you bloody woodchopper?"

"Listen, you!" replied the thick-chested Wilkins. "You quit your last outfit becuz they wouldn't give you seniority, an' this outfit gives a man seniority an' you crab about it. Run along before I rub your nose in the dirt!"

"Whose nose?" inquired Mr. Cassidy.

"Your nose," advised Mr. Wilkins, and socked him on the snozzle.

Mr. Wilkins and Mr. Cassidy tangled violently and enthusiastically. They knotted. They clouted with vigor. They gouged, they scrouged, they pummeled. Mr. Wilkins described a noble parabola complicated by a swan dive, having been on the receiving end of a roundhouse swing to the button.

He lit in a cloud of dust, but rose as a golf ball bounces and met the charging enemy with a haymaker labeled explosion. The aim of the two combatants appeared to be simultaneous extermination.

The master mechanic noted the disagreement from his window, brought a chair out on the office porch, seated himself comfortably, lit a poisonous stogy and proceeded to enjoy the break in the routine. The trainmaster heard the racket, got another chair, lit an equally evil stogy and also proceeded to enjoy the break in the routine. The two officials spoke amiably to each other for the first and last time in the annals of the railroad. The master mechanic bet on Cassidy, the trainmaster bet on Wilkins.

Mr. Wilkins and Mr. Cassidy extended themselves to the utmost, yet neither could accomplish anything really definite in the way of a victory. The immovable object met the irresistible force so many times that the audience became dizzy. It soon became obvious that even a moral victory for either warrior would be a most impossible arrangement. A long-drawn-out conclusion was well on the way.

"We better put a stop to it," said the master mechanic, "as soon as they get tired enough to be handled. I got two engines waitin' on 'em!"

"I've had two trains waitin' all mornin' on you," said the trainmaster unpleasantly and promptly.

"You better start sortin' cars," from the master mechanic unctuously. "I'd hate to stop a good fight just to prove you're still a liar."

The two officials squabbled raucously until an involuntary truce fell between High-Wheeled and Oil-Can. Flesh and blood had been taxed beyond exhaustion, and unconsciousness was about to merge with disintegration. It was a comparatively safe operation to declare an armistice, which the two officials accomplished by sitting on Mr. Wilkins and Mr. Cassidy. The battered pair were informed regretfully that the railroad had to run. The trainmaster had some cars he wanted moved; the master mechanic had two engines ready for service.

Despite overwhelming ocular evidence that both hogheads were in far better shape for a hospital cot than for service on the road, down they went to the engine house. The nose of High-Wheeled Mike was not a feature but a pancake; his whole ensemble was indicative of a head-on

(Continued on Page 54)

DODGE BROTHERS

NEW 6 & 8 IN LINE

The new Dodge Six at its amazingly low prices and the new Dodge Eight-in-Line, sensational in value, carry to still higher peaks, the fine traditions upon which the world-wide goodwill of Dodge Brothers has been built. These new cars are true Dodge Brothers products in their ruggedness, stamina, economy and dependability. And in their distinguished beauty, luxurious roominess, spirited performance and advanced engineering, you will find that they reflect a measure of attainment far beyond your highest expectations. The new Dodge Six and Eight-in-Line, with their companion cars (the present Dodge Six and Senior) are now on display by Dodge Brothers dealers everywhere.

UPHOLDING EVERY TRADITION OF DODGE DEPENDABILITY

(Continued from Page 52)

collision with a large and animated Chinese dragon. The ears of Oil-Can Tommy flapped when the wind blew; he had more bumps than a horned toad; he was a sight to bring tears to the eyes of a wolf. They finally got their engines, after defying everyone in the roundhouse. To each was assigned a pilot, for neither knew the road. There was also some doubt as to whether either could see the road. The trainmaster, by superhuman effort, only delayed them an hour while he made up the trains. They got their orders, or what were known as orders in those days.

High-Wheeled Mike

It so happened that Cassidy got away first. He headed out on the south track, as his orders stated.

"We've got forty miles to go to Bottle Neck," the pilot informed the battered engineer. "You'll find the switch against you there."

"Yeah," said Cassidy, not much interested.

"If that man on the north track don't show by then," went on the guide, "we'll run around him. But if he's right on our tail, we'll have to let him go. The north track is the superior track."

"Why didn't they put us on the north track?" Mike asked.

"I dunno," was the answer, "unless that guy back there rates. Was he hired before you was?"

"We jes' talked that over," said Cassidy bitterly, between swollen lips.

The Irishman considered as they rolled along. He'd show this scissorbill, this splinter pusher, this slob of a Wilkins!

He crabbed at the fireman. Steam, announced Mr. Cassidy, was what he wanted. "Put her on the peg, boy, and keep her on the peg! I like to hear her pop," said High-Wheeled, "and I like to watch her roll!"

The tallow pot bailed in the bituminous. Cassidy beat her out of steam, tried to knock the stack off. The tallow stuffed her full. Cassidy took the coal out of the firebox, through the flues, and up the stack as you'd pour salt from a shaker. The tallow leaned on his scoop and gave vent to short but highly expressive words.

"Do you wanta break my back, you Irish tramp?" beefed the shoveler.

Mr. Cassidy leaned down from his throne, annexed the loose-mouthed party with a hand like a clamshell bucket.

"Ye'll shut yer yap," High-Wheeled recommended. "I want nothin' outta you but work! Wur-r-rk! Jes' lemme hear one more dribble outta you an' I'll pinch you in half!" Mr. Cassidy shoved his lop-sided, terrifying phiz up against the fireman's mug, bawled: "I'm a little tired right now, stoopid, or I'd unravel you!" He pushed the man back toward the middle of the cab deck. "Warm that scoop, boy!"

The tallow warmed the scoop—warmed it vigorously. They went battering east over the dirt-ballasted track, throttle wide open, rolling from side to side giddily, pitching like a flipped nickel.

"You like to wheel 'em, don't you, brother?" contributed the pilot nervously.

"That's my name," said Mike Cassidy. "High-Wheeled—that's my name, friend."

The tallow bailed in the coal. Mr. Cassidy tried to knock the stack off. The pilot hung on as best he could.

"There's a crossing at Lucas!" finally shouted the guide. "You gotta approach under control, prepared to stop!" To put the matter lightly—very lightly indeed—the pilot was sore. Blankety-blank hoghead, didn't know the track, didn't know the road, didn't know a bloody thing except to widen out and roll. If he didn't break the train in half on a sag, he'd probably leave the rail on a bad joint. Blankety-blank hoghead! "You gotta cross Lucas under control! Ten miles an hour!"

"I'll watch for it," said Cassidy generously.

"You'll cross at ten miles an hour!" commanded the pilot.

"Zatso?" inquired Mike.

"Yeah, zatso!"

Mr. Cassidy annexed the pilot, using the same effective method employed previously on the tallow pot. And Mr. Cassidy regarded the pilot coldly from very close range, using his best eye.

"My delicate friend," quoth Mr. Cassidy, "you're the pilot on this mill, an' it's your job to tell me about the road. But don't start givin' me orders, becuz I don't like orders, an' I might—I don't say I would, ye understand—but I might beat the compound hell out of you. Becuz you don't look wide enough across the seat to be givin' me orders! What I want outta you," said Mr. Cassidy with great emphasis, "is advice!"

The pilot, without any hesitation, let it be known that he preferred to give advice to any other form of endeavor. Was it possible that Mr. Cassidy could have misunderstood him? Mr. Cassidy was laboring under a delusion. Undoubtedly Mr. Cassidy must be laboring under a delusion. Why, the pilot testified, he would no more think of giving orders to such a capable engineer than he would substitute soft coal for his favorite chewing tobacco.

Oil-Can Tommy

They came roaring down on Lucas Crossover, thirty miles out of Townley, with the engine knocking her frame bolts loose and the butter spread behind them. "I advise," said the pilot carefully, "that you shut off and find out if your brakes will work."

"I'll take your advice," said High-Wheeled agreeably, and shut off and applied the straight air.

"They work," said the pilot, after moments of doubt.

"I figgered they would," said the engineer calmly.

They rumbled over the crossing. High-Wheeled climbed on top the coal bunker and looked behind. Far to the rear he made out the engine of one Oil-Can Tommy, and there was evidence to the effect that Mr. Wilkins' fireman was doing very little resting.

"He's a good stretch back," Cassidy informed his adviser. Mr. Cassidy beamed; he radiated good fellowship. "Now, as I understand this, if he don't show at Bottle Neck, we bend the rail and run around him."

"That's right," agreed the pilot. "The tower will either give you a highball or a stop signal. It's up to the towerman."

"If I get there in time to clear this guy behind," said the engineer, "I get the board, don't I?"

"Sure," said the pilot.

"Well, watch Mike leave that slob!"

Bottle Neck bound, wide open, the fireman attaining perpetual motion. Bouncing like a pair of dice, wabbling like a drunken bum, ripping off the miles. Mr. Cassidy liked to wheel 'em.

They had a few miles left to go when the pilot screwed up sufficient courage to unclamp himself from a grab iron and look behind. What he saw caused his eyes to bulge; either of his blinkers could have been knocked off with a stick. Little more than a quarter mile behind was the engine of Oil-Can Tommy, smoking like a forest fire, weaving like a wiggle worm, creeping up behind them! The pilot cautiously advised the emperor of the situation. The emperor checked up personally. So did the fireman.

"That guy must like to wheel 'em too!" said the tallow, grinning a very sweaty grin.

Cassidy boiled over. He raved. He took the spare scoop and did his best to empty the coal bunker.

Wilkins couldn't pass Cassidy, and Cassidy couldn't run around Wilkins. Another draw. High-Wheeled finally slapped on the air with a red board looking him in the eye, and Oil-Can Tommy rocketed past at sixty miles an hour. And as he passed the gentle Mr. Cassidy, Mr. Wilkins had the indelicacy to thumb his nose! Tut, tut! This gesture, strangely enough, upset Mr. Cassidy frightfully.

The feud between Oil-Can and High-Wheeled, instead of subsiding, grew with the years. It was probably the most cumulative feud that ever came down the railroad. Occasionally they had an opportunity to put on a dizzy race between Townley and Bottle Neck, and when this happened half the railroad bet on the outcome. Once in a great while Cassidy,

(Continued on Page 173)

Wilkins Laughed in His Face. "I'm th' Guy They Got th' Dope From, Not You! Say, I Been Waitin' Years for This Chance to Show You Up"

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The Taxpayer's Charmed Circle

By BOYDEN SPARKES

DECORATION BY WYNCIE KING

"THERE are," said the New York lawyer, "a number of ways of avoiding the income tax on profits in sales of property. The Canadian corporation plan is a legal and effective pattern of avoidance. Please note carefully that I say 'avoidance,' not 'evasion.'

"Let us assume your problem is to escape from what you believe to be a shaky market with capital gains that have been accumulating during the past few years. We will pretend that you have owned thousands of shares of General Motors, Steel, Texas Gulf Sulphur and some others since the beginning of the bull market. We will pretend for the moment that there hasn't been any bear market to wipe out a huge capital gain. We will pretend that your paper gain is of such dimensions that its realization in the ordinary manner would obligate you to pay the Government an income tax of $500,000. The ordinary manner would be, of course, to tell your broker to sell your stocks. If you should do that, there would be no hope for avoidance. No hope, that is, unless you are disposed to flee from the country and become a fugitive from justice. You do not wish to do that, naturally, because you are an honest man and not a criminal.

"Now, the first rule in such an undertaking as we are beginning is to prepare to disclose all the facts to the Commissioner of Internal Revenue when the time comes to file your return. We shan't withhold anything. We shall be just as frank with him as I am going to be with you.

"Now we shall go to Canada. We may select as the scene of our operations Quebec or Montreal or the capital of any of the provinces. I favor Newfoundland, because in certain respects a Newfoundland company is preferable for our purpose. In Newfoundland we shall organize a corporation. For the stock of this company you will exchange your securities. Title to these securities has now been established in Canada. In Canada, as everywhere in the British Empire, there is no income tax levied on capital gains. There has been no gain or loss in this transaction, but we are now prepared to realize a gain."

Government Loss on Capital Gains

"TO SOME banker in that part of Canada where we are operating we shall arrange to sell the assets of our Newfoundland company. Mind you, now, this sale must be consummated in Canada. If the banker wishes to protect himself against any sudden collapse in the values of the securities on the New York market, he may engage in a hedging operation, selling short the same kind and amount of securities that he is buying from your Newfoundland company; or you may, legitimately, guarantee him against loss for a day or a week, or as long as may be necessary.

"Let us consider the situation of this banker for the moment. In turn, he sells in the New York market the securities he bought from your Newfoundland company. That transaction is subject to the income-tax laws of the United States, but since the banker sells the securities for approximately the same amount that he bought them for, there is no gain or loss for him on the transaction in the United States. But what about you? Well, your securities have been disposed of in a deal that is purely Canadian. Your Newfoundland company has sold them in Canada, where such gain as you have made is defined, properly, I think, as a capital gain, and untaxable. Your Newfoundland company now possesses some millions of dollars in cash, and sound management dictates the prompt investment of these assets.

"In most of Canada a death tax is levied against the stock of Canadian corporations, so there is another risk to be avoided. The thing to do is to continue our game of leap-frog. Now we had better qualify our Canadian corporation to do business in some American state. Suppose we choose California. As the lawyer for the company, I shall file letters patent with the secretary of state in California and also in Los Angeles County, which is your home. The Canadian corporation's American offices, by a strange coincidence, are your own personal offices.

"As the managing director of that Canadian corporation, you proceed to buy improved real estate. It is desirable property and fully tenanted. Revenues begin to flow into the coffers of the Canadian corporation. Undeniably, this is income, but you are quite willing to pay a tax on this, since the amount is moderate.

"After a journey to Canada, the directors of your Canadian corporation meet on the native soil of that company, declare a dividend and adjourn. A check for the amount of that dividend is mailed to you. If you have a sense of humor you may smile as you observe that the dividend check is signed by a familiar pattern of pen scratches. It is your own signature. You have paid yourself a dividend.

"In the years to come, you may follow this routine whenever you have any personal need of cash. It will be wisest, because cheapest, for you to keep intact the capital of the Canadian corporation. This is not, however, essential."

No one seems to know precisely how many millions of dollars' worth of American property has been transferred to Canadian and other foreign corporations for this quite transparent purpose. Some of those whose duty it is to advise Secretary Mellon on tax matters assert that if the total could be expressed it would be an impressive figure.

Obviously, the legal and travel expenses incurred in its operation make the method prohibitive for the taxpayer who is concerned with moderate capital gains, but the device is not unique. The Canadian plan is described here because it happens, currently, to be the most popular.

Another scheme which has been popular in New York was likewise designed to enable taxpayers to escape from the stock market without the payment of a heavy tax on capital gains. In describing it, a New York lawyer said: "One of my clients had securities bought through a broker trading on the New York Stock Exchange. These securities had a market value of $1,000,000 when this client decided to get out of the market. He wished to avoid paying an income tax on what he regarded as a capital gain. This is what we did:

"We formed Corporation A and for its 100 shares of stock he gave his securities, worth $1,000,000. Next we formed Corporation B. My client's wife, so it happened, had some bonds which could be sold for about $265,000—approximately what she had paid for them. With this money she was induced to buy 21 per cent of the stock of Corporation B. Corporation A, owned by my client, then proceeded to trade the $1,000,000 worth of securities for 79 per cent of the stock of Corporation B. Corporation B's assets now include $265,000 cash plus securities with a market value of $1,000,000. Corporation B then sold the securities; but there was no gain or loss on this transaction. This was so because the law says so plainly."

A Philanthropist Blazes the Trail

"THE purpose of issuing 79 per cent of Corporation B's stock to Corporation A and 21 per cent to the wife, was to break down my client's control to less than 80 per cent. If control is not broken down in this manner, the property, formerly my client's securities, would have taken on as its cost basis the price at which my client acquired them. Now that Corporation A only obtained a 79 per cent interest in Corporation B through the transfer of the securities, that latter took a value in B's hands equal to the current market value, and when B sells the securities at the market it will have no gain or loss. By this means the cost basis is 'stepped up' to the current market value."

A rich man who wished to give the income from certain of his securities to a philanthropy in which he was interested charted a channel of avoidance for many taxpayers who are not concerned with philanthropy. This man undertook to assign the dividends from some stock to the philanthropic enterprise. Of course he did not wish to pay a tax on this income, but the Bureau of Internal Revenue succeeded in establishing that, regardless of who received this income, it belonged to the owner of the stock. This gentleman also had clipped from some bonds unripe coupons, which would be falling due during the next five years. This, the courts held, was a legitimate device. So,

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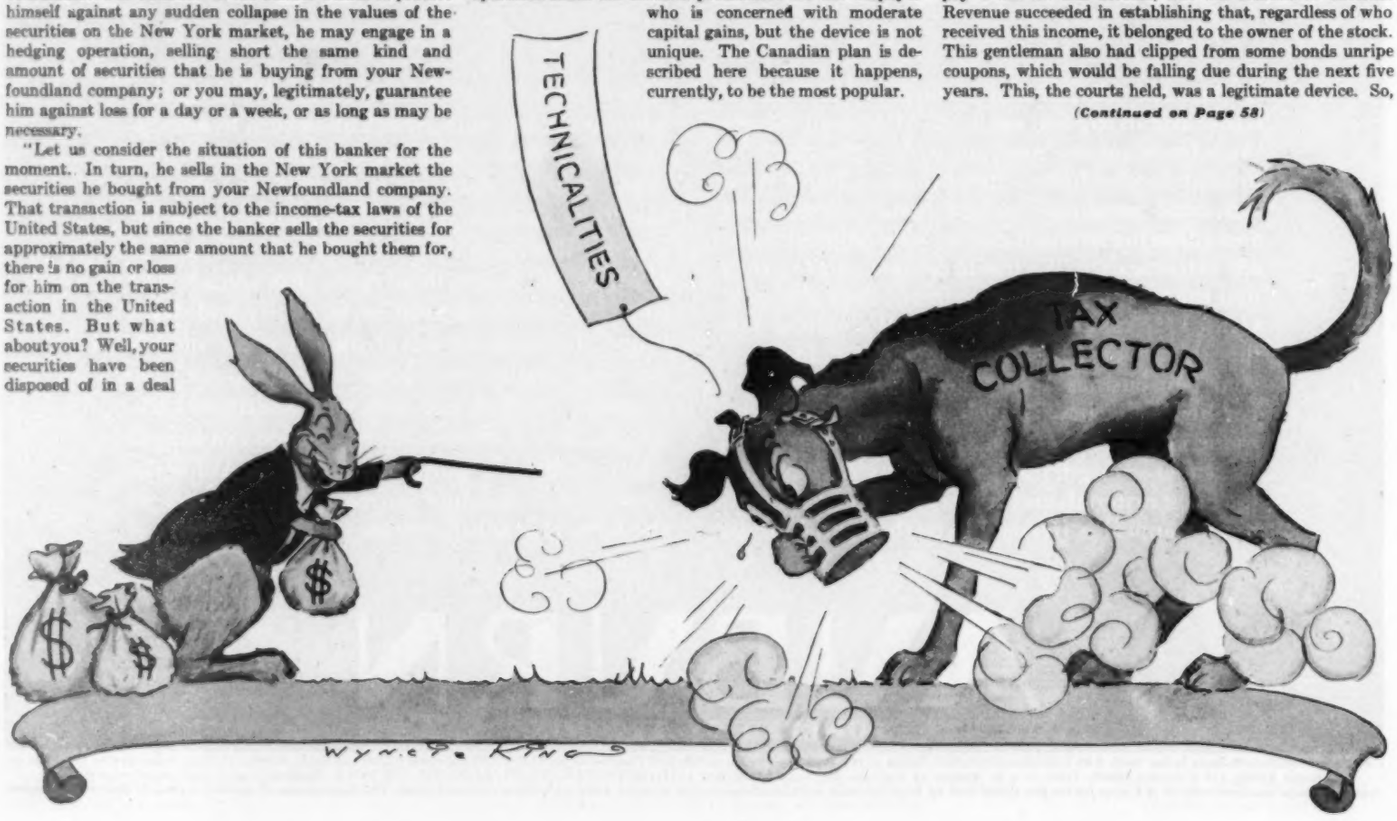

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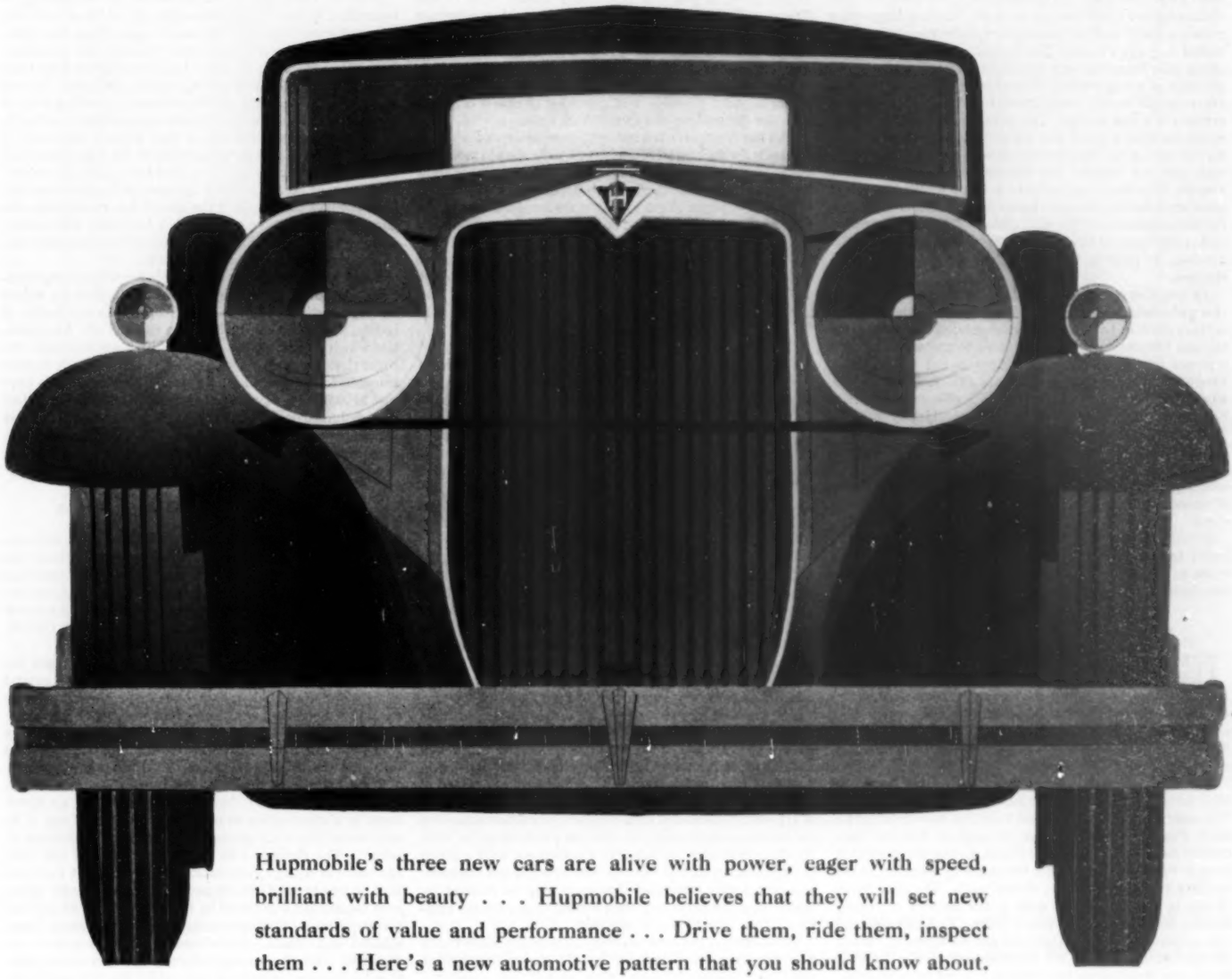

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SIXES AND EIGHTS

(Continued from Page 56)

heads of families who may be reluctant about splitting up their fortunes are now, so it is said, successfully splitting up income and income taxes by giving to their wives and children stacks of unripe coupons. There are many other methods being used.

Tax avoidance is a practice nearly as ancient as taxation. If you wish to avoid jail as well as taxes, however, there is a certain frontier you must not cross. So narrow is the no man's land between, that the territory on either side is described by words that are synonyms—avoidance and evasion. Macaulay wrote that the best way to avoid controversies about words is to use words in their proper senses. But now we have to deal with two words that are synonyms in the dictionaries but not in the vocabulary of the Bureau of Internal Revenue. There, if you avoid your taxes you are an astute citizen; if you evade them you are a crook.

In practice, the distinction is not so hard to make. One may stay within the charmed circle by a strict adherence to the counsels of shrewd advisers, but if there is any falsification of inventories, of books or income-tax returns, the sanctuary vanishes. Mountains of governmental displeasure appear. Storms are evoked. The bootlegger who pretends that certain profitable transactions never occurred is a tax evader. The manufacturing jeweler who steals gold from his own establishment and pockets the proceeds is a tax evader. The man who pretends that a generous gift to his bedridden old mother was a business expense is a tax evader. The prosperous individual who makes no return at all is a tax evader. For dealing with the tax evader the Government is well armed; for dealing with the tax avoider the Government's only effective weapon is to lower tax rates to a point where the use of avoidance devices becomes inexpedient. This is indicated by the experience of the past sixteen years, during which all the ingenuity of Congress and Government lawyers has not been as great as the ingenuity of taxpayers and their lawyers.

Among themselves, the tax lawyers sometimes refer to this game which they are playing as "punch the pillow." As they push in the sides, Congress retaliates by punching top and bottom. Sometimes it is the Supreme Court that punches top and bottom and expands the pillow in its horizontal dimensions. But it was Mr. Andrew Mellon who condensed some years of weary observation of the process into a sentence. "It has been the history of taxation throughout the world," he wrote, "that means have always been found by the ingenuity of the citizen to avoid taxes inherently excessive." It was Mr. Mellon, also, who commented on the futility of trying to prevent avoidance of excessive taxes without penalizing legitimate transactions.

In this country the Magna Charta of the citizen disposed to avoid a tax is a decision of the Supreme Court made in 1872, one which illuminates the proposition that tax avoidance is not a new thing.

The Army of Tax Experts

"IT IS said," wrote one of the justices, "that the transaction proved upon the trial in this case"—United States versus Isham—"is a device to avoid the payment of a stamp duty, and that its operation is that of a fraud upon the revenue. This may be true, and if not true in fact in this case, it may well be true in other instances. To this objection there are two answers:

"1. That if the device is carried out by the means of legal forms, it is subject to no legal censure. To illustrate: The stamp act of 1862 imposed a duty of two cents upon a bank check, when drawn for an amount not less than twenty dollars. A careful individual, having the amount of twenty dollars to pay, pays the same by handing to his creditor two checks of ten dollars each. He thus draws checks in payment of his debt to the amount of twenty dollars, and yet pays no stamp duty. This practice and this system he pursues habitually and persistently. While his operations deprive the Government of the duties it might reasonably expect to receive, it is not perceived that the practice is open to the charge of fraud. He resorts to devices to avoid the payment of duties, but they are not illegal. He had the legal right to split up his evidences of payment and thus to avoid the tax. The device we are considering is of the same nature." This is the cogent answer; the other one does not matter here.

The taxpayer, then, has the legal right to avoid taxes. Possessing that right, how is he going to exercise it? Obviously he is going to require the services of an experienced and competent guide to lead him through the twisting pathways in the jungle growth of law, so that he may avoid ambush by the revenue collector. There are a great many of these guides. In New York City there are 2500 individuals who have been granted the right to practice before the United States Board of Tax Appeals. Other cities have a proportionate share of them. All told, about 12,000 have been enrolled in Washington, about two-thirds of whom are lawyers. The others are certified public accountants, accountants not certified, former Government employes, lightning calculators, and what not. Their numbers are increasing at the rate of about fifty each week. Many of those enrolled for practice never have had a case, and one may safely predict that they never will. But 12,000 by no means represents the total of those who wish to be classified as tax experts. There are more than 27,000 individuals enrolled for practice in the Treasury Department. There are others, much too shrewd, who have been refused the right to practice, who are, nevertheless, suspected of making a pretty good living, cloaking their operations behind some less skillful practitioner who is enrolled.

It is an astoundingly fertile growth of law which has so numerous a body of interpreters; yeast mold is slow in comparison with the constantly extending branches of this wordy vegetation. You may acquire some understanding of the size of this growth on any week-day morning in Washington, if you will stand in F Street close to the Treasury Building. There you may observe the approach of a young man who walks every morning from the building several blocks distant which houses the Board of Tax Appeals. This young man is tall, his features aquiline and his bearing alert; yet he walks bent at the hip, so that he may better support the weight of a burden of sheets of paper with the dimensions of a twelve-inch cube.

The burden bearer is a newspaper reporter and what he carries is the daily grist of decisions by the sixteen members of the Board of Tax Appeals. Since there are four copies of each decision in that burden, it is necessary to quarter the thick pile of paper to get the accurate measurement of the bulk of increase in income-tax subtlety which occurs each day by means of dialectics, of superfine reasoning, of hair-splitting contentions. Merely to lift it is a task; to read it all is a considerable undertaking; to understand it is almost an impossibility.

A Rich Field of Dispute

IF IT were not for that right which exists—the right of every taxpayer to avoid taxes—conceivably there might be no need of a Board of Tax Appeals. This old decision and another fundamental of the law—a Supreme Court ruling which holds that the citizen is not to be taxed except in clear language and that doubts must be resolved in favor of the citizen and against the Government—serve to make the income tax a rich field of dispute. How rich it is may be measured by the forty billions of dollars that have been collected by the Government since the law became effective in March, 1913.

Each year of the law's administration has revealed gaps in the structure which the Government has sought to close, but every time one word has been substituted for another, new gaps have been created. The law of 1916 was designed to close certain gaps, and similar motives dictated changes written into the law twice in 1917, again in 1919, and in 1921, 1924, 1926 and 1928. There have been no radical changes in the structure since 1921; such changes as have been made since represent efforts to plug holes.

The simplest way to arrive at an understanding of these holes and the pressure that forces their discovery is to consider a typical case of tax avoidance—that of three men who for more than twenty-five years had been engaged in manufacturing in New York. What had been a partnership became a close corporation in 1913, one with a capital stock of $10,000. The need of their product for soldiers expanded the business enormously, so that six years later, in 1919, the three men were invited into a conference with a group of capitalists who had become interested in the business; just how deeply interested they were may be realized by considering the price they were willing to pay for the business. They offered $4,000,000 cash.

The owners of the business were not merely satisfied with this offer, they were delighted. That is, they were delighted until their lawyers informed them that if they concluded such a transaction they would have to give $2,000,000 to the Government. None of the three was willing to proceed with the deal on such terms, even though the one who had been managing the business was in ill health and anxious to retire.

The conference would have ended then but for a suggestion which came from one of the lawyers present.

"If you gentlemen," he said, "will give your stock to your wives in absolute good faith and if your wives will consummate the transaction we have proposed, no tax will result."

"No tax?"

"None whatever. We estimate the value today at $4,000,000. If we pay $4,000,000 to your wives, clearly there shall have been no increment in the value of the stock and so no taxable gain. A gift, you see, is not taxable income."

A few days later the three men instructed their lawyer to take all necessary steps for the transfer of their stock to their wives. Within twenty-four hours after they had given these instructions they indorsed and delivered to their wives all their stock certificates, except that each reserved one share to qualify himself as a director. Within a week the wives had closed the deal for the sale of their stock for $4,000,000. With each of the women the purchasing corporation entered into a separate agreement whereby it promised to indemnify them for any tax they might have to pay. They never had to pay any in spite of the fact that the Internal Revenue Department tried hard to levy one.

The Commissioner of Internal Revenue proceeded with his effort to collect the tax, upon the theory that the gifts were not bona-fide gifts and that the sale had, in fact, been made by the husbands. As evidence to support this contention, he cited the fact that the three men had entered into separate agreements with the purchasing corporation denying themselves the right to engage in the business for a period of ten years.

Each of these taxpayers succeeded in establishing in court that he had made a bona-fide gift of his stock to his wife and that he derived no taxable gain from the subsequent sale of the stock by his wife. Clearly, this was a hole in the tax structure. It never had been intended by Congress that such an avenue of escape should exist. Since it was there; since many other gentlemen planning sales of property were now aware of it and were making lavish gifts to their wives and children, it was deemed necessary to plug it. This was done by inserting in the law a provision that in the sale of property received as a gift, the seller's profit should be determined by subtracting from the sale price the cost of the gift at the time it was acquired by the donor. This hole then was plugged, but there were others, some of which never have been plugged because they cannot be without stultifying commerce.

One scheme which was responsible for many reorganizations was invented for the purpose of stepping up values for depreciation charges. Net income does not begin, of course, until depreciation has been charged off. A corporation which owned assets actually worth $500,000 might discover that it was no longer entitled to write off any further amounts for depreciation. Supposing those assets to have cost $100,000 twenty years before and that 5 per cent had been deducted each year, the right to make a further charge for depreciation would have vanished. The theory of depreciation is to preserve for the taxpayer his capital cost; it was not designed to protect him in his increments.

An Unappreciated Salary Increase

SO IT became advantageous to reorganize many corporations. The result of these corporate transformations was that assets that had been depreciated to the vanishing point on the books of an old company could be given perhaps five times their original value on the books of the new one, and depreciation could begin all over again on the new basis.

The Government lost revenue by these changes because there was no corresponding realization of capital gains. The shareholders of an old company would simply exchange their stock certificates for the stock of a new corporation. Congress stopped this by changing the law so that now, if a reorganization occurs, the new corporation must use the original base for computing depreciation.

Some holes have been patched by the Supreme Court. An example of this is a decision which held that an agreement by a corporation to pay the income tax of one of its executives was nothing more or less than an increase in salary. The decision was made in the case of the chief executive of a large corporation whose contract provided that he was to get $100,000 net from the company; whatever income tax was levied on that sum was to be paid by the corporation. Similar returns were made by many large-salaried individuals. But wherever such a contract was shown to exist, the taxpayer discovered, after some years, that for income-tax purposes his salary was the sum of the salary and the amount of tax which the corporation had agreed to pay.

A tax lawyer lifted the receiver of his telephone recently to answer the call of a client—the executor of a man who died about a year ago. Stock included in the estate of the dead man had been given a certain value for estate-tax purposes. Some months afterward the executor had a chance to sell at twice that value. The tax lawyer was familiar with each stage of the affair, and so, when the executor informed him over the telephone that he was about to sign a contract to sell the stock, he said:

"Don't sign that contract until we have a talk. We can change that deal a little and save $35,000 in income tax."

(Continued on Page 177)

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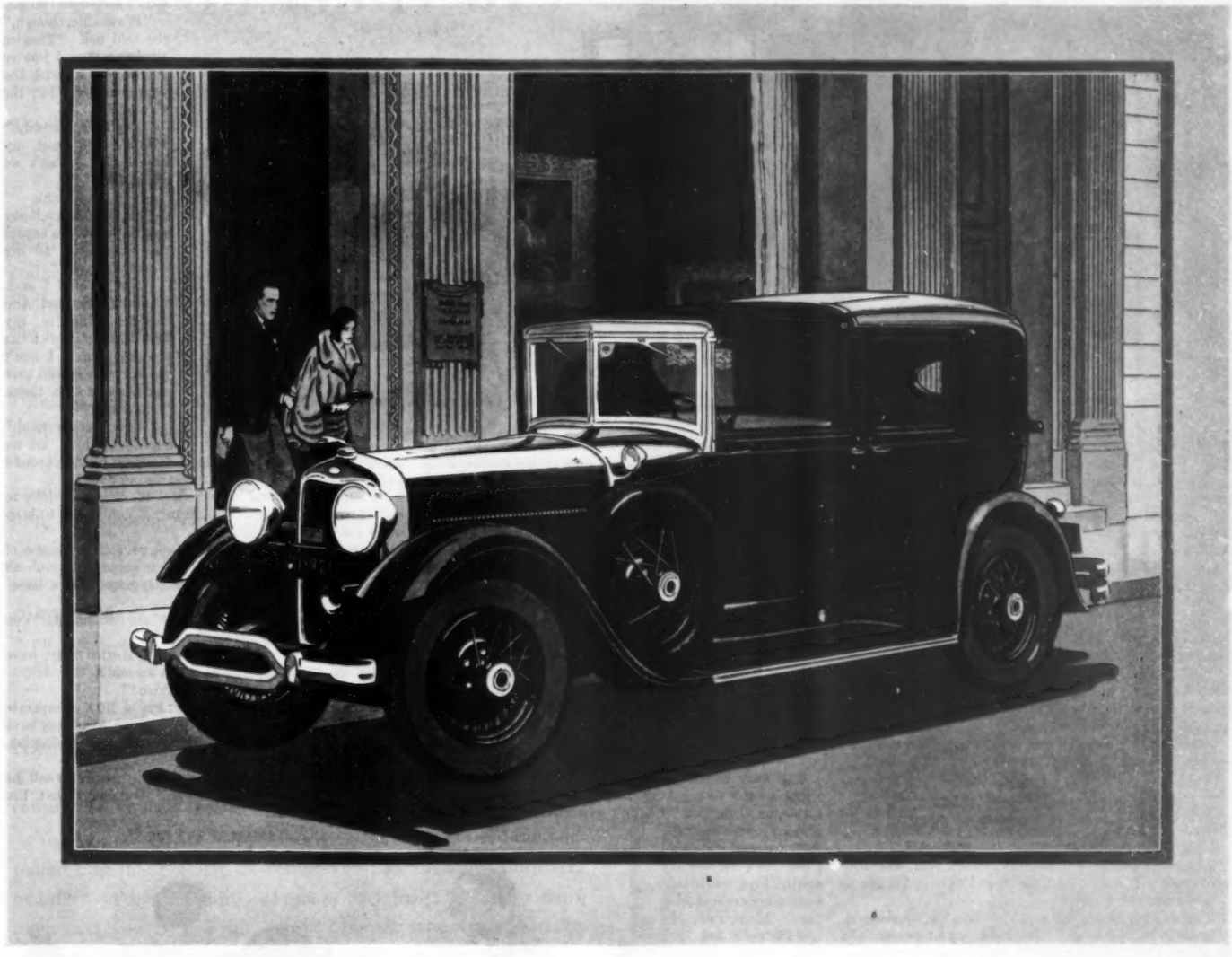

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THE LINCOLN

AUNTY'S HOUSE PARTY

By Porter Emerson Browne and Joseph Hilton Smyth

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

"Pardon, Sir. You are Mr. Westcott?"

KANSAS CITY KITTY said to give the little girl a big hand. So we gave the big girl a little hand, and then she sang Walking With My Daddy Down Among the Sugar Cane, and then we gave her another hand, and then twelve colored gentlemen from Harlem started in playing twelve different instruments twelve different ways, and I got up and danced with Babs.

After bucking the center three times unsuccessfully, we finally made an end run and landed in the far end of the field, where our feet could do things without interference, and she said, "Well?" while two hundred and fifty pounds of one of the chil'ens, who some day would have wings, blew saxophone notes in my left ear.

"Well?" I repeated.

She moved her head back so that she could look at my face and then at the powder she had left on my coat lapel, and said: "Having a good time?"

"Just at this minute," I told her, "I am. But two minutes ago and two minutes from now ——"

"Yes?"

"—— another story," I said.

"What's wrong?"

"I am, I guess. . . . Forget it."

So she cuddled a bit closer and said, "Please?"

"Listen," I said. "I've been away for a year, watching coffee grow in Mexico. And now that I'm back I'd like to see you alone sometime."

"You've seen me for the past five days," she answered.

"I know. And I've seen Stew Bentley and Don Knight and Peggy Blake and Sewall Van Dusen and Cynthia and Debbie and about fourteen other people. And I've had only six hours' sleep."

"They're all your friends."

"Sure. But I don't want to marry all my friends."

Just then our private corner became public, and when, finally, that play was over and we were on the side lines again, she said defensively: "All we're trying to do is show you a good time."

"You are, honey," I told her. "Only I didn't come back from Mexico to have a good time. I came back to marry you."

"Yes, I know," she said. "Only ——"

"I mean," I explained, "that I want you all to myself; at least, for a while. I can't make love at a night club."

"You used to be able to," Babs said. "And what do you care for other people anyway?"

"I don't," I said. "They're all right in their place, but that isn't between us."

Then the music stopped and we went back to our table, where Stew Bentley and Cynthia were still arguing about the proper way to mix a side car, and Deborah Dawson was beginning to wonder where Don—commonly known as Silent—Knight had disappeared after giving another little girl a big hand or vice versa.

"What difference does it make where he's gone?" demanded Sewall Van Dusen, who came back with Peggy about the time Debbie stopped wondering vocally. "What's a Knight among friends?"

"In days of old," murmured Peggy, "when knights were bold ——"

"Cold," Debbie interrupted. "Cold is what you mean. Men are all alike!"

"Forget it," urged Van Dusen. "Think of the daze to come rather than the nights that were."

Then the music started off on a new tangent, and the hips of twelve refined little girls who hoped to get a big hand on another tangent, and about two hours later Kansas City Kitty began bleeding the parting guests and we all went home.

The next morning I woke up with a headache and wrote a letter to my Aunt Abigail, who still lives in Denstable, on Cape Cod. I hadn't written her since I left for Mexico a year before, so I thought it was a good idea to do it again, and besides, I owed her several letters. Moreover, I hadn't seen her for eight years, so she seemed a pretty good person to confide in, and her husband had died five years before and I felt sorry for her. So I wrote her and told her all about my troubles—which I thought would cheer her up a lot—and went on about the kind of time I had had in Mexico, and how changed everything seemed when I got back, even Babs, and how I seemed to have lost my taste for being a torch bearer in the parade of flaming or even flickering youth.

There was another party that night that was just like the one the night before, except that it was Stew Bentley who got lost. It was about six A.M. when the hush huts shut down for the day, and about noon the telephone rang and kept ringing until it woke me up, and it was a telegram from Aunt Abigail. I had luncheon at three o'clock with Babs, and she said she didn't feel so well either.

"It's the life, though," she told me. "They're all doing it and you've got to keep up with the parade or else fall by the wayside."

"I've fallen already," I said. "At least, my arches have. Can't we chuck it all?"

She looked blank.

"Do you mean," she asked, "that you expect me to give up all my friends for you?"

"Not at all," I said. "I don't mean that. And besides, they're my friends as much as they're yours. I don't see why we should give ourselves up to them. That's all."

"I don't understand."

So I tried a different tack: "What," I asked, "are we going to do after we're married? Keep on playing around in the same old places with the same old gang?"

"I suppose so," she answered. "What else is there to do? You can't be antisocial, Monty. You've got to keep other people in your life."

"Sure," I agreed, "but I can't get gaga over the idea of keeping my nose to the grindstone in some night club all the rest of my life. I want a honeymoon, not a hangover."

"What's wrong with you, Monty?" she demanded. "You never acted this way before."

"I'm sorry," I said. "I'm afraid Mexico must have spoiled me. Life down there is too normal."

"Normal!" she repeated. "Mexico!"

"Normal," I said. "Nothing but a little temperate revoluting and a little temperate working. Also, they have down there a quaint old Spanish custom called sleeping. Life here is too hectic for me."

Babs laughed. "Even so," she said, "you can't sell me Mexico. I'll stick to Long Island. Outside of that, I'm open to suggestions."

(Continued on Page 62)

"Do You Mean," She Asked, "That You Expect Me to Give Up All My Friends for You?"

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☆ WITH 97% OF THE CAFFEIN REMOVED ☆

(Continued from Page 60)

Then I broke the news: "How," I asked, "would you like to go to Cape Cod for a week?"

"Whose house party?"

"No one's. I just had a telegram from my old Aunt Abigail inviting us down there. I'm her only remaining relative," I added, "so I think you ought to go too. And we can have a chance to rest and be quiet and figure out what we want to do."

"I never knew you had an Aunt Abigail."

"I have though. She was the one and only wife of my Uncle Nadab, who went whaling and finally ate a bad oyster and died five years ago. He was a pretty foxy old gent and so cagy that he put even his wooden leg in his wife's name, so I guess he may have left a few dollars. Anyway, she's never asked me for any."

"The prospect," Babs opined, "does not sound alluring. But I know some people in Nantucket we can visit afterward."

"Get Up and Get Dressed and Get Busy"

On the train to Denstable I raked up everything I could remember about Aunt Abigail for Babs' benefit.

"She was always one of these quiet and self-effacing women," I said. "Old Uncle Nadab was like all the old sea captains—used to giving orders—and he didn't believe in his womenfolks having anything to say or saying it if they had. The wooden-ships-and-iron-men idea. She must be about sixty-odd now—no, nearly seventy—and, if she is as she was when I knew her, spends most of her time making antimacassars and braided rugs. I remember she used to have a lot of cats around the house and she churned her own butter and attended sewing circles regularly. . . . Haven't you got any dresses with longer skirts?"

"No," said Babs. "But if you'd only told me all this before, I could have stopped into some theatrical costumer's and got some. I have a feeling. . . . Do we have to get up at sunrise and break the ice in the washbasin?"

"Probably," I said. "I did when I visited there."

"Nantucket," said Babs, "looks better than ever."

We got out at Denstable and stood surrounded by our bags while I looked about for the old white horse and carryall that used to meet me when I was a boy. There was nothing in sight, however, but a pale blue motor about seventeen feet long, and a chauffeur with a black mustache and cream-colored livery, and the station agent, and I was just beginning to wonder if my wire had gone astray when the livery came up and said:

"Pardon, sir. You are Mr. Westcott?"

So I said, "Yes," and he said, "Thank you, sir," and picked up the luggage and stowed it beside him on the front seat and Babs and me on the back seat, and the station disappeared in a cloud of sand.

"Well," said Babs, after a minute or four, "where's the old one-hoss shay? The old gray mare seems to have had quite a family since you left. If I'm not mistaken, there must be about a hundred little horses pulling us somewhere now."

I was still trying to figure out what it was all about when we shot into a driveway and swept up in front of a small edition of the Casino at Monte Carlo, and not so small at that—like the little girls in the night clubs.

"Well, well!" said Babs, getting out. "So this is the old homestead! I don't believe you have an Aunt Abigail at all. You're just a villain and you don't intend doing right by our little Nell."

A Filipino in a white jacket and white pants came trotting down the steps and took the bags and waved us up toward a door that another Filipino who belonged to the same lodge was holding open for us.

"Mis' Nickerson say she sorry," said the latter. "She have unbreakable engagement. She be back at five and one half."

Then a maid in skirts a little shorter than Babs' appeared and we were separated, and I found myself in a room with an oversized bed hidden in one corner, and before I was able to decide how-come, the Filipino had my bags unpacked and a bath poured, and was saying, "You wish anysing more, sir?"

"Yes," I told him. "A long one, and you needn't bother about ice or soda."

In two minutes he was back with it, and I decided then and there that there must be another Nickerson family in Denstable and that I was in the wrong house.

Half an hour later I found Babs in the living room smoking a cigarette.

"Hold everything!" I said. "Put away the nonchalance before Aunt Abigail gets here."

"Don't be foolish," Babs said. "I found these cigarettes in my room. A silver box full."

"Did you?" I said. "Then I was right. We're in the wrong house. There's a mistake somewhere."

"If you're right we're wrong," she hummed. "And if you're wrong we're right. You pays your money and you takes your choice. I'm beginning to feel as though I'd landed in the third chapter of an Oppenheim novel—The House of Mystery. . . . Well, what are we going to do about it?"

"I don't know," I said, and it wouldn't have done me much good if I had, for just then Abigail, wife of the late more or less lamented Nadab Nickerson, who was reputed to have been tighter than a whale's nostrils—which are waterproof—made her entrance.

She said, "Monty, dear!" and left a large sample of lip salve on my right cheek and chin, and then turned to Babs and added, "And this, of course, is Barbara."

I said yes while she bestowed a vermilion blessing on Babs.

Then she stood back and gave me the up-and-down.

"My, my!" she exclaimed. "How you have changed! You've grown a lot."

"Yes," I said, a little weakly. "You've changed a lot too."

She had. So much so that I was still groggy. It was Aunt Abigail all right that stood before me, but it wasn't any Aunt Abigail that I could remember. She must have been close to seventy. But I swear she didn't look a day over a hard-lived forty. She had on a wispy dress of some kind, cut on about the same lines as the one Babs was wearing, only more so—that is, less so—and her hair was clipped in a sort of wind-blown bob, and there wasn't a line in her face except the ones she had put there herself. And her blue eyes twinkled and her red lips smiled and she dropped into a chair and crossed *bois de rose* knees and said: "Well, children, it was certainly nice of you to come up to keep an old lady company."

Babs said, "Yes," and I said, "Yes," and then we looked at each other and at Aunt Abigail and Aunt Abigail clapped her hands and a Filipino boy appeared.

"Three Bacardis," ordered Aunt Abigail.

"I am so glad you could come up," she went on, as the Filipino boy wafted into the dim vista of hallway, "for you've no idea how quiet it is here. I do hope you won't be bored to death. But you won't be. I've lived here seventy-two years and I'm not dead yet. And poor Nadab would still be with us if he hadn't insisted on eating oysters in July. Set in his ways, poor Nadab was."

"Yes," I said. Babs just sat without saying anything. Once in a while she looked at me though.

Aunt Abby kept rattling on and telling us all about what a surprise it was to discover that Nadab had had big blocks of stock and things like that, and what a splendid price—she'd had no idea at the time—the Government must have paid him for the wooden ships he built during the war.

"I didn't tell you before," she said to me, "because I knew you'd come here sometime to see me and I wanted to save it for a surprise. I thought that when you got married I'd give you a trip around the world, or a house, or a car like mine, or something, instead of the lace tidy and hand-embroidered bed slippers you probably expected."

"You surprised me," I admitted.

"That's nice," she said contentedly. And though she was still a stranger externally, I began to recognize the old Aunt Abigail that dwelt within. "I hope you like my new house. It would be fine if you two could stay here all summer. But I suppose it would be awfully stupid for you."

Babs started to protest that it would not be stupid at all for us, when all of a sudden Aunt Abigail jumped to her feet with the exclamation:

"Goodness! Here it is nearly seven and we haven't even started to dress for dinner! And we're dining early so as to get over to the theater in time. We have our own playhouse here, you know, and different Broadway stars come up for a week or two at a time. Some friends of mine are playing there this week. . . . Now run along, children." And Babs said: "Yes, Miss Nickerson," and Aunt Abigail, who was getting more Abigaily every minute, said: "Don't call me that; just call me Abby or Ab," and then we went upstairs and I went into my room and put on a dinner suit.

She Said, "Monty, Dear!"

(Continued on Page 65)

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(Continued from Page 62)

The livery and the pale blue baby carriage—and what babies it carried—took us over to the playhouse where the play boys and the play girls played, and we sat in a box and Aunt Abby bowed to a lot of people and left us to go backstage between the acts, and while she was gone Babs said:

"What's the big idea?"

"I haven't it," I said. "Only it would seem as though Aunt Abigail is stepping out."

"High, wide and handsome," said Babs.

"And I'm glad of it," I said. "Uncle Nadab was pretty much of a tyrant. . . . How do you like the play?"

"It's all right," said Babs, "but I'm willing to go to bed. It's been a long day."

"Yeah," I said, and then Aunt Abby came back.

The final curtain went down and we went out and sat in the car, and after we had had the unique experience of sitting there for three or four minutes without going anywhere, I said, "Waiting for someone, aunty?"

"Why, yes," said Aunt Abigail. "Didn't I tell you? I invited some of the players on a little party tonight. I didn't want you and Barbara to get too homesick for New York. We're going to the Spouter Inn."

Before I could ask what and where and why the Spouter Inn was, the car suddenly filled up with half a dozen pairs of plus-fours and some near skirts, and there were a lot of introductions, and Aunt Abby said, "Step on it, Henri," and we were on our way.

When the dust had settled a bit I found a lady known as Lou Larchmont sitting half in and half out of my lap, and I said: "I saw you last year in Cocktails for Two, didn't I?"

"I hope so," she said. "Do you like me as well on close acquaintance?"

"The closer," I said, "the better. Our future is in the laps of the gods."

"Mine is, at any rate," she answered.

"Everybody's is, on the stage—the gallery gods."

"I suppose you were one once."

"Never," I assured her. "I come in the stage door. My grandfather was known as the Angel of Broadway. And a maternal great-great-uncle was one of the first white wings."

From around the corner of a homespun shoulder Babs called, "Monty!"

"Yes?"

"Nothing."

Lou Larchmont started humming Lover Come Back to Me, and we went over three bumps in succession and I grunted.

"What was that, honey?" Lou asked.

"Give me liberty," I said, "or give me breath. The next time you come down on me, remember I'm your best pal, not your severest critic."

We turned into a side road and then into a lane and then into a big yard, and unsnarled ourselves and got out.

It seemed that the Spouter Inn was a roadhouse, all decorated up with whaling apparatus, where the sons and daughters and indirect descendants of the men who went down to the sea in ships could themselves get half seas over.

"It always reminds me somehow of Nadab," Aunt Abby commented, sweeping us in toward two tables that had been reserved, and indicating to me harpoons and lances hanging on the walls. "Everything here but the whales."

"And the sperm oil," I said. "Though, I forgot, in places like this they use banana oil instead."

"I don't understand much slang"—Aunt Abby twinkled at me—"but I imagine your meaning may be correct."

Babs danced away with six feet two of the type that just missed being another Barrymore by only six feet, and Lou Larchmont tucked her head away on my shoulder and the six whalemen on the platform kept on playing Blubber Come Back to Me, or whatever it was.

Aunt Abby didn't do any dancing, but she certainly kept the ball rolling with all sorts of English, reverse and otherwise, on it. And every once in a while she would say to Babs and me, "I do hope you're not getting bored."

Babs said she wasn't and I had to take her word for it, because about two hours passed before I could pry her loose from the Peter Pans and Tinker Bells that had claimed her as their own. For which I didn't blame them. Babs can dance. By that time it was five o'clock, and even she admitted to being a little weary.

"Cheer up," I told her, as we slid into a tango beneath a couple of rusty harpoons and a prewar boat hook. "I see aunty adding up the check. The war is over, and we bottle-scarred veterans soon will see the dawn of a new day."

"I don't want to see it," said Babs. "I just want to see my bed and the ceiling over my head. And I don't want to see even that long."

"The quaint old Spanish custom ——"

"Appeals," she finished, and we drifted over toward our table and I said hopefully to aunty: "Home?"

"Home?" she repeated in a surprised tone. "You don't mean to say you're tired."

"Not exactly," said Babs. "I just thought —— It's been a long day and everything, and I ——"

"Oh," said aunty, brightening up. "You almost fooled me for a minute. I thought you might really be tired. But I understand now. You felt that you might be keeping me up too late."

"Huh?" said Babs.

"It's sweet of you," aunty continued, "to think of it, but I won't hear a word of going home yet. Certainly not! Why, the party has hardly started!"

"Huh?" said Babs again.

"And I don't mind staying up. I got used to it all those years when Nadab was whaling and I had to stay at home on the farm. Many's the night I've stayed up tending a sick cow or an ailing lamb."

"Why didn't you let him do it when he got home?" asked Babs.

Aunty chuckled. "My dear," she said, "do you think we kept whales in the sunken garden? He used to be gone four years at a time."

"It must have been a wonderful rest for you," said Babs, and I wondered if I detected a note of longing in her voice.

"Well," I queried, "if we're not bound for the old homestead, what is the answer?"

"Why," aunty explained, "I thought you might all like some onion soup to sort of fill in with. I understand that's what folks do in Paris about this time of day, and there's a man who runs an all-night restaurant over in Oyster Harbor who makes it simply wonderfully. It's only fifty miles."

Everyone seemed to think that was a fine idea, and when aunty added that we would stop at her place on the way over and pick up some old Burgundy to go with it, the riot started.

"Burgundy?" cried Lou Larchmont. "Real, authentic, on-the-level, unsympathetic, prehistoric stuff?"

"Twenty years old," said Aunt Abby placidly. "Some Nadab brought over from somewhere himself."

"Lead me to it," said Lou.

"You don't need to lead me," said the embryonic Barrymore. "I'm a leading man. And, anyway, I could find twenty-year-old Burgundy in the dark, even if I had a co'd id by dose."

So we all climbed back into the blue kidding car and there was a lot more dust, when it wasn't sand, and this time I found myself crushed beneath a blond playmate who would be able to play heavies in about two years, if not sooner, and we started after the onion soup.

We took a sharp curve on two wheels and tore through two villages and what was left of the night and landed back Chez Nickerson, where everyone piled out to help aunty uncover the precious juice of the lowly grape.

I grabbed Lou Larchmont and said, "Look here. If anyone has to sit on me during the next lap of this lap-to-lap contest, I want you back in the folds of my arms," and I wiped my forehead, which was pretty warm.

"What's the matter?" Lou asked.

"It's not the heat," I said, "it's the humility. And besides, I'm no gentleman."

"Why?"

"I don't like blondes," I said. "I prefer brunettes. They're lighter. At least, you are."

Just then aunty returned with the wherewithal and the carryalls, and the four Indian rubbers bit the dust again, and off in the east the sun also rose.

At nine o'clock that morning, or just after we got to bed, aunty, aided, assisted and abetted by various Filipinos and maids, jimmied us out of our respective and respectable cots and informed us that it was a fine day, and a swimming party had been arranged, and that we were late, and how did we feel anyway?

So we went swimming and met a lot of perfect strangers and a few imperfect ones.

And then aunty said, "I've got a surprise for you."

"That's fine," I said. "I haven't had a surprise since breakfast. What is it?"

"Well," said Aunt Abby, "part of it comes this afternoon, so I may as well tell you what it is. It's a house party."

"House party?" said Babs, looking up quickly.

"Exactly," said aunty. "Just as soon as I learned you two were coming I began to worry about your being bored with just an old lady here to keep you company. So I invited a lot of people down." And she smiled benignly and wrapped a coolie coat around her Lido pajamas and started back toward the bathing boxes.

And in the afternoon the part of the house party that she had spoken of started to arrive. The first were the Potts sisters, who admitted that Pottstown was named after them even before they were accused of it. Then the Van Alstynes, mother and daughter, Mercedes and Cynthia, called for short Mercy and Cyn; though, as was learned in due course, the former didn't have any and the latter too much. And there was a man by the name of Bill Jenkins who was a man by the name of Bill Jenkins, and an actor who said he was Basil Dayne. And then a lot more people.

There were eighteen of us at tea and twenty-two at dinner, until we had reached the fillet, when somebody called John Cabot Adams arrived and sat between a girl named Constance Scott and myself, and kept talking about lampoons and hasty puddings until I wasn't sure whether he was a whaler or a cook, but finally it turned out that he was only a Harvard junior with a good chance of serving time at it.

After dinner somebody turned on the radio in one room and somebody else turned on the phonograph in another and some contract bridge started in another, and everybody began to discover how much he liked everybody else.

I lost Babs in the shuffle, and Constance Scott took hold of me and said wasn't it fine that she had an understudy and didn't have to work that night, because she was enjoying poor health, and had I seen the moon?

So we went out together, and the moon was there all right, and she used the same brand of lipstick that Babs did, and I asked her if she knew I was engaged.

"Your aunt told me," she said. "But what of it? It's a beautiful night and you should let your Constance be your guide."

But I didn't, and so she lost interest in me and the moon simultaneously, and when we got back to the house the Potts sisters were entertaining, but not very, with an imitation of the Duncan Ditto. Or maybe it was the Dollys. I got in too late for the broadcast and you couldn't tell unless you were told. So I looked in on the bridge game, in which I found Babs involved, and which was trying to claw off a lee shore with the waves breaking over it, because Bill Jenkins claimed that he had bid and made eight no trumps and that he had a hundred honors—five in his hand and the fourth in his opponent's. So I helped Babs to escape, but before we could dash across the bridge of sighs the radio began to announce that we were listening to a program of dance music being broadcast over the National network from the Buckingham Room of the Louis Quinze Hotel, Park Avenue, New York, Norman Breckenridge announcing, and to please stand by, and then someone else came to the mike and said: "Hello, everybody; this is Rudy Bernie and his toreadors, and I have just sung for you Button Up Your Overcoat and a few wet numbers like a Garden in the Rain and I've Got a Cold in My Nose, and with your kind permission"—which he didn't have to have, because try and stop anybody singing over the radio—"I and my men will now play for you, by request, Chloe," and as he began to sing all about the Dismal Swamp, both Babs and I found ourselves in just that, because John Cabot Adams grabbed her and Mercy me, and we were off in a cloud of cigarette smoke.

And that was no sooner over than somebody suggested that a little ride would waft the cobwebs from our brains or our brains from the cobwebs, for by that time it was getting hard to tell which was which. So a lot of people got out a lot of assorted cars and there wasn't any more use of arguing about it than there is in the Subway between five and six or on Main Street, Moscow, on May Day. Only this time I found I was a lap ahead, which was a relief. And the air wasn't so bad, even if everyone did do his and her best to keep you from breathing any of it.

And somebody knew a nice little place where you could get something, and somebody else knew another nice little place where you could get something else, and by the time the nice little places and the knowledge ran out it was about three o'clock and we were seventy miles from home and an equal distance from a drink. And on learning this, everybody got panic-stricken and we did the long trek home in eighty minutes flat, which were no flatter than we were when we got there.

The Filipinos were still on the job, but they must have had a nap, because they looked like giants refreshed, only they were too small to be giants in a really big way, and they started trotting back and forth again with trays, and aunty seemed as chipper as ever, and Babs said to me: "Come out on the sun porch. I would have words with you."

So we went out on the sun porch, which was kind of shadowy in the moonlight, and I said, "Have you seen the moon?"

"Never mind about the moon," Babs said. "I came out here to talk."

"Well?" I helped.

"I don't know how you're standing it," said Babs, "but I feel like a last year's dish rag."

"As dry as that?" I asked. "Let me get you a ——"

"No!" she yelled, and then dragged me down on a settee and put her head on my shoulder. "I could sleep a thousand years!"

"Don't do it," I advised. "Remember what happened to Rip Van Winkle."

"Please," she said, "don't try to be funny. I thought you said it was going to be quiet here."

"I did," I agreed. "And the prospect didn't appeal to you. What's the matter with this house party?"

"House party?" Babs cried.

"Aunty doesn't want us to be bored," I told her.

"It looks to me more as though she wanted us to be laid out," said Babs.

Just then Lou Larchmont and Constance Scott and Bill Jenkins and somebody else blundered onto the porch and said wouldn't it be a good idea to round up the rest of the crowd and go over to the Spouter Inn, and we said fine and went into the house.

Laura LaPlante

Flashing through the darkened streets, waving aloft a torch and calling aloud to the citizens to sweep away the last remnant of Royalty, LAURA LA PLANTE has a role in "La Marseillaise" which thrills even Laura herself.

And the play and LAURA and JOHN BOLES will thrill you. They enact the two foremost roles in this dramatic episode of the French revolution, which Universal has filmed in silence and dialogue with such magnificence that it must be received with profound pleasure.

And high above the cries of the mob will be heard the splendid voice of BOLES who, in his character, is the writer of the stirring song. He is a Soldier of the King, yet because he is the author of the song which urged on the new Republic, he is immune from harm.

There is a beautiful love story running through the picture—an affair of the heart alternately moved by sweet music and intense drama.

Incidentally, speaking of JOHN BOLES, how do you like him—with or without? So many people like him with a moustache. So many people like him without one. What is your opinion?

Bear this in mind—I pay for ideas that are acceptable for production in pictures. Have you an idea? Do you recall some old story which you think would make a good picture? Don't waste the thought. Write me NOW.

Sincerely yours,

Carl Laemmle,
President

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

"The Home of the Good Film"
730 Fifth Ave. New York City

"I don't care what anyone says," Babs murmured, as we made a cautious detour around Basil Dayne and his reminiscences of Mansfield, "I'm going to bed."

But when we tried to sneak up the front stairs we discovered they were no longer stairs, but benches for about twelve assorted couples, so we tacked off through the dining room toward the kitchen and the back staircase. We had got as far as the butler's pantry when John Cabot Adams appeared from nowhere and said, "Whizzer away?"

"Water," I said. "We're just getting a glass of water."

"Water!" he cried, horror in his voice.

"Water," I said. I wondered if I had said prussic acid or bichloride of mercury by mistake.

While we were still arguing, along came Constance and Mercy and Bill Jenkins and Lou and Cynthia and the Potts sisters, and wouldn't it be wonderful to go in for a swim, because it was such a lovely morning? And that was that. We swam.

Two mornings later I was awakened just after I had gone to bed by someone tapping on my chamber door.

"Come in," I said, sitting up in bed.

Babs came in. She was dressed and had her hat on.

"What the ——" I started to ask.

"Sh-h!" she said, her finger on her lips.

"What's the matter?"

She looked around to be sure there weren't any Filipinos or other enemy aliens within hearing distance. Then she said in a whisper: "Get up and get dressed and get busy."

"Huh?"

"We're escaping."

"But aren't you having a good time here?"

"A good time!"

"That's what you asked me that night in New York."

"I didn't know then what I know now. Hurry!"

So I took my clothes and went into the bathroom and dressed, and we talked through the door, and she said to hurry and that nobody was up yet, or still, and we could send for our bags and write Aunt Abby a letter, and to please make it snappy and not be all day about it, and did I like Mexico, really, because I had talked so much about it, and would I like to live there; and I told her I would, but that we couldn't, because they had revolutions there; and she said that after what she had been through, a revolution would merely lull her to sleep.

So we got married and went to Mexico.

The second night we were there they had a battle right under our balcony and Babs never even woke up.

It was that same day that we got a letter from Aunt Abby. She said she was glad we were well and happy and had moved to a quiet place to live. And that, if she had known it in time, she had a plantation in Java she would have given us, and that she had been in a sanatorium herself, because she was all worn out too. But if her house party had served to show anyone how silly such a life was—and when we read that, Babs looked up at me and smiled, and then she kissed me—Aunt Abby said that she would feel she hadn't worn herself out in vain, and she was almost all right again now, anyway. And she went on to add that if we'd both come back next summer she wouldn't have anybody there but us, and we'd sit on the porch and read and drink tea and lemonade and have a real good time. And there was a postscript which said that sometime while the house party was going on an automobile salesman she didn't remember very well had sold her another car that she didn't have any use for, and after our visit was over we could have it to drive home in.

So we're looking forward eagerly to our visit next summer.

Getting On in the World

Cashing In on Environment

ANY business is successful in just the degree to which it adapts itself to its own particular environment. Here are four examples from one metropolitan sector.

Four years ago two young men opened a haberdashery in a large city. Curbstone prophets and sidewalk seers prophesied the new shop would last as long as the youthful partners' funds, and no longer. Their location is the very heart of the city's theatrical and night-life district. Also, the shop opened up in a veritable maze of men's-wear establishments. Today the firm is one of the outstanding retail successes in the entire city. Why? Simply because they recognized, capitalized and cashed in on their environment.

A block and a half away, that city's largest high school has stood for years, but this was the first haberdashery to cash in on the school. For years thousands of students have walked up and down the street on which the haberdashery is located, to and from school. When they started walking past the new store the two partners started thinking.

A little later one of the partners at an athletic assembly presented the school with a complete set of cheer leaders' megaphones done in the school's colors with the name of the school emblazoned all along one side in large block type and with the firm name across the other side. Since then similar presentations have been made in the other public high schools in the city. These megaphone sets appear every football week-end before crowds of from 10,000 to 15,000 persons in the stadium.

Then the haberdashery sought some suitable way to attract the high-school girls to the shop. They started distributing hundreds of pairs of woolen anklets, each pair in the school's colors, in the schools. They've had to stock girls' woolen anklets in their men's-wear shop to meet the demand!

These two merchandising maneuvers have netted the haberdashery the heaviest high-school trade, among both boys and girls, of any men's-wear shop in the city.

The scene shifts to a residential suburb of this city that is nevertheless a self-contained, self-ruled village. In 1914 a man abandoned the plumbing business and opened a hardware store in the suburb. He did $25,000 worth of business his first year, although the village's population was but 1500 people. In 1928 he did $350,000 business in the village, now grown to 15,000 inhabitants.

Thus, while the community has increased ten-fold in population in fourteen years, the store has increased its dollars-and-cents trade volume fourteen-fold in the same period. The store has literally outgrown the village. In no small part this achievement is directly traceable to cashing in on environment. Ninety per cent of the town's residents own their own homes. The hardware dealer recognized his environment and decided to invest in it by capitalizing it.

First he transformed his basement from a vast stock room into what he termed his Housewives' Cellar Shop, and he placed a woman in charge. In his home-owning neighborhood he determined to make a definite bid for the patronage of those who do the buying in home-owning communities—the housewives. Since then his sales of household wares have increased 60 per cent.

Moreover, and more important, he has succeeded in getting women to frequent and to shop steadily and in increasing numbers in one of man's last sacred domains—the hardware store.

Every May he sends out 5000 color cards with coupons attached entitling the bearer to a small tin of paint or enamel. These cards announce the store's annual paint-demonstration week, another apt sample of environmental investment. And every May these cards are turned in 100 per cent, because home owners do much of their own painting.

Again he holds a sidewalk sale of shrubbery, grass seed, plants, flowers and the necessary complementary equipment of clippers, lawn mowers, hoses, rollers, hoes, rakes, and so on. One hundred dollars in sidewalk sales in one evening is nothing unusual. Home owners are interested in lawns and gardens. He knows this and he turns his knowledge into nice cash dividends by capitalizing his environment of home owners.

Again the setting changes, this time to a department store in the aforementioned city, the proverbial stone's throw from a busy corner. This intersection, one of the liveliest and most colorful in the city, marks the center of a great Polish business section.

For years the business was a shoe shop. Gradually new lines were added because of demand. Today it is a full-fledged department store. With the years, a physical change has also come over the establishment. Formerly the store front came out flush with the sidewalk. Now it has an ultra-modern arcade entrance. Then the owners deliberately set out to make their show windows the brightest in the city. They installed 130 150-watt units, a total lighting power of 19,500 watts! They switched on the new lights—and they were disappointed! The ensemble was taken out and in its place were set 109 500-watt lamps, or 54,500 watts of window illumination! The heat from the new lighting layout was so intense—93 degrees—that merchandise on display in the windows faded. They had to build in a grilled subceiling to absorb the heat! But it is the brightest silent salesman in the entire city.

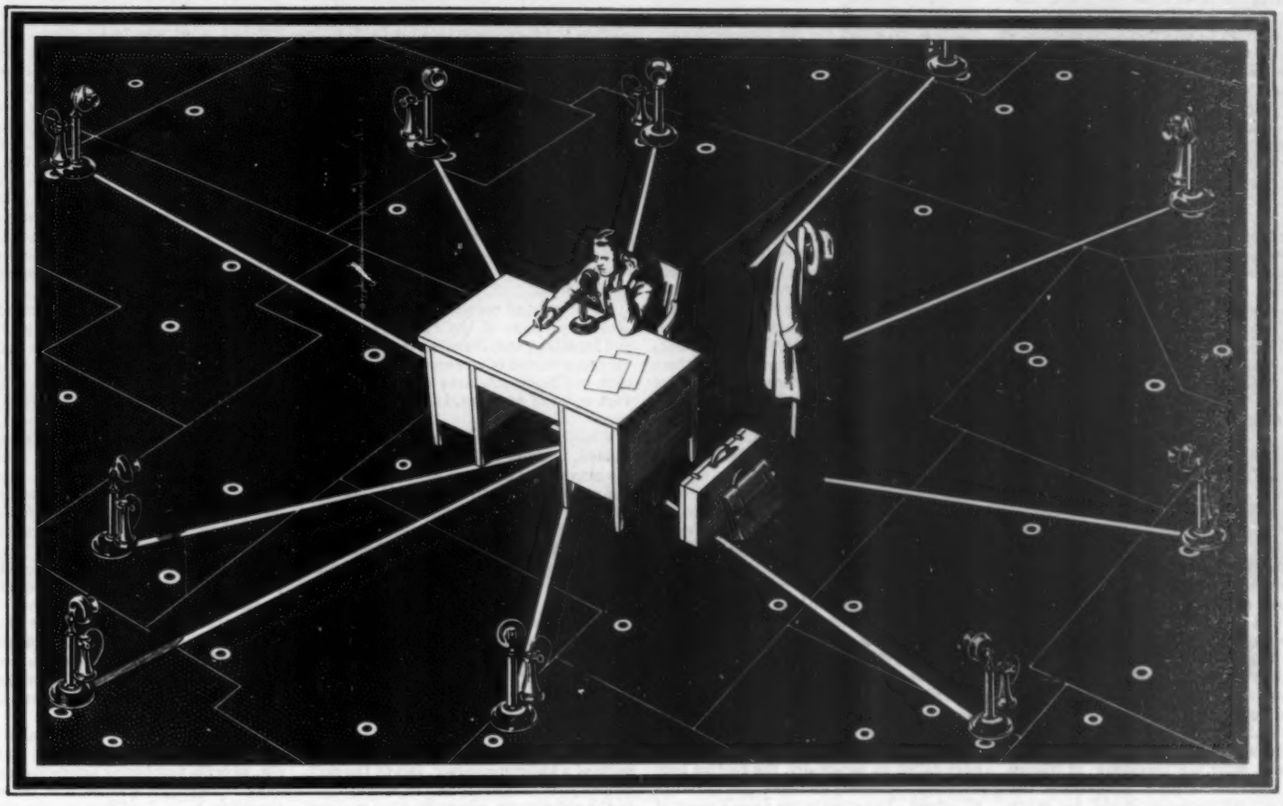
Even in a brilliantly illuminated location the store now stands out as a solar system. It is cashing in on illumination to catch the eyes of the Polish people—both by day and by night, for the lights are kept blazing at full intensity throughout the day.

Lastly, the locale changes to a near-by city where twenty years ago a young restaurateur took charge of an establishment that seated 96 persons and yielded a gross annual income of $7000. Today his restaurant is housed in a two-story, handsome yellow-brick structure, seating 400 diners and grossing $125,000 annually. And again the answer is largely cashing in on environment. The proprietor saw that his location was in a city where a large number of tourists come each year. He realized that a vast proportion of his trade must be transient. And so he set out to cater to it and to capitalize on it.

With so many visitors yearly, hotels in that city cannot begin to cope with the crowds. There are more than 350 boarding houses and tourists' hotels. In each of these lodging houses he has left hundreds of his calling cards. Each card has a small rectangular blank space with the caption "Recommended by ——" at the top. The boarding-house keepers fill in their names as recommenders of the restaurant and pass them out to their roomers. He distributes 100,000 cards every year—each year a different color—at a cost of $150. Each year they bring in on an average of 60,000 meals with an average check of fifty cents, or $30,000 business. That's cashing in on the transient tourist.

—JOHN WINTERS FLEMING.

They Cover their Territory twice as often by Telephoning from Key Towns



A MANUFACTURING COMPANY, marketing its product nationally, was faced with serious competition. Its salesmen could visit customers only at intervals of several months. They could give little time to developing new prospects. Regional mills and other competitors were making deep inroads into its business.

A Key Town Plan of telephoning was presented to this company and adopted. Its use enables the salesmen to cover their territory at least twice as often, at proportionately lower cost. The Key Town Plan is used by many business firms to meet modern conditions. Under this method, the representative goes to the key cities in person. From these he conducts his business in the surrounding area by telephone, buying and selling goods, building good-will, answering questions, adjusting complaints, quoting prices or specifications.

In this way he can cover territory far more quickly. Many business men alternate personal visits with telephone calls, visiting certain cities on one trip and telephoning nearby ones, and reversing the procedure the next.

There is now in effect a further reduction in various long distance rates, saving telephone users of the United States more than $5,000,000 a year. This is the fourth reduction within little more than three years. It is part of the fundamental policy of the Bell System, which is to provide the best possible telephone service at the least cost to the public. Out of town calls are *Quick . . . Easy . . . More economical than ever.*

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES — BELL SYSTEM

PLEASURES AND PITFALLS OF DIPLOMACY

(Continued from Page 15)

housekeepers, but it is more or less pretense on my part, for to every protest about prices which seem exorbitant, he answers in his almost incomprehensible Neapolitan dialect, "Your Excellencies do not want inferior food. The best is very costly, though I do my best to economize." Then I see the butler and tell him the daily program. After that, endless notes to answer, for no one uses the telephone if they can avoid it, personal correspondence, an Italian lesson, shopping—I buy all the flowers, and there are constantly other purchases to be made—and we usually have guests for luncheon, unless we are going out. In the afternoon we try to find time for tennis at the Circolo Roma, or for a walk, before going somewhere to tea or having people here.

In addition to all other entertaining, we have had all the members of embassy and their families to dinner, the consul-general, the head of the American Academy, and various personal friends who either live in Rome or are visiting here. The only chance I have to read and to see the children uninterruptedly is in the period before dressing for dinner, which is usually at half-past eight.

December 2.

Our first large reception, on Thanksgiving Day, produced about four hundred Americans—residents, tourists and wives of Italians. All the embassy staff came early, and we organized a plan of campaign by which the various secretaries and attachés posted themselves in the three large rooms, which open into each other, to keep the crowd circulating and make sure they found their way to the long tables containing the chef's efforts in the way of worthy refreshments.

This afternoon the Dutch Minister and his wife, Madame van Royen, who is a charming American, came in, as well as the Chilean Minister and Madame Villegas, various Italians and members of the French Embassy.

Last night we had a small dinner including the new British Ambassador, Sir Ronald Graham, and Lady Sybil, who is handsome and distinguished and young. Sir Ronald has not yet presented his credentials to the King, so they decided not to go on with the rest of us to the wedding of the daughter of the Spanish ambassador to a Sicilian noble.

The embassy, in the Palazzo Barberini, provided a magnificent background for the elaborate marriage ceremony at eleven, which was interrupted at one point so that flash-light photographs could be taken. Afterwards we met all official and social Rome.

The other evening Mr. and Mrs. Iddings, who are delightful members of the American colony, gave a dinner for us, where we met the French Ambassador and Madame Barrère, as well as other diplomats. Madame Barrère, who is the *doyenné* of the corps, told me not to wait longer before calling on her, so Dick and I went yesterday to see her at the superb Palazzo Farnese. According to convention, I should not have done so until after my audience with the Queen, which, by a note received from one of her ladies in waiting, has been fixed for the day after tomorrow.

December 5.

Yesterday afternoon, a few minutes before three, Dick and I arrived at the Quirinale, he wearing a frock coat for the first time in years—morning coats are not permissible at court—and I in a black velvet afternoon dress and wide hat.

The impressive, tall guards at the entrance instructed the chauffeur to drive across the inner cobblestoned court around which the palace is built. At the door to the far wing gorgeously attired footmen escorted us to the second floor in a small elevator upholstered in crimson silk, then through two salons into a smaller one, where a lady in waiting met us. I asked for instructions, and was told to remove my right glove, and, when I reached the Queen, after curtsying at the door, again when halfway to her, and finally, just as I met her, to kiss her hand.

An official announced that Her Majesty would see us, and the doors were opened into a charming, sunny, yellow-and-gold room, in the center of which stood the Queen, dressed in black satin with beautiful pearls. When I reached her, after spacing the prescribed curtsies as well as I could, she took my ungloved hand in such a way that to my relief it was impossible to attempt the instruction in regard to kissing hers. After she had shaken hands with Dick we all sat down and for perhaps half an hour talked of various subjects, including the care of children in the Roman climate, about which she has modern ideas.

I was surprised to find her so handsome and so young in appearance. Her hair is black, very well dressed; her eyes large, brown and kindly. Her manner was completely simple, with a slight touch of self-consciousness which is rather endearing.

We waited for the cue for our dismissal and recognized it in her phrase: "I hope you will enjoy your stay in Rome." As she rose we shook hands again; then I started the first of my curtsies before backing out of the room, which is none too easy. But tactfully she turned away, so that we could remove ourselves in any way we saw fit.

Later in the afternoon we called by appointment on the Belgian Ambassador and Countess van den Steen de Jehay, as he ranks next to Barrère, and one has to make these formal visits in proper turn. The place of each ambassador is determined by the length of time he has represented his country at the particular capital he is in. As the newest arrivals, we were at the end of the line until Sir Ronald and Lady Sybil came.

Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Gay, who live next to us in the Orsini, gave a most enjoyable dinner for us last night, where we met a number of distinguished Italians as well as other diplomats.

December 28.

Such a hectic month! It's been all I can do to keep my engagement book posted, without adding details in my diary. A great many pleasant parties given for us, and every day one or more parties here. My prescribed calls are all finished; for, with the exception of Marchesa della Torretta, wife of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and the ranking ambassadresses, all of whom I have called on personally, the custom is to have my cards sent by messenger to return all others. I've gone to see a great many of my friends and have made a particular point of seeing all the older members of our colony.

Yesterday afternoon the Queen Mother received me alone. After I had made the prescribed formal entrance, she asked me to sit on the sofa beside her, dismissed the lady in waiting, and talked to me with the rare charm for which she is famous.

When she, too, said, "I hope you will enjoy your stay in Rome," I rose, and she kissed my cheek, following a custom by which diplomats are considered courtesy cousins of royalty.

Christmas was one of the pleasantest I've ever known, largely because the children, who will be two and four in the spring, enjoyed it so exuberantly. After the tree and presents, we had a quiet luncheon to which we asked some old friends who are staying in Rome, and went later to Captain Hasbrouck's—the naval attaché. In the evening we had more than fifty guests for dinner, including all the embassy and Admiral and Mrs. Niblack, for whom we gave a luncheon of sixteen the day before. Despite the size of the dinner, it was completely informal and ended late in the evening with all of us gathered around the piano, singing lustily.

On the twenty-second we dined in state at the French Embassy—our first diplomatic dinner, and a splendid one. There were thirty or more guests at the beautifully appointed table, and a long menu which fulfilled the best tradition of our host's country. The ambassador took me in, and Lady Sybil sat on his other side.

As ranking guest, I had of course to leave first, but after two months of practice I have now an almost instinctive feeling when half-past ten has arrived, and for formal occasions this seems the most discreet moment to start one's round of good nights.

January 2.

After so many late parties, including a very gay New Year's Eve ball at the Excelsior, we decided that an hour or two in the country would be pleasant, so we motored this morning out the Via Appia to see the start of the most important fox hunt of the season. There were more than a hundred riders—including half a dozen women—and with the pink coats and uniforms of the cavalry officers against the clear blue sky of the campagna, it was as picturesque as we had been told it would be, and the unusual height of the stone walls over which they took their first jump as dangerous as tradition makes it.

This afternoon at 4:30 in our most formal afternoon clothes, we arrived at the royal palace, where the King and Queen gave their New Year's reception for the diplomatic corps.

Inside a large reception room we found all the members of the various embassies and legations, and Duke Borea d'Olmo, the very nice master of ceremonies, who told us that the representatives of each country were to go in together, in order of precedence.

When it was our turn, two doors were opened, through one of which Dick and all the men of our embassy filed, and through the other I led their wives. We entered, with the inevitable curtsies, an enormous tapestry-hung room, in the center of which stood the King and Queen, with eight or ten ladies in waiting in a semicircle behind them. The Queen, in a mauve satin afternoon dress, shook hands with me, and I then presented in turn each woman. At the same time the King was duplicating this performance on the other side of the room. Then the King and Queen changed places; he spoke to me and she to Dick, after which they resumed their original positions, told us good-by, and the two rows backed out. It had all the aspects of a ballet maneuver, except the skill, and we were relieved to find ourselves again in the outer room, where we were escorted to the tea table. The ceremony was less formal when we went on to the palace of the Queen Mother, who looked impressively regal in black, with magnificent diamonds.

Last week we gave an evening party in honor of General Diaz, who has just returned from a visit to the United States. There were a hundred or more guests, including the Minister of Foreign Affairs and his wife, the president of the Senate, a good many Italian officials, and Americans of the permanent colony. After everyone had arrived we went into the ballroom, where, on an improvised screen, was shown a short moving picture taken during Diaz's American trip. As he is a great national hero, the guests were delighted to witness the warm reception he had received in our country. Afterwards we had a buffet supper and altogether it seemed to me very pleasant.

January 20.

In giving our first strictly official dinner last night, we inadvertently ran into the most bitterly controversial question of precedence in Rome. We planned the party in honor of General Allen, who with a hundred splendid American troops came down from Coblenz two days ago to place the Congressional Medal on the tomb of the unknown soldier.

The first guest we would ordinarily have invited would have been General Diaz, who is the head of the army, but as his brother has just died, we knew he was not going out. Therefore we decided on a diplomatic dinner. We asked the Minister of Foreign Affairs, but he telegraphed from the conference at Cannes that he would be unable to come. The French and British ambassadors and their wives accepted, as did the Minister of War and high officials in the army and navy, and other diplomats.

The domestic details were then worked out; after the chef and I had decided upon seven courses we trusted would be satisfactory, they were listed on individual menu cards with an embossed gold eagle at the top, but translated into understandable French, lest the Neapolitan's eccentric spelling might cause the inquisitive to wonder just what was to be offered them. I ordered dozens of red roses, which had to be sent from the Riviera, as the local ones fade so quickly, engaged extra servants, and a plan was made of the seating, to be placed in the entrance hall beside the envelopes in which each man would find the name of the woman he was to take in to dinner.

However, a formal acceptance from the Minister of Foreign Affairs, who had returned unexpectedly to Rome, caused this seating to be rearranged, and the diagram was shifted, so that he was placed at my right, and the French Ambassador changed to my left.

This was a simple readjustment, but shortly afterwards we learned that Diaz was to make an exception in his period of mourning as a tribute to General Allen, and had issued invitations to a dinner of men in his honor. Of course we promptly asked him and his wife, and it was consequently necessary to ask the head of the navy, Admiral Thaon di Revel, and the Countess. When their acceptances came we innocently congratulated ourselves upon annexing four of the most attractive people in Rome, and started a fresh diagram of the table.

It was then that we learned of the impossibility of seating our numerous distinguished guests in a way that would please them all. The mere fact that important men such as Sir Ronald and the Dutch Minister would come too near the foot of the table was of no consequence compared with the major problem of who were the ranking guests.

Both General Diaz and Admiral di Revel are members of the Collar of the Annunziata, an order numbering among its members many European royalties, and bestowing, according to Italian custom, the right to precede the Minister of Foreign Affairs, ambassadors, and everyone, in fact, except the royal family itself. But this ruling has never been accepted by Barrère, the dean of the diplomatic corps, and has been the subject of so much dispute that not willingly would we have brought it up.

We did the only thing we could do—sent the list to the protocol department of the Foreign Office and asked them to seat the table. We placed the cards around the long table according to their ruling. General Diaz sat at my right; Admiral di Revel at my left; the Minister of Foreign Affairs, third; and Barrère, fourth.

Yesterday the King asked General Allen, his officers, and Dick to luncheon at the palace. Dick took in the Queen, at whose left he sat. On her right was the young Crown Prince, Umberto, who, Dick says, is not only good-looking but very attractive. I've only seen him at a distance, as none of the royal children go to parties other than an occasional small gathering at the homes of one of the court officials.

Last week, at an amusing dinner before a fancy dress ball, we met Umberto's handsome cousin, the Duke di Spoleto, who is not yet twenty-two, and seems to prefer the rather casual way he is treated by the younger American set to the formality by which the Italians remind him he is royalty.

(Continued on Page 70)

Showing the World...

Something New in Performance

From a standing start at the foot of this 50 per cent grade, the Six-Speed Special takes a capacity load to the top, backs half-way down, and then goes up again.

The celebrated Six-Speed Special has shown the world something new. It has become a remarkable best-seller among trucks through its outstanding performance. The better a man knows trucks the more enthusiastic he is when this sturdy International does its stuff before him. The fifty per cent grade shown in the picture above is easy for the Six-Speed Special. We want an opportunity to translate this performance into your toughest going under heavy loads.

The Six-Speed Special is the original heavy-duty speed truck with two complete power ranges. It has a low range for the most difficult roads, for plowed fields, sticky gumbo, and steep hills, and a high range for speed on the highway. It has sturdy members throughout, good looks, and 4-wheel brakes. It runs and steers and stops to just about perfection. There are bodies for all types of loads. Ask us to give you a demonstration.

In addition to the Six-Speed Special the International line includes the Special Delivery for loads up to ¾-ton; 4 and 6-cylinder Speed Trucks of 1¼, 1½ and 2-ton sizes; Heavy-Duty Trucks ranging from 2½-ton to 5-ton sizes; Motor Coaches, and McCormick-Deering Industrial Tractors. Sold and Serviced by 176 Company-owned Branches in the United States and Canada, and dealers everywhere.

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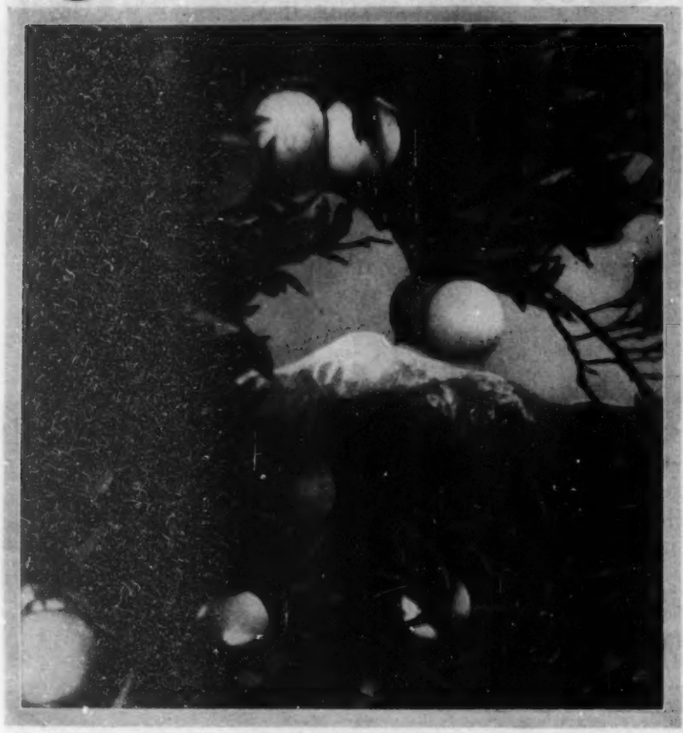

An often-repeated picture in Southern California's Orange Empire

HERE'S a winter vacation thriller! Only in Southern California at this season can you look upon such a contrasting sight . . . thousands of acres of ripening oranges and valleys aflame with flowers *protected from cold by mile-high snow-capped mountains!* You'll agree it's a picture worth the relaxation of a trans-continental speed trip!

"Winter," as you enjoy it in semi-tropic valleys, has no relation to the winter you can see on the mountain tops. Everywhere about you . . . in gardens, along beaches, motoring to Old Spanish Missions . . . it is like the mild spring days at home. Just now "winter" (that is only a name) is blending into spring . . . longer sunshine, more song birds, greater abundance of flowers.

And, this too, is the season when the desert bursts into bloom . . . a flame of flowers . . . an unforgettable picture. It's a great experience to hang up your hat at Palm Springs, or at Stovepipe Wells or Furnace Creek at Death Valley.

Every vacation hour here pays a dividend. Out of doors in the warm, energizing sunshine as soon as you are afoot! Golf on *always*-green courses...hill saddle trails...beach sun baths...polo matches in the afternoon sunshine! Old Mexico, (with Agua Caliente for a bit of colorful gaiety) just a few hours away! Night, as well as day, entertainment is unending. Los Angeles and Hollywood . . . screen stars and movies, metropolitan hotels, cafes, theatres.

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(Continued from Page 68)

January 25.

The death of the Pope three days ago has temporarily canceled all formal social activities, even for those of us who are not Catholics. Everyone seems relieved at the brief respite from large parties, and all conversation centers around the election of a new Pope.

Dick and I dined quietly with Sir Ronald and Lady Sybil. She has redecorated, with excellent taste, the British Embassy, which is a commodious modern villa with a lovely big garden.

As usual when we are alone, we drifted into what might be called shop talk, and I learned that one of her duties, which I am glad not to share, is the obligation to ask distinguished English visitors to Rome to stay with them. As their government provides the embassy, with its many bedrooms, numerous servants and every equipment for entertaining, it is difficult not to extend this hospitality.

March 3.

The season has rushed to a mad climax and everyone is exhausted. We have given innumerable parties and gone out to so many that I feel as if the greatest boon a kind Providence could grant would be an uninterrupted hour of leisure.

Our largest dinners were on the twenty-seventh and twenty-eighth. To the first one we asked Cardinal O'Connell of Boston, and a number of Romans who belong to the Black set, in contradistinction to the Whites, whose adherence is to the court, as well as certain old American friends of the Cardinal. The women wore their handsomest gowns and jewels, and I've never seen such sweeping curtsies as they made to him.

The next night we had a diplomatic dinner, with the Spanish Ambassador as ranking guest, the Chilean and Swiss Ministers and their wives, two of the Queen's ladies in waiting, and a dozen others. Afterwards about two hundred people came in to dance or play bridge.

But the preparations for these parties, which went off very well, and for all the other dinners and luncheons and receptions we gave during February, were easily made, compared to the difficulty of answering the demands made for additional invitations to the dance.

Our ballroom is not large, and by the time we had listed the diplomatic corps, the Italians attached to the court or foreign office, and various residents, both Americans and Romans, who have entertained us, we had more people than we could comfortably manage. Yet for days the telephone has been ringing, notes have been arriving marked "urgent," and everywhere I've gone I've been besieged by people who want us to ask some of their friends—often people we have never met. Some of the notes have inclosed lists of at least ten names!

On the twenty-first we had a dinner before the ball at the Grand Hotel given for the benefit of the Anglo-American Nursing Home, which Lady Sybil and I, as the head of the hospital committee, organized. It was a great success, especially as two Italian gentlemen slapped each other's faces at the entrance to the ballroom, and promptly chose seconds, who arranged a duel. Certainly everyone who saw this encounter felt his ticket had been purchased cheaply, and it was probably a good advertisement for our hospital. The actual encounter the next day was an anticlimax, as the only damage done was a slight wound in the arm of one of them.

There have been a number of formal dinners and balls at the various embassies and legations, which, with the beginning of Lent, have stopped, but the smaller parties go on forever. However, we have fulfilled all our immediate obligations and are looking forward to going next week to Amalfi and Sorrento for a few days' rest—the first since we arrived.

March 19.

Our holiday was so perfect that it's proved a disaster! For when we came back and found the mountain of invitations, letters of introduction, and cards which had accumulated, I found it almost unbearably difficult to get back into the old routine. The sight of a teacup or the mere thought of a curtsy fills me with horror.

It is not only the work involved in catching up but, more important, so much of it seems futile. Up to this time, it's come on gradually and has at least had the charm of novelty. But after a peaceful interlude during which we jogged along the Italian coast in a horse-drawn carriage, and disposed of our time according to our own inclinations, the gestures of a prescribed formal life seem empty, and certainly not worth the continuous strain.

In the week that has elapsed since our return we've given several luncheons, dinners, the inevitable teas, and have gone out a great deal.

Among things which I have enjoyed was the concert given by Albert Spalding, the young American violinist, at the Augusteo the other afternoon. This was a real pleasure, and the enthusiasm of the audience, a delight. Not only do the Italians appreciate him as a musician but as he joined their army during the war, he received a double ovation.

At one of the most splendid large dinners, given for us by Miss Kemp, a famous American hostess of Rome, I sat next to General Diaz, whom I like increasingly. The chair on my other side was vacant, as it had been left for Prince Gelasio Caetani, one of the most distinguished Romans, who is a member of the Senate and was kept there by a late meeting. It seemed more like Washington, for here politics are rarely brought into social life.

April 6.

For the past three weeks Dick has had to do all the entertaining for us, as I've been ill. But everyone has been so kind, the English nurse from the Anglo-American Hospital pleasantly efficient, and my room and the balcony beyond so lovely that after the first few days of discomfort it proved a period of peacefulness and tranquillity.

I had no particular regrets at missing most of the dinners and luncheons I had planned to attend, and I'm sure I got to know better the many friends who came to see me quietly, than if I'd encountered them at formal parties, but it was disappointing to miss seeing the King and Queen of the Belgians.

Their visit to the Italian royalty was the occasion for the first diplomatic dinner at the palace. Dick said it was beautifully done. In addition to the members of the two royal families, the ambassadors and ministers and their wives were present. Afterward the men were presented to the King by the Belgian Ambassador, and the women, in their most splendid gowns and jewels, were taken up to the Queen by the Countess van den Steen de Jehay.

Dick talked for some time to Queen Elisabeth, who asked which one I was among the many women, and having learned that I was not present, had a member of her suite telephone early the next morning to express her regret at not having seen me, and her hope that I would soon be entirely recovered.

The servant at our end who took the message, rolled it off to me as impressively as if the Queen herself were present, and I must say it's the only telephone communication he's ever repeated accurately. In the afternoon, in the same vicariously important manner, he brought in a silver tray containing a small visiting card engraved: Le Roi des Belges. Apparently it is the custom for kings to send cards to ambassadresses, but I had never realized before that they, too, were involved in this pasteboard régime.

Now I am about to leave with Dick for Genoa. He has been appointed unofficial observer at the economic conference there, and I am looking forward eagerly to my first glimpse of an international gathering.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Maude Parker. The second will appear in an early issue.

THE GREATER BEAUTY, comfort and durability of Fisher Bodies have always and quite properly been emphasized, but the really vital thing about them—today more than ever in the past—is that they give a car greater value. That value arises from the superior quality which extends throughout every Fisher Body and reveals itself more and more convincingly with every passing month of use. Long after lesser strength of construction and goodness of materials would have developed many defects, the Fisher Body is certain to retain its beauty, its comfort, its weather-tightness, its sturdy structure. These advantages are made all the more desirable by reason of the fact that the cars of which Fisher Bodies form so important a part, are the leaders of their price fields. General Motors cars—and these cars only—bring the motor car buyer the benefits of Body by Fisher. This joining of a higher-value body with a higher-value chassis completes a car of so much greater value, that to most buyers it will seem obviously futile to seek its equal anywhere but in a higher price field.

GENERAL MOTORS

WHO'S GOT THE BABY?

(Continued from Page 7)

heavier than you were when I met you," she said. "I wouldn't be surprised if you were thirty pounds heavier."

"I'm nothing of the sort," Tim said.

"I'd like to see what going on a diet would do for you," Emily said. "I'll bet you could lose twenty-five pounds in three months."

Tim managed to change the subject. But that evening, as they were passing the corner drug store on their way home, Emily stopped short.

"Let's go in and see how much you weigh," she suggested.

He weighed, according to the penny-in-the-slot scale in the drug store, two hundred and forty pounds.

She didn't say I told you so. She didn't say anything. She waited for him to say something.

"You can't diet when you eat in restaurants," he said. "It costs too much."

"That's true," Emily admitted. "Hereafter we'll have all our meals at home—except lunches. If you could go without lunch altogether ——"

They walked home in pained silence. She took so much trouble, engaging a full-time maid and planning meals scientifically out of a book, that he could not do less than accept the diet. He had to give up bread and butter and waffles and maple sirup and potatoes and desserts. He had to live on black coffee and stewed tomatoes and broiled beefsteak.

It made him cross. But he lost weight. In three months he had lost twenty-five pounds. He was annoyed that Emily should have called the turn so exactly. But he had to grin. He was glad to be back at the weight at which he'd played tackle.

II

EMILY'S place at Green's got increasingly difficult. The vice president, who had hired her, was at war with the general manager. Emily's job was a stake in the struggle between them. Emily foresaw that she would have to resign or be fired. She began to look around for another job. But none of the other department stores in Boston was ready for a woman efficiency expert.

In January she got an offer from Ward & Wister in New York. She called up Tim and they met for lunch. She handed him the letter.

He sat studying the letter. Ward & Wister offered her six thousand a year and a much wider scope. He wondered why it was that she got offers from rival firms while he did not. He had found it harder to sell printing in Boston than it had been in Chicago. He'd been working hard. He'd been learning about printing. But he wasn't earning much more than half as much money as Emily was; and nobody had tried to take him away from his present employers.

"What do you think?" she asked.

"I think it's marvelous to get such an offer," he said.

"Ward & Wister's is one of the best department stores in New York," Emily said. "They're old and well-established and lately they've been waking up. They've got a new president who's making things happen."

"Are you sure things aren't going to work out at Green's?" Tim asked. He hated to quit his job in Boston when he was beginning to know something about it and start all over again in New York. But he could hardly stand in Emily's way.

"My guess is that the general manager is going to win at Green's," Emily said. "And when he does—out I go. My only chance is to play office politics. And I won't do that. I can't throw down the man who hired me."

"No," Tim said, "you can't do that."

Tim braced himself the next morning to speak to the senior partner of his own firm. He was a round, bald, blond man with a pleasant, solid face. Tim liked him. That made it harder.

"Mr. Johnson," Tim said, "I'm leaving."

Mr. Johnson turned farther around in his chair and looked at Tim over the top of his spectacles.

"What's the trouble?" he asked. "Somebody been riding you?"

Tim shook his head. "Not at all," he said.

Mr. Johnson gave him a shrewd glance. "Have you got a better job in view somewhere else?"

"No," Tim said uncomfortably. He couldn't tell Mr. Johnson that he was leaving because his wife had a better job in New York and his own job was too unimportant to matter. "I just feel that I'd be wise to go down to New York. I know a good many people in New York. I don't know anybody in Boston."

Mr. Johnson nodded. "I can understand your feeling that way. Especially as you're still in the hard stage. You know that the first six months are the hardest, don't you?"

"Yes," Tim admitted.

"You've hardly been in Boston long enough to know your way around. You've been doing very well, considering. You've done better'n I expected you would. Seems to me as if you're quitting too soon."

He waited for Tim to speak. Tim said nothing.

"It's up to you," Mr. Johnson continued. "But if I were you I'd stick it out a while longer. You might like Boston in time. I do."

"I'm sorry," Tim said. "I think I'd better go to New York."

He went out feeling very small.

When he got home that night Emily was triumphant. Her resignation had precipitated a show-down between the vice president and the general manager. Before the day was over they had both come in to her office and asked her to stay.

"Would you believe it," Emily cried, "that man"—she meant the general manager—"actually admitted that he'd been prejudiced against me because I was a woman? But he said he had to admit that I'd made good, and if I'd stay he could assure me he would give my ideas more consideration in future."

"Fine," Tim said.

He did not go into any detail about his own resignation.

III

EMILY went to work the first morning they were in New York. Tim hunted an apartment. He found one that first day within walking distance of Ward & Wister's. But he had a hard time finding a job. He did know a great many men in New York, thanks to his playing with one of Princeton's more famous teams. But no one he knew was in the printing business.

Emily saw how hard hunting a job and not finding one was for him. She urged him to try something else. He had two or three chances to sell bonds.

"After all," Emily said, "selling is selling. What difference does it make?"

"I sort of like the printing business," Tim said.

Emily was instantly appreciative of how he felt. "You're right to stick to it then," she said. "You're absolutely right."

She crossed the room and sat on his knee and rumpled his hair. "Don't you care," she said, "if it does take time to land a job. We're in no danger of going hungry."

Tim put his arm around her. She snuggled into his arm. She hadn't, apparently, the slightest feeling that he had failed her as a husband—that he oughtn't to be out of a job.

"This man Gresham," Emily said, "is one grand boss." She went on to tell Tim about her day. Gresham was the new president of Ward & Wister's. He was determined that Ward & Wister should have a stock of antique furniture and an interior decorating department equal to any in New York. Emily's first task was to study all the important shops in the field and make daily reports on what she found.

"And that," Emily said, "is the only sound way to go about it. Once we really know what's being done we'll be in a position to develop a few ideas of our own."

Emily enjoyed studying shops. She even enjoyed writing her reports.

"You know," she said to Tim, "business reports are usually so dull. I decided to take a chance and dictate the first one just the way I'd talk it. I watched Mr. Gresham read it. He began to grin halfway through the first paragraph. He kept right on grinning and nodding. He was delighted."

Tim had reached the point when the natural and simple thing would have been to borrow money of Emily. He had only a couple dollars left with which to buy cigarettes and pay Subway fares and make telephone calls. But he did not borrow of her. Instead, he hunted up an old Princeton friend. And the old Princeton friend not only had fifty dollars but an acquaintance who knew somebody in the printing business. Tim got his job the first of March after six weeks of hunting.

Ward & Wister's new departments of interior decorating and antique furniture were opened after Easter to the accompaniment of full-page advertisements in all the better New York newspapers. Mr. Gresham called Emily in and told her how well pleased he was with her work. Some day they were going to reorganize their advertising department. If she kept on going as she'd been going they'd make a bigger and better job for her.

"I almost cried," she said to Tim that night at dinner. She paused and looked at him. "I had to tell him the truth."

"You told Gresham!" Tim exclaimed. He smiled at her. He had to smile at her. She was already looking a little rounder and more feminine. She was looking extraordinarily well.

"I just blurted it out," Emily said. "I said, 'I'm going to have a baby.' He was so nice about it. He actually said he hoped I'd come back afterward."

"I should think he might."

"Oh," Emily said, "you don't realize how unusual Gresham's attitude is. Most executives would have been furious. Think how much trouble they have with women quitting their jobs. It happens over and over again. They train a woman until she's really valuable to them and she up and marries some man and goes off to St. Louis. Or if she's married already she up and has a baby. And they have to start all over again training somebody else. That's why so many organizations draw the line at giving a good job to a woman."

Tim reflected that they might well draw the line on men whose wives had better jobs than they had. He had quit his job twice in the last year to follow Emily to another city. But he did not remind her of that. He was too deeply pleased that she wanted the baby even if having a baby did temporarily prevent her from having a bigger and better job at Ward & Wister's.

"How long are you going to go on working?" Tim asked.

"Till June at least," Emily said. "Do you know what I'd like—I'd like to move to the country. Would you mind commuting?"

"Of course I wouldn't mind commuting. I'd do anything if we could have a house. Not an apartment—a house."

Emily smiled at him. "You weren't ever intended for life in a New York apartment, darling. You're much too big. You put the whole place out of scale."

They found a furnished house near the shore in Connecticut. It was not large or convenient or well-furnished, but it was a house, with a yard and a bit of hedge and borders along the walk where there had once been flowers. They moved out in May and acquired a maid of all work. Tim spent a long Saturday afternoon digging up the old flower beds. Emily planted them to zinnias and petunias and sweet alyssum.

Emily quit her job the middle of June. Tim came home in the end of her first day at home to find the house in the greatest disorder. A large woman with a mop and a pail blocked the front hall. The curtains had been taken down, leaving all the windows singularly naked. The living-room furniture had been brought out into the middle of the room. He found Emily in the kitchen teaching the maid of all work that vegetables must be cooked briefly.

"Good Lord," Tim said, "what's up?"

"Oh," Emily cried, "this place was positively filthy. I'm trying to get it clean. And after dinner I want you to shove furniture around—it's all in the wrong places."

Tim grinned. This was a new side of Emily. Hitherto she had seemed not to be aware of furniture. She had accepted the places they had lived in as one accepts a hotel room. Now she was indulging herself in the ancient female rite of housecleaning.

After dinner Tim shifted furniture for two hours.

"I ought to be able to tell without trying out everything," Emily said. "But I can't. I suppose I ought to make a floor plan and measure everything and work it out on paper the way professionals do."

"You mean you want me to shift some more?" Tim asked. He was still grinning.

"It's getting awfully late," Emily said, "but if you don't mind ——"

"I was built for a furniture mover," Tim said happily.

Tim was shocked to discover how satisfying it was to leave Emily at home and take the 8:10 train for town; and to come back in the evening to a wife who had apparently forgotten that the world of business existed and who talked not about gross sales and overhead and turnover but about how much the zinnias had grown. He met a Princeton man he knew on the train. The Princeton man brought his wife to call. After that there was usually bridge of a Saturday night, followed by a leisurely Sunday breakfast and a long, slow afternoon on the beach and winding up with supper somewhere in the neighborhood. In September, two days before the baby was born, Tim got his first raise.

Tim sat beside Emily's bed in the hospital. Emily was pale but triumphant. The baby was a boy and weighed nine pounds.

"What'll we call him?" Tim asked.

"What'll we call him?" Emily cried. "I'm going to name him after you, of course. What do you suppose?"

She had read everything authoritative that she could find about the feeding and care of infants. She insisted on nursing the baby. She insisted on everything that was best for the baby. Her life revolved around the baby so exclusively that Tim wondered if she'd ever go back to being an efficiency expert in a department store. They decided to stay in the country all winter.

Emily surprised him the moment the baby was weaned. She got in a nurse and when, after a week, she was sure that the nurse knew her business she announced that she was going in to see Mr. Gresham. She took the 8:10 train with Tim. She was elated at the prospect of going back to work. What could one do with a woman who really loved to work in a department store?

When he got home that night Emily was pacing the floor. She was so upset that he thought something must have happened to the baby.

"What's the matter?" he asked sharply, as one does when anxious.

"Gresham," she said. "Do you know what he did? He asked me to come back in six months. He's got somebody in my

(Continued on Page 74)

On top – where it belongs

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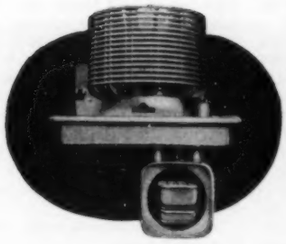

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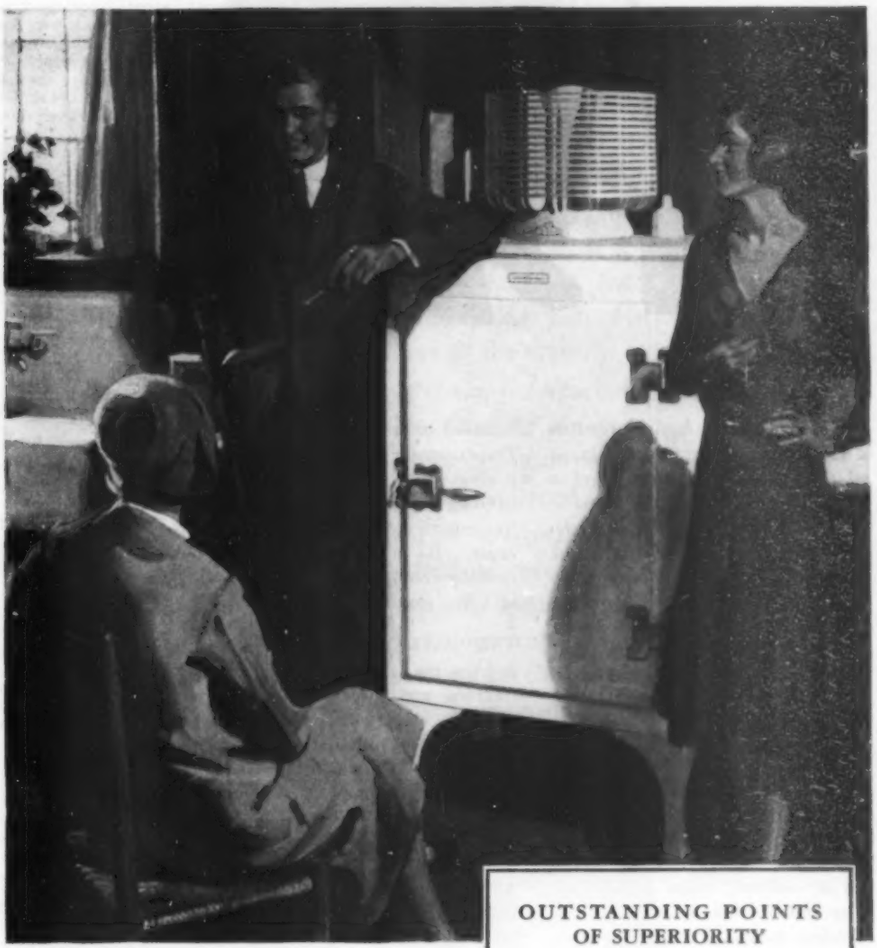

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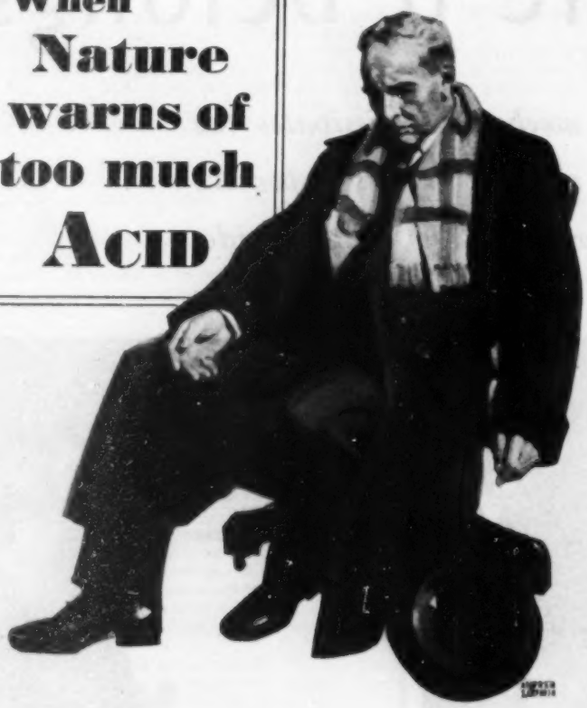
GENERAL ELECTRIC

ALL-STEEL REFRIGERATOR

When Nature warns of too much ACID



AUTHORITIES have warned us so often that nowadays almost all people know the dangers of a diet too rich in acid-producing foods. Dietary experts say the ideal menu would consist of about three-fourths fruits and vegetables—the alkaline producers—to one-fourth of those which produce acids; the meats, sweets, cereals. But knowing this, how many can avoid an occasional touch of over-acidity?

Of course, when pain and sourness about two hours after eating, heartburn, headaches, gas or nausea, warn of too much acid, we can diet our way out of the trouble. But that takes time. And there's no use of suffering when Nature has provided in magnesia a quick, harmless means of relief. Doctors the world over are united in favor of just one form of magnesia. For fifty years, they have prescribed Phillips Milk of Magnesia. It's an almost tasteless, milk-white liquid; magnesia *in perfect colloidal suspension*. It is in the form pronounced most effective by the U. S. Dispensatory. Just a spoonful in a glass of water and every trace of over-acidity soon disappears. In five minutes you are smiling, happy again. Its action is thorough, yet nothing could be more soothing to an ailing stomach.

This perfect anti-acid has also gentle laxative properties. It cleanses and sweetens the entire digestive tract without any of the disturbance common to stronger cathartics. It has many important uses in any household. Complete directions worth your reading, come with every package.

All druggists have the 25c and 50c bottles. The genuine prescriptional product, with 50 years' experience behind it, is always marked with the name *Phillips*. In conjunction with this ideal anti-acid, dentists have persuaded many to use only Phillips Dental Magnesia; a toothpaste that guards against acid mouth.

(Continued from Page 72)

place. And he's not ready to make a new job for me."

"Well," Tim said soothingly, "six months isn't so long. What difference does six months make?"

"When I've been out more than eight months already!" Emily cried. "It'll make more than a year. I'm out of touch with the business already. In another six months I'll be *passé*. And Gresham didn't promise me a job in six months. He only said he couldn't do anything in less than six months."

Tim didn't argue with her. He listened, hoping that when she had spluttered enough she would reconcile herself to staying at home.

Emily got in all the trade journals and sat down to find out what was going on in the world. The perennial controversy about department stores was on again sharper than ever. Somebody had started it off with an article in Printer's Ink, proving that the department stores were rapidly giving way to the specialty shops on one side and to the chain stores on the other. Emily read everything she could find on the subject and sent for a stenographer.

Emily dictated three articles proving that the department store was the most effective means of selling retail merchandise. If department stores were slipping here and there it was only for lack of intelligent and aggressive management. The specialty shop could only compete with the department store—which ought to be a community of first-rate specialty shops—when it was better managed. The small-chain store had only one advantage over the department store. It didn't have to be downtown. It could be a neighborhood affair. But this was relatively negligible. She illustrated her argument with an astounding variety of examples of good and bad department-store management in Chicago, Boston and New York.

After a week Emily read her articles out loud to Tim.

Tim shook his head. He was awed by the extent and variety of her information. "It sounds," he said, "as if you knew everything."

Emily laughed.

"Sometimes," she said amiably, "I think I do. I've got a tremendous advantage over most people in the business. I've done more kinds of department-store work in more cities in fewer months than anybody else I know of. I've had a look at every end of the business except the financing. But what I want to know is—have I used too many facts?"

"No," Tim said, "you've written the most passionate defense of department stores I can imagine reading."

Emily nodded. "That's the way I feel," she said.

Tim came home two weeks later to find Emily again pacing the floor. But this time she wasn't worried. She was merely excited.

"Do you know what happened today?" she cried. "You know my second article appeared yesterday. And this morning half an hour after you'd gone to your train I had a long-distance call from New York. It was Mr. Hammerton himself. He'd just come on from San Francisco and he'd read my article at breakfast and he wanted to know if I could come right in to New York to see him. So I went. And do you know what he did?"

Tim sat down. "He offered you a job," Tim said.

"He offered me seventy-five hundred a year if I'd come to San Francisco."

"When?" Tim asked. He lit a cigarette. He took a good deal of pains with the cigarette. He couldn't let Emily see how much he hated her being offered seventy-five hundred a year to go to San Francisco. He was beginning to make two-thirds that much himself.

"Right away," Emily said. "Next week."

"What about Ward & Wister?" Tim asked.

"If Ward & Wister really want me they'll make it worth my while to come back to New York."

"Isn't Gresham holding a job for you?"

"He didn't say so," Emily said. "I'm perfectly free to go to San Francisco."

Tim lay awake that night after Emily had gone to sleep. He lit a cigarette. But the cigarette did not soothe him. He got up and went downstairs and rummaged in the ice box. He had an absurd desire to get out the waffle iron and make waffles and eat them with butter and maple sirup. He hadn't eaten a waffle since those Sundays in Boston. But he saw that he only wanted to defy Emily. He wanted to defy her because she was more successful than he was.

IV

EMILY went to work the day after they arrived in San Francisco. When he had found a furnished bungalow in Oakland, across the Bay, and a nursemaid, and a cook, Tim Wood began a systematic inquiry into San Francisco printers. So far he'd hunted for printers who wanted a salesman. He'd hunted a long time in New York before he'd found one. Now he resolved to reverse the process; he resolved to find the printer he wanted to work for.

He heard about Walker & Blaine the first week. But he did not go at once to see them. He wanted to know more about them. He learned that Walker was the energy of the business; Blaine was one of the best typographers on the Pacific Coast—an artist rather than a business man. They had made a specialty of catalogue printing.

Tim found some examples of their work. It was good work.

Tim went to see Walker. He found Walker in an office off the pressroom dictating to a stenographer and talking over the telephone at the same time. He was a tall, lean young man with a big nose and a wide grin. Tim told him frankly why he had picked out the firm.

Walker offered him a cigarette. He lit a cigarette himself.

"I'll say this," Walker said. "Your line is the best line I've heard in some time. But I'm doing all the selling for this outfit. I've got to. We can't afford to hire a salesman no matter how good he is."

Tim nodded. "I sort of expected you'd say that."

"Oh, you did, did you?"

"Yes," Tim said. He grinned at Walker. "What are you going to do about an offset press?" he asked.

"We've got an offset press," Walker said.

"Yes," Tim said. "I noticed it when I was trying to find my way in here."

The press was on its last legs and they both knew it.

"We haven't got the money to spend on a new one," Walker said.

"On the other hand," Tim said, "you've absolutely got to have a new one. What I had in mind was something like this. If you took me on as a salesman probably my first job would be to go out and find the price of a good offset press—a new one."

"You interest me strangely," Walker said. "What's your proposition?"

"Why," Tim said, "I'm hired at a hundred dollars a week and commission. But I don't get paid unless I bring home the bacon."

"If we got the loan at 6 per cent we couldn't afford to pay you more than 2 per cent commission," Walker said.

"I'll take 2 per cent," Tim said.

They came quickly to details after that. When Tim walked down the street an hour later he was looking for eighty or ninety thousand dollars—ninety thousand preferred. And there were only two men in San Francisco that he knew well enough to call by their first names. But one of these was a newspaper reporter and the other was learning his father's real-estate business. And he managed to get himself passed along from one prospect to another. He got the money.

(Continued on Page 77)

DATED Coffee

full strength . . . at the peak of its flavor . . .

You get it THE WEEK IT IS ROASTED

This revolutionary new way of handling freshly roasted coffee like a perishable fresh food gives you a treat in flavor you have never had before

"Dated Coffee" means the same thing as "this morning's milk," "fresh bread." In adding this quality of *dependable freshness* to the rich depth of flavor of Chase & Sanborn's blend of superbly aromatic coffees, Chase & Sanborn have taken the last step to make your coffee perfect.

EVERY can of Chase & Sanborn's Coffee is dated . . . just as "24-hour eggs" are dated . . . just as your bottle of fresh milk is dated.

Straight from the fragrant roasting ovens it goes to your grocer twice a week, delivered by the same motor trucks of "Standard Brands, Inc., Daily Delivery" which bring him Fleischmann's Yeast fresh all the time.

No stop-overs for re-handling or storage! No standing on your grocer's shelf! Every can showing an eighth-day date regularly collected and replaced with fresh!

This way of distributing coffee is new —without precedent in the coffee business. To a blend already established for sixty-five years and preferred in many sections of the country for its smooth richness of flavor and exquisite "bouquet," it adds a guarantee of absolute freshness. Get a package today at your grocer's.

LOOK FOR THE *date* ON THE CAN

Chase and Sanborn's Coffee – DATED

Copyright, 1930, by Standard Brands, Inc.

When the Land of Nod is only forty winks away

...does that room you call your own lull you off to pleasant dreams?

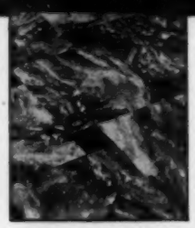
Armstrong's Marble Inlaid Linoleum No. 02

"AND so ends another busy day..." When you enter these words in your mental diary, is there as inviting, as restful, a room awaiting you as the one shown here?

There should be! For that room in which you spend so much sleeping time should be full of cheering comfort, the nicest room in the house as far as you're concerned. Let Hazel Dell Brown, decorator, tell you how really simple it is to capture coziness and comfort for that one room you call your very own: "Make your bedroom restful from your first step into it. And by that I mean, start your decoration with the floor. That's what I did when I planned this room.

"It's a north room, well windowed. Against a background of black marbleized inlaid linoleum I used bright color—sun-tan walls, apple-green trim, and random splashes of blues, reds, and browns to complete the color scheme.

Armstrong's Embossed Inlaid Design No. 6091



Handmade Marble Inlaid Design No. 61

"Just a word about the comfort and care of the foundation for this scheme, the Armstrong's Linoleum Floor. It's springy to the step—yes, quiet too. Walk on it in your bare feet and you'll find it warm in winter, cool in summer. And spick-and-span at any time, for it holds no lodging place for dirt.

"You see, it's firmly cemented in place over linoleum lining felt, each seam cleverly concealed. Then, too, it has the special new spot-proof, stain-proof Accolac-Processed surface. Light waxing and polishing give it a soft, rich sheen. Or, if you prefer, merely renew the surface occasionally with Armstrong's Linoleum Lacquer. (Do not lacquer over wax.)

"If you want to plan a room that's as pleasant to wake in as it is to dream in, begin your decoration at the very bottom with a colorful and comfortable Armstrong Floor."

Before you tuck away tonight—decide to see the many new Armstrong creations now showing at local department, furniture, and linoleum stores. Decide, too, to send for Hazel Dell Brown's complete story about rooms that are different—"New Ideas in Home Decoration." It offers you Mrs. Brown's personal help. It shows you many of her smart interiors in full color. Just send 10¢. (Canada, 20¢.) Armstrong Cork Co., Floor Div., 327 W. Liberty St., Lancaster, Pa.

Look for the CIRCLE A trade-mark on the burlap back

Armstrong's Linoleum Floors

for every room in the house

PLAIN . . INLAID . . EMBOSSED . . JASPÉ . . PRINTED . . ARABESQ . . *and* ARMSTRONG'S QUAKER RUGS

(Continued from Page 74)

When the contracts were all signed, Walker gave him a check for six weeks' salary and a check for his commission. Tim tucked the salary check into his waistcoat pocket. He laid the check for $1800 on the desk.

"I wish you'd call Mr. Blaine in," Tim said.

"Sure," Walker said. He yelled for Blaine.

"I was just thinking," Tim said. He looked at the check lying on the desk. He had a good many uses for eighteen hundred dollars. The rather extensive wardrobe he'd had when he left college had had more than two years' wear, and a salesman needs to be well dressed. He wanted to furnish a house. Indeed, he wanted to buy a house or build one. "I was thinking," Tim continued, "that if you fellows would accept it I'd put that back into the business."

Walker looked at Blaine and Blaine looked at Walker.

"You're on," Walker said.

Tim went out of the office determined to make the new offset press pay for itself. As Walker said later, "Nobody between Vancouver and San Diego who ever issued a catalogue is safe from that boy." Tim was soon making as much money as Emily was.

Between them they had an excellent income. They furnished the bungalow with things of their own choice. They began to buy a piece of land on which to build. Emily gave Sunday-night suppers to an increasing group of friends. Tim, Junior—they called him Big Tim—learned to walk and to talk. Tiny Tim liked San Francisco.

Tim came home one evening to find Emily in a state of wild excitement. She had been excited before in the same way. But she had never been so completely and irrepressibly excited.

"Oh, Tim," she cried, "what do you think's happened? Gresham's offered me twelve thousand a year to come back. They're reorganizing the advertising department. I'll be in line for a whale of a job. I might end up as advertising manager—I really might. Anything might happen."

Tim saw that she had no thought of refusing. The idea that she might refuse hadn't occurred to her. She saw nothing but the big chance—her big chance. He waited for her to make some reference to his job. He couldn't believe that she would completely forget his side of it.

She did say that it seemed too bad that they should have to tear up and move across the continent again. "The coast is such a good place for Big Tim," she said, "and you like Walker & Blaine better than any other firm you've ever worked for, and New York is no place to live, and this is the first real home we've ever had—I mean with our own things." She paused. "It seems a shame to have to sell our furniture. But it would cost too much to ship it to New York."

"What about Hammerton?" Tim asked. He still hoped she'd say something to show that she took his job seriously.

"Hammerton was all right. He said, of course, he couldn't give me as big a salary as that or as big a chance." She looked at him. She hadn't noticed how coldly he had received her news. "I wonder," she said, "do you suppose if I went on ahead and found a place to live you could bring the baby on?"

"I could," Tim said.

"And you could sell the furniture and see about the lease and everything—couldn't you?"

"I could," Tim said.

"I hate to hang all these things on you," Emily said. "But Gresham wants me right away. And you'll have to stay on a couple of weeks anyway to fix things up with Walker & Blaine."

Tim nodded. He had to nod. He was afraid if he said anything he'd say what he felt.

"Then," Emily said, "I think I can get off tomorrow afternoon."

"Tomorrow afternoon?" Tim said.

Emily laughed. "Why not? I've cleaned up my work with Hammerton. I shan't be leaving any loose ends. There's no use my staying on when I shouldn't be able to think about anything but what I'd do in New York."

Tim saw Emily off the following afternoon and went home and sat with his small son while he had his supper. Then he put him to bed while the nurse looked on, and kissed him good night and tucked him in. He wondered if his son would be as big as he was. He'd always hoped the boy would inherit a little of his mother's speed. He hoped the boy would be fast enough to play in the backfield for Princeton.

Tim told the cook he'd have waffles for breakfast and a steak-and-kidney pie for dinner. After that he sat in the living room smoking one cigarette after another. He couldn't leave Walker & Blaine. He'd really gone in with Walker & Blaine. They banked on him. He couldn't throw them down. He couldn't throw Emily down either.

He said nothing at all the next morning at the office. He didn't know what he was going to do. He tried to ignore the problem.

He had a letter from Emily—a letter written on the train and mailed at Salt Lake City. She wanted him to keep the tavern table her mother had given them. It was an old one that had been in the family for at least a hundred years. And she wanted him to keep some things he had bought that she was especially fond of.

He had a telegram three days later saying she had arrived safely and giving him the name of her hotel. Still he did nothing. He sat at home every evening, alone in the empty living room, resisting all the invitations to come over to dinner from the friends who knew that Emily had gone to New York. He felt that a man of courage could solve the problem. But to him it was insoluble.

He wondered what courage was. He remembered with a smile, half pride and half amusement, that some sports writer had praised his courage the day they'd held Harvard on the one-yard line.

"The Princeton line held," this bird had written. "It couldn't be done. Only they did it. Or Tiny Tim Wood did it. Harvard had pounded Wood all afternoon. He was so badly battered that he should have been taken out. He had nothing left but his courage. And with the ball on the one-yard line Harvard drove at Wood again. By all the rules of strategy that was good football. Harvard didn't go through. Harvard hit Wood three times. Wood stopped the play each time. That was valor."

Of course, Tim reflected, it wasn't valor. He hadn't gritted his teeth and resolved to do or die—he'd been so terribly intent on the play that was coming. His only fear was the fear of being fooled—of not knowing where the man with the ball was coming until it was too late. Once you knew he was coming at you, you knew what to do and you did it. Where did courage come into it?

He had a wire from Emily at the office. He read:

HAVE FOUND APARTMENT STOP HAVE YOU SOLD FURNITURE STOP WHEN CAN YOU START LOVE
EMILY

Tim sat staring at her telegram. He reached for a pad of paper and a pencil. He wrote:

AWFULLY SORRY BUT HAVE NOT SOLD FURNITURE STOP HAVE DECIDED NOT TO GO TO NEW YORK STOP FEEL I MUST STICK WITH WALKER AND BLAINE STOP PLEASE COME HOME STOP MUCH LOVE
TIM

He sat staring at what he had written. That was exactly what he wanted to say. He called a boy and told him to send what he had written. Then he went out and walked. He got back to the office at five o'clock. There was a yellow envelope on his desk. He tore it open. He read:

DO NOT UNDERSTAND STOP DO YOU SERIOUSLY INTEND TO STAY THERE LOVE
EMILY

He wired back:

I AM SERIOUS LOVE
TIM

The next morning there was another yellow envelope on his desk. She said:

IF YOU ARE SERIOUS THIS MEANS DIVORCE STOP I SHALL BE COMPELLED TO KEEP MY BABY
EMILY

It made Tim very mad to have her say she'd be compelled to keep her baby. It made him very, very mad. Why was it her baby any more than his? Did she really think she could take the baby away from him? He wired the first thing that came into his head. He wired:

WHO'S GOT THE BABY

There was no reply from Emily that day; nor the next morning; nor the day after. Tim went home early the third day after he'd sent that last telegram and sat with Big Tim while the boy had his supper. He put him to bed and kissed him good night and tucked him in. Then he sat alone in the living room.

He was still sitting there at ten o'clock when a taxicab drew up at the door. He went to the front window and looked out. Emily was paying the driver. Emily came tearing up the walk. Tim opened the door as she reached it.

"Hollos," Tim said.

Emily looked up at him. She was trembling. "Hollos," she said.

She went into Big Tim's room and came out with him in her arms. The boy awoke and recognized his mother and snuggled into her arms. Emily sat down in an easy-chair and held him in her arms. He went to sleep in her arms. Tim saw tears on Emily's cheeks. After half an hour she put the boy back into his bed. She came back into the living room. Tim waited for her to speak. He was bound to wait for her to speak.

"I think ——" she began firmly. But she couldn't go on. She burst into tears.

Tim jumped up and took her in his arms. She sobbed on his shoulder.

"You—you d-d-d-don't know how l-l-l-lonesome it was in New York," she sobbed. "I've n n-never been away from you and the b-b-baby b-b-before. And then—that p-p-perfectly b-b-brutal telegram: 'Who's got the baby?'" She looked up at him. She looked up at him with a tear-stained face. "How could you send that telegram?"

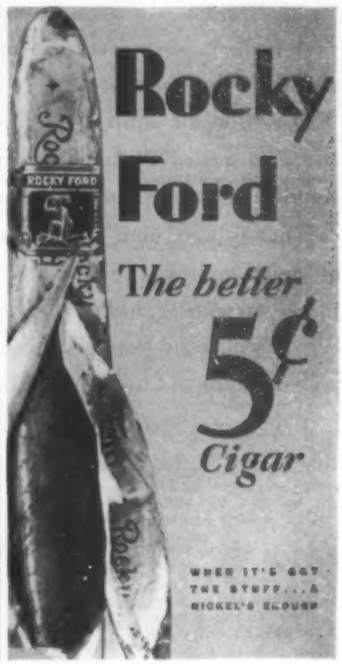
Tim said nothing. He was an old football player and one thing you learn in football is never to say anything when you win—anything at all. Alibis are for the occasions when you lose. When you win you don't have to say anything.

don't let the bogey man bother you Mr. Cigar Smoker

We haven't any patience with the insidious propaganda about "spit-tipped" cigars . . . Nor need you have . . . All modern, popular-priced cigars . . . like modern cigarettes . . . are made by scientific machinery, in clean and sanitary factories.

* * *

ROCKY FORD is as pure and clean as a modern loaf of baker's bread. We make ROCKY FORD in Richmond, Virginia, in a vast, sunny factory which is the pride and show-place of the city. Sanitary machines cut and roll the long domestic filler. Sanitary machines place and seal the choice Sumatra wrapper. Sanitary machines even fold your ROCKY FORD in the humidor-foil that seals in its goodness. The first hands to touch it are yours.



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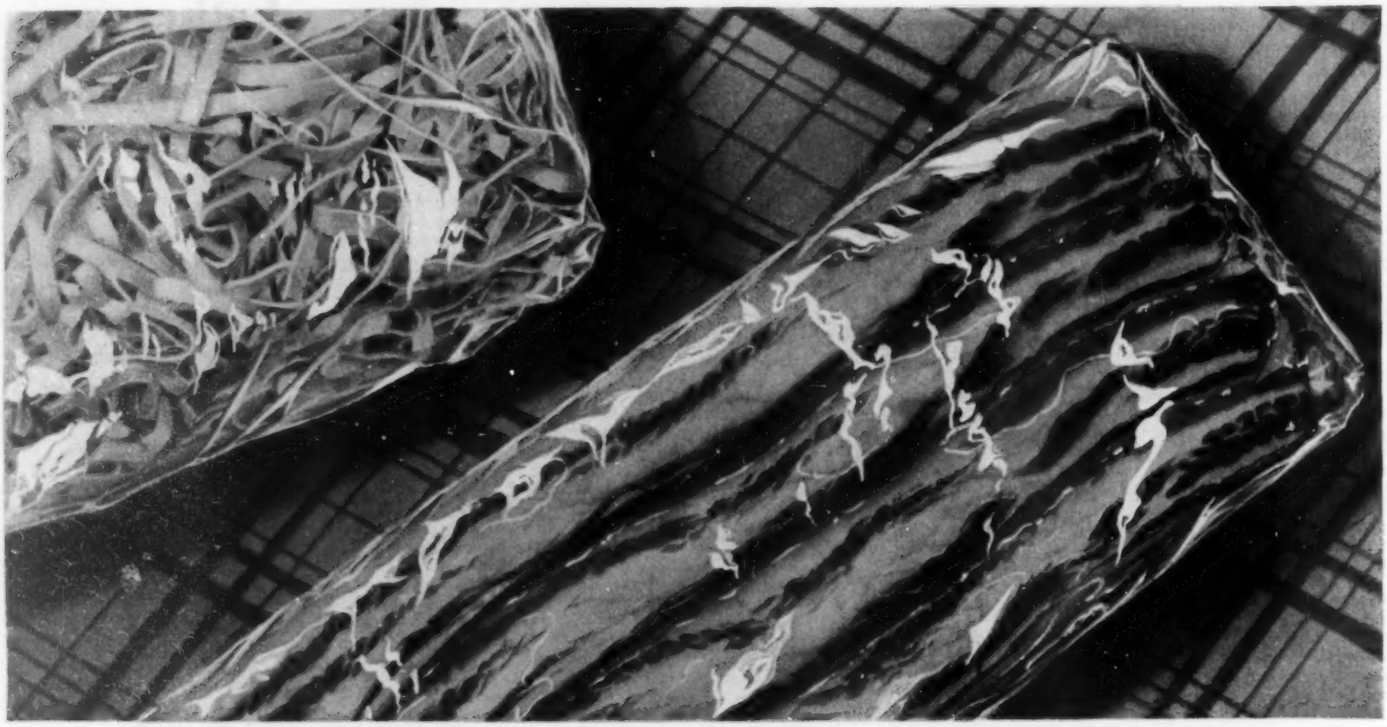
CONSIDER THE EGG!

One of Nature's most perfect packages

... and Du Pont Cellophane goes Nature's finest packages one better!



NATURE wraps things up very cleverly. Just think of the protective peel around an orange, the well-fitting skin of the grape and that perfect work of art, the eggshell. But Nature doesn't wrap a fraction of the things that we must buy and use every day. Nature never wrapped a package of noodles or half a pound of bacon!

That is why men set to work and invented a wrapping that Nature might well envy—sparkling Du Pont Cellophane. You see it wherever you go these days and so you ought to know something about it.

It is the *purest* kind of wrapping ever discovered and is actually made from vegetable substances. It is beautiful. Like Nature's own coverings, it keeps the good things *in* and the bad things *out*. Anything wrapped in Du Pont Cellophane is securely protected from dust and dirty fingers, from damp and dryness. Best of all—and this is where it beats Nature itself—it is absolutely transparent. You can see exactly what you are buying, when you buy it.

FOR PERSONAL USE. You can buy Du Pont Cellophane for wrapping your gifts, prizes and favors and for smart home decoration. It is supplied in convenient rolls, plain or colored—red, green, gold or violet. Go to the nearest stationery or department store where Dennison goods are sold. Or write Dennison Manufacturing Company, Dept. DP-1, Framingham, Mass.

• • •

Du Pont Cellophane Co., Inc., 2 Park Avenue, N.Y.C.

Cellophane is the registered trade-mark of Du Pont Cellophane Company, Inc., to designate its transparent cellulose sheeting.

DU PONT CELLOPHANE

DU PONT CELLOPHANE

BOBBY SHAFTOE

(Continued from Page 17)

house," another passage read, "in order better to discuss his involved affairs. The plantations at Guadeloupe are a loss. Three ships seized, one wrecked. But, 'Damn them,' Mr. Parlin says, 'they have not got my wharves and warehouses.'"

It was true enough. Mr. Parlin's accounts were very much involved by then. The French privateer, Égypte Conquise, had taken his letter of marque, Sunbeam, with one of the richest cargoes that had ever left the port, and only a quarter of it covered by insurance. The sea was filled with ships of war and privateers, both French and English, with pirates from Algiers to make it worse. It was no time to invest heavily in shipping, but Mr. Parlin was a stubborn man.

Then there was another passage—the last, one needs to see; for it told of the inevitable, though it was quoted in no history book. "Madame's name," it goes, "is Emma. She laughs as I try to say it, for she says I call it Aimée. 'Madame,' I have told her, for she loves to laugh—'madame has the power to read the mind.'"

The story goes that Monsieur de Sèvres laughed easily, even when he was sad. And he had seen too much of Emma Parlin already, before he came to dwell at the Parlin house. What chance had Samuel Parlin? No more than Potiphar. And as for Emma Parlin, who can blame her now?

Raoul de Sèvres once said that the bells at Haven's End were always ringing, thus making a pleasant sound above the noises along the water. In the morning, before one rose to draw the blinds—for of course he had no servant—there was a tinkling of the cow bells all along the street from the cattle being driven to the common pasture. In summer they made a drowsy sound, but on an autumn morning they were very sharp and merry. Then the church bells would begin to ring, hour by hour. There were six great meetinghouses in the town of heretic persuasion, and he sometimes thought that each rich merchant, when dying, had bequeathed a bell to keep his memory green. Often he could think that the bells were like vanished voices, coming back, languid and benign—the cattle bells like the voices of ancient commoners, the church bells like the voices of great men.

That evening, in the red glare of the setting sun, the bells were ringing an alarm of fire until the air was filled with a clamor which loosened the tongue and raised the voice.

"Damnation!" said Mr. Parlin. "It's Mooney's tavern that's on fire."

"Ah!" said Raoul. "But you have too many buildings made of wood."

Near the water front, by the slatternly houses of the ancient square, they could see the fire. The soot had caught in the great stone chimney of a house built a century before, and the sparks had caught the dry hewn shingles. Men were on the roof with buckets, shouting. Upon the street there was already a crowd of sailors in loose trousers, teamsters in their smocks, and apprentices in their leather aprons. They drew back as Mr. Parlin approached, for they all knew him.

"Where's Mooney?" said Mr. Parlin. "Send Mooney to me here."

Mr. Parlin stood apart as he waited until Mr. Mooney came, brushing the soot and ashes from the lace at his wrists, staring imperturbably at the scene upon the roof. Sometimes Raoul would think that Mr. Parlin had the phlegm and the impassivity of the late king of France. He had a curiously insolent manner, not boisterous but cold and sneering, when he spoke with his inferiors. And Mr. Parlin used it when Mr. Mooney stood before him in shirt sleeves and white apron, a hulking, surly fellow.

"Mooney," said Mr. Parlin, "you did not sweep your chimney, and you know the regulation."

"Begob!" said Mooney. "'Tis not your house that's burning, Mr. Parlin, and I'll not thank you for your sharpness in prying into matters!"

Mr. Parlin looked him up and down before he answered, until Mr. Mooney became abashed at his own speech.

"Not that I wish to speak short, sir," Mr. Mooney said. "But things has upset me like."

"Ah," said Mr. Parlin, "that's better. It's not my house, my man, but I've a distillery and a ropewalk fifty paces off, and next comes my wharf and offices and shipping. Do you see that? Do you think I want them to go up like a tinder box? If I had my way I'd have your boozing ken knocked down, and all the hovels near it."

"Heaven be praised," said Mr. Mooney, "you don't have your way the way you used to—you nor the likes of you."

"No," said Mr. Parlin; "but mind you have your chimney swept, or else I'll make complaint."

He turned on his heel and walked away, and for a while he did not speak, until they were past the shed of his ropewalk and by the long wooden warehouses, painted yellow and trimmed with green.

"It's this curse of democracy," Mr. Parlin said. "Did you hear him? Did you hear his impudence? Each year they get more insolent, confound them! Now, consider Mooney—just consider. I helped him when he broke his leg, and what comes of that? The world is ungrateful. You pick men from the gutter, you help them on, and is there thanks? Oh, no. You had your Jacobins in France, and now we have them here. . . . Eh? What's wrong with you, De Sèvres?"

Sometimes one could believe that Mr. Parlin could see everything. De Sèvres could have sworn that he had not started and that his face had not changed color, and yet there had been something. The man had seen.

"*Peste!*" said Raoul. "Nothing, to be sure. It gives me a twinge, at best, when I consider how the times are changing."

"Yes," said Mr. Parlin, "times are not fit for gentlemen. . . . A man has gone to get your boxes. You'd best come to the house."

"My dear sir," said Raoul, "Monsieur is too kind to a broken stranger from a foreign land."

Mr. Parlin looked up at him, and the wrinkles about his eyes deepened as he smiled. "My sugar lands were next to your father's in Guadeloupe and, believe me, it's refreshing, sir, to see a gentleman."

And though it was bizarre, Mr. Parlin was a gentleman in that strange land. The money had made him adroit; the money had polished his manners and his gestures until one might have thought his family was a noble family. It was a preposterous piece of alchemism which one could not understand, but Mr. Parlin was a gentleman.

At the iron gates before his house, Mr. Parlin paused and bowed very gracefully for a man in his middle sixties. "After you, sir," he said. "Believe me, you are very welcome here."

And once again Raoul de Sèvres mastered an emotion which was close to tears. "Monsieur is too kind," he said. "I cannot repay."

"Do you know the prayer?" said Mr. Parlin. "Is it the same in French? 'Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors.' Here are your plane trees, sir, and your wall fruits. You should be at home. The slips all came from France."

The surfaces of the two pools were as tranquil as two mirrors, and, once inside the gates, behind the white palings of the fence there was a peace and a perfection in the orderliness and docility of nature; although the plot of ground about the tall white house was small.

"And there," said Mr. Parlin, "is a peacock, and he, too, comes from France."

"And believe me," said Raoul de Sèvres, and he began to laugh, for he could not stay sober long, "he is—how do you say it?—more devilish gayer than other *émigrés*."

"He is like you, sir," Mr. Parlin said. "He wears his gayness on him."

"And that," said Raoul, "is very good. Ha-ha. Gayety is a curse; it sticks to me like a leech from the apothecary jar."

"Because you are young, sir," Mr. Parlin said, and sighed.

A black boy in blue and buff with large gilded buttons opened the front door. There were mirrors in the hall, framed in moldings of acanthus leaves; a broad staircase curved upward to an arched window on the landing, and there was a scent of flowers, though it was late autumn.

Then, from the salon on the left she came, the lady of the house, with a little run and a skip into the hall, smiling, laughing almost. She was like a David picture—bare-armed, in a long, narrow, high-waisted dress of white; dark hair, dark eyes, red lips.

"Oh, sir, but you're late," she said. It was pleasant to see the light on Mr. Parlin's face—a light of peace which had not been there before. He looked at her as though she were a picture and all that house were a frame.

"My dear," he said, "Monsieur de Sèvres has come to stay with us."

She curtsied and he bowed, but the sight of her brought him no peace.

"Oh," she said, "it's Joseph come to the palace of the Egyptian."

Now, what did she mean by that? There was no wonder that his face grew red, but he laughed because she was laughing.

"No," he said, "not Joseph, if you please. I am not the peacock, madame; I have no coat of many colors."

It was true, for he wore mourning. There could be no doubt that he was Mr. Parlin's clerk as they stood there in the hall.

And Mr. Parlin also began to laugh. Raoul de Sèvres always remembered that, because laughter was always rare with Mr. Parlin until after dinner.

"Have the Swales come yet?" he asked.

"No, not yet."

"Then, come this way, Joseph. A glass of wine with Potiphar." Then De Sèvres saw that her color, too, had heightened and she looked at him no longer. Yet, once he was alone, Raoul de Sèvres was aware of a peace, immense and motionless, within him; perhaps because it had been so long since a great house had opened its doors to him as a guest. Behind that peace was a turmoil of low taverns and of bare, cold lodgings, and behind that turmoil was a nightmare of which he did not care to think. Halfway through his dressing before the evening meal, he paused to gaze about his bedroom, relaxed and very happy. The candles on the mantel and upon the dressing table were already lighted, for it was growing dusk outside, and the soft light from those little flames seemed to shut out memory. As he stood in his small clothes and his shirt, the Turkey carpet was as soft as moss beneath his stockinged feet; the carved four-post bedstead with an eagle at its head was fit for any gentleman. Upon the panel below the mantel, carved in bas-relief, was a scene of the engagement between the Bonhomme Richard and the Serapis, and the white rigging of the ships appeared to move in the uncertain candlelight.

From his windows, across the terrace and the garden, he could see the warehouse of Mr. Parlin, already vague and shadowy, and then the two wharves of Mr. Parlin and tracery from the rigging of two brigs moored at their sides; and farther off was the river, broad and tranquil, with the harbor lights already lit. Already the water of the river was lighter than the sky, luminous as bodies of water are at night with the half light of forgotten days. As he turned his head a motion from the wall startled him, until he

(Continued on Page 81)

Cleans Teeth as Nothing Else Can

For Cleaner, Whiter Teeth—do as your dentist does, when he cleans your teeth—use POWDER

There is nothing known that will clean and polish teeth so quickly and leave them so gleaming white—as POWDER.

Science has found nothing to take its place.

That is why your dentist, when cleaning your teeth, as you know, always uses powder.

As powder is the essential cleansing part of any dentifrice; a dentifrice that is . . . ALL POWDER . . . just naturally cleans best.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder IS ALL POWDER—100% cleansing properties. This is more than twice the cleansing properties of tooth pastes.

Dull Teeth Become White

For over SIXTY YEARS, dentists everywhere, have prescribed Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder, because—teeth . . . simply cannot remain dull and film coated when it is used.

It cleans off all stains and tartar, and polishes the teeth in a harmless and practical way that leaves them sparkling—many shades whiter.

It is free from all grit or pumice and cannot possibly scratch, or injure, the softest enamel, as years of constant use have shown.

Dr. Lyon's is the only dentifrice old enough to prove that it can preserve teeth for life.

Neutralize Acids

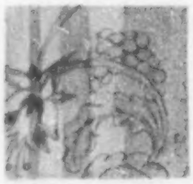
In addition to cleansing, it is probably the greatest neutralizer known for ACID MOUTH, being many times more effective than other anti-acids.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder keeps your teeth REALLY CLEAN and clean teeth mean—firm, healthy gums, maximum freedom from pyorrhea and the least possible tooth decay.

In use over 60 years

Brush your teeth with Dr. Lyon's regularly—consult your dentist periodically—and you will be doing ALL that you can possibly do, to protect your teeth.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder is not only doubly efficient, but it costs . . . only half as much . . . to use. Even a small package lasts twice as long as a tube of tooth paste.



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(Continued from Page 79)

perceived that it was his own reflection in a mirror. His own face was staring back at him. mocking, merry, brown-eyed, and still lean from suffering.

"Ah, my friend," said Raoul, "don't startle me like that. We are very well fixed here; eh, my dear, dear friend? 'Forgive us our debts,' he said, 'as we forgive our debtors.' *Mon Dieu*, we have no debtors to forgive."

A knock upon the door made him ashamed that he spoke aloud.

"Devil take me!" said Raoul. "The house is staffed here like a palace. Come, come in."

It was a little man in black who entered, with a small, Morocco bag beneath his arm—a pale, swift, noiseless shadow of a man with hollow, consumptive cheeks—and Raoul knew him, for he was the hairdresser, another *émigré*.

"*Mon Dieu*," he said and laughed. "So it is you, Monsieur de Gris?"

"Yes," said Monsieur de Gris, "it is I. One must admit the world is comical. Monsieur Parlin has commissioned me to curl your hair."

"The devil!" said Raoul de Sèvres. "The world is comical, as you say. Do you remember the Rue St.-Honoré, my friend, and the opera balls? Who would have thought we would end up so?"

"It appears to me," said Monsieur de Gris, "that we are fortunate to have heads that require attention, instead of sneezing in the sack. And it appears to me you are very comfortably fixed—clerk, eh, what, dear friend?"

"But yes," said Raoul de Sèvres, putting on his pumps. "Monsieur Parlin has been very kind."

Monsieur de Gris permitted himself to smile.

"And madame?" he said. "I have been at work at madame's coiffure, and there is a beautiful one for you, word of honor. The young wife and the old husband—it is dangerous and beautiful and diverting as Boccaccio, eh?" Monsieur de Gris made an eloquent, shrinking gesture and Monsieur de Sèvres raised his hand.

"One moment," he said—"one little moment. We must not forget that we are men of honor."

"*Peste!*" said Monsieur de Gris. "What is Monsieur Parlin but a bourgeois?"

"No," said Raoul, "you mistake yourself; Monsieur Parlin is a gentleman."

"The devil!" said Monsieur de Gris. "You have the democratic taint. He is a man in trade."

"And yet," said Raoul de Sèvres, "he is a gentleman. The world is different here."

"Yes, different," said Monsieur de Gris. "Permit me. Shall I touch your honor's hair? Just a flick of the curling iron, I beg."

"*Mon Dieu*," said Raoul de Sèvres, "have done with jesting. Come embrace me, poor brotner in misfortune, and begone."

Yet when he was gone, it all was different. The peace of the room was gone, dispelled before the cynicism of Monsieur de Gris, for there was no doubt madame was very beautiful and—willing, could it be? The silence of the room was ringing with her voice and he stood for a moment staring at himself in the mirror, watching his well-turned legs and his aristocratic fingers.

"*Mon Dieu*," he whispered, "have a care, my friend. Be a man of honor or I'll run you through the throat! Emma! *Sapristi*, what a name! Emmy—it sounds better."

But even then he could not pronounce it; he called it Aimée, even then.

That evening meal was formal and precise. A stiff dignity was everywhere that was as stifling as the high cravats which already were coming into fashion, but Raoul de Sèvres could understand it. He had seen the phenomenon before and he could see that it was the old régime standing against the new—the Federalist régime rising above submersive manners.

Madame Swale was at the table in a purple broadcloth dress, sitting very straight. She wore a string of fine pearls about her neck, and her fingers were heavy with her rings. Though her looks had vanished into wrinkles, plainly she had been beautiful once, and the pride of that beauty was on her still, and the pride of her position.

Mr. Daniel Swale, her husband, who had built the brick Swale mansion on the High Street above the river, sat across the table. His shoulders were slightly stooping and his face was more that of a man of sentiment than of a merchant, with delicate lines about an even mouth.

"Have a care, my friend," said Raoul to himself. "There is a dangerous man."

Red damask curtains had been drawn before the high French windows. The silver service shone on two high sideboards. Three menservants moved behind the chairs, passing sturgeon from the river and wild fowl from the marshes, and venison and four wines. At the head of the table sat Mr. Parlin, handsome and florid, his wig fresh powdered after the ancient style, watching his guests benignly as he played with the stem of his glass.

In that company it seemed to Raoul de Sèvres that he and Madame Parlin were drawn apart, and that they should be quiet like children.

When the ladies left and the cloth was cleared, Mr. Parlin passed the port and they drew their chairs nearer.

"Here," said Mr. Parlin, "is the man who keeps my figures." And Raoul felt Mr. Swale's eyes upon him. "Tell him, friend," said Mr. Parlin, "how the figures go."

Raoul cleared his throat. "The figures," he said, "they march very badly."

"Yes," said Mr. Parlin, "they march very badly. Two ships lost, two seized—blockades and privateers. Times are very bad."

"Yes," said Mr. Swale, "times are very bad, and they always have been as long as I remember."

One had only to watch Mr. Swale to be aware that he was not a trading man at heart, granted that he had his correspondents in a dozen foreign ports. He was a man of action as surely as Mr. Parlin was a man of ease. They sat in contrast, side by side—one of them sharp as a knife and merciless as steel; and the other placid, with his thoughts invisible behind his eyes, but watching—always watching—and that pleasant immobility of Mr. Parlin was ominous that night, as any unknown quantity is ominous when affairs are wrong. Raoul de Sèvres could not help but wonder if Daniel Swale knew what he knew—that Mr. Parlin, in spite of his great house, was close to ruin that night, and what would Mr. Parlin do? Without knowing why, it was a question to make one shiver.

"Yes," said Mr. Swale, "times have always been hard, Sam. We must bend with them and take in a reef. I'll tell you something, if you wish to know."

"Yes," said Mr. Parlin. "And what is that?"

Daniel Swale set his glass softly on the table. "This town," said Daniel Swale, "is no longer fit for trade. The draft of shipping is getting greater. The harbors are better in Boston and in Salem. Build the ships; don't sail them."

"Damnation!" said Mr. Parlin. "Would you be an artisan?"

"Build the ships," repeated Mr. Swale. "There's better profit in it. It's the artisans who are growing rich."

Mr. Parlin sighed. "I'm too old a dog," he said, "to learn new tricks. My grandfather started the Parlin countingroom, and that's a long time for this country. I'll keep on with it until we close the books. Yes"—he drained his glass and set it on the table—"times are changing, and you and I have seen them change. There's a blight on the shipping. There's a blight on everything. It's this cursed democracy has done it."

"Samuel," said Daniel Swale, "you should give way to it. You should take a reef and ease off before the wind."

"Thanks," said Mr. Parlin. "I'm too old to change. . . . Your glass is empty, Daniel."

"Samuel," said Daniel Swale, "a man should be as young as his wife. And yours is very young."

"Yes," said Mr. Parlin. "It's a peaceful ending to see youth in the house. . . . Raoul, would you please to join the ladies, and bring the account books to the library first? I've a word to say to Mr. Swale."

But Raoul de Sèvres had ears, and Mr. Swale did not bother to lower his voice. Into the hallway came the voice, very sharp and cool, like a blow across his face.

"Well," said Daniel Swale, "what's the Frenchy doing in the house?"

"Hush!" said Mr. Parlin. "He helps me get those cursed figures straight."

"You fool!" There was a tinkle of glass breaking on the table, and then the other's voice above it: "You're losing your money fast enough. There was something between them once. Do you want to lose your wife?"

In the great salon Madame Swale was fast asleep; though her head was still erect, even in her slumber. Madame Parlin put her finger up to her lips. "Softly," she whispered—"softly. We are the children in the house. Would you wish to see the orange trees? We have them under glass."

They tiptoed softly down the hall, through the deserted dining room, to the orangery. Raoul de Sèvres held a silver candlestick. The air was cool and heavy, and now that he walked with madame there seemed to be a silence in the house—a silence of suspense and gloom.

"Ah," he said, "the orange trees. I've seen them growing in the sun."

"Have you?" she said. "Well, I've seen just nothing."

"The better for madame," he answered. "To see too much is misery, as I know. And you live in a palace, madame. Not everyone does that."

They stood in the cool stillness of the orangery, side by side, and, though he knew he should not look, he stared her in the face.

"Be careful," he was saying to himself. "Be careful. You are a man of honor."

She stared back at him steadily, curiously intent, and he was startled by her gaze; for, young as he was, he could almost believe that madame had read his thoughts. Her laughter seemed to tell him as much—light laughter, mocking, bitter.

"Monsieur is very polite," she said.

"Your pardon," said Raoul. He wished they were not standing so near together in that lonely place, and that her loneliness was not so very like his own.

"Will madame explain why I am polite?"

"This palace," she said. Her restlessness and mockery seized upon him almost like a hand. "It is a thought—that is all this house is. It is an answer to a wish, and that is all that I am—an answer to a wish. I heard him say it once."

Raoul shrugged his shoulders and began to smile. "Madame," he said, "one must not complain at life. That is all a woman ever is to man or man to woman—an answer to a wish."

"Yes," she said, "but the answer should be the same for both of them. Have you thought of that?"

Raoul de Sèvres bowed, and his hand that held the candle was unsteady. "Madame," he said, "I am a guest. I have a great regard for the gentleman of this house. He found me poor and clothed me—a very great obligation."

"Yes," she said. "He is as kind and sweet. He would die if he knew I was not happy."

Raoul bowed and caught his breath.

"Be happy then, madame," he said. "There's enough to make you so."

Then a voice interrupted them—an even voice, which made them both turn sharply. Mr. Daniel Swale was standing in the doorway of the orangery, expressionless, polite.

"Emma," he said, "we have been looking for you. Will you give us some music in the parlor? De Sèvres and I will join you in a moment."

"Yes," she said—"why, music—yes, of course! Is my voice so poor that you won't listen?"

"In a moment," said Daniel Swale. "We'll follow in a moment."

Mr. Swale never took his eyes from Raoul de Sèvres.

"Set down the candle, sir," he said. "I have a word to say." And there was nothing in his voice that betrayed his thoughts. For a moment he stood fingering the lace on his wrist, pleased, seemingly, at the silence.

"I heard you, sir," he said. "You are a philosopher—a woman is a wish."

"Ah," said Raoul de Sèvres, "do you scout like your red Indians?"

"I apologise," said Mr. Swale. "The carpet in the dining room is very soft. And I'm not sorry that I heard. I am a provincial man who dislikes the romances of your nation."

"Monsieur flatters me," said Raoul de Sèvres. It was hard to keep his voice level, for he was very angry.

"I think I don't," said Mr. Swale. "Be careful of your language, sir, and answer me straight. Do you love Emma Parlin? Don't clench your fist. We'll have no gestures here. I ask you. Do you love her?"

His voice was as inexorable as the voice of conscience, and Raoul de Sèvres' own voice was choked:

"God help me. God help me, yes, I do. And I'll leave this house tonight."

"And when you leave, he'll surely know. He'll see it in her face. Sam Parlin's no man's fool."

"*Mon Dieu*, sir," said Raoul de Sèvres, "do you fancy, after this, I'll stay?"

Mr. Swale nodded. "Yes," he said, "because you must. I say he'll read it in her face. Look at it this way. Sam Parlin is very much embarrassed."

"Ah," said Raoul, "he told you that?"

Mr. Swale nodded. "Yes," he said. "They're pressing him from Boston. He's gone too far. Between you and me, I'm helping because he is my friend, but one more loss and I do not know —— No, sir, he would die if he knew his wife were weary. Do you see it? He's a proud man. You heard him say he is too old to change."

"*Mon Dieu*," said Raoul de Sèvres, and he passed a handkerchief across his forehead. "The devil fly away with me if I know what to do!"

"Be natural," said Mr. Swale. "Be merry, and perhaps he will not see. That will be doing him the greatest kindness—not to let him see. And now, sir, take my hand."

Raoul de Sèvres drew in his breath. He felt, when he touched the hand of Daniel Swale, that he was touching steel, and his will gave way before a hard austerity beyond his comprehension. He did not know that all the Swales were hard.

"Very good, sir," he said. "But who knows what will happen?"

"Exactly," said Mr. Swale; and he also must have felt something in the silence, because there was a contagion in the air that night, "but I'll tell you one thing, Mr. de Sèvres: Still water runs the deepest. He would do anything for her—anything. Mind you, I'm afraid of quiet men."

At such a time as that, even, De Sèvres could make a jest.

"Then," he said, "you must have fear of yourself, sir."

All at once that man's look was wild and lonely, as though he gazed at something which he would never gain.

"Yes," he said, "sometimes I have."

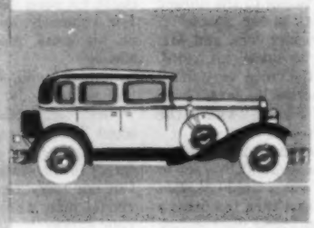
He must have seen the smile leave De Sèvres' face, because, almost before he finished speaking, he turned about. Mr. Samuel Parlin was standing in the doorway of the orangery, not three feet away, smiling. The canals of Mars were nothing to the wrinkles about his eyes when Mr. Parlin smiled. How long had he been standing there? You could not tell.

"What is it now?" said Mr. Parlin. "Do you think you've seen a ghost?"

"Sam," said Daniel Swale, "you have a soft step for your weight."

"It's the carpet," said Mr. Parlin, and he laughed as he did always after dinner. "Will

(Continued on Page 84)



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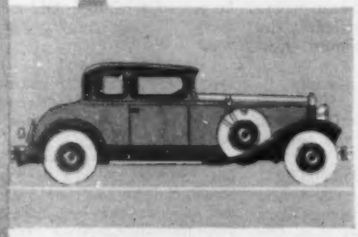

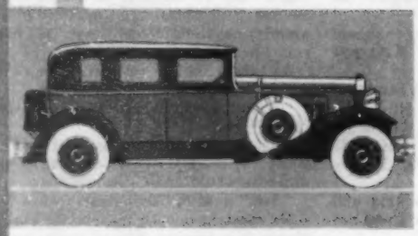

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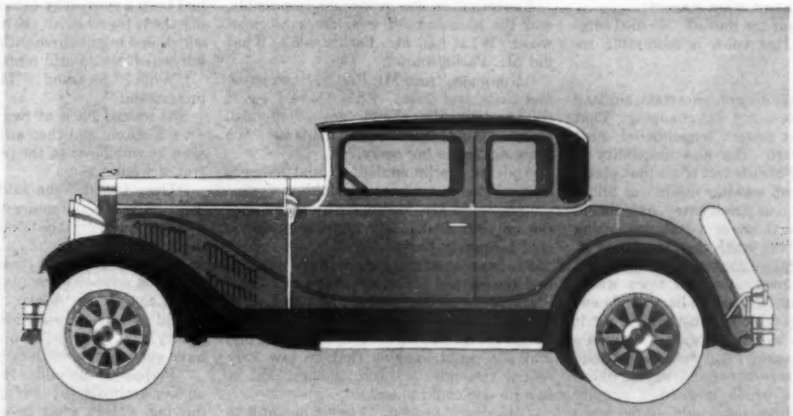

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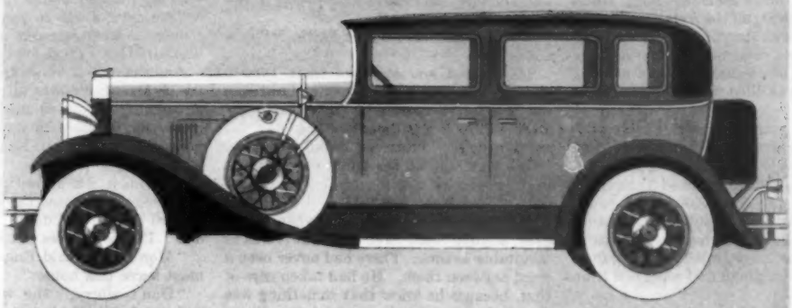

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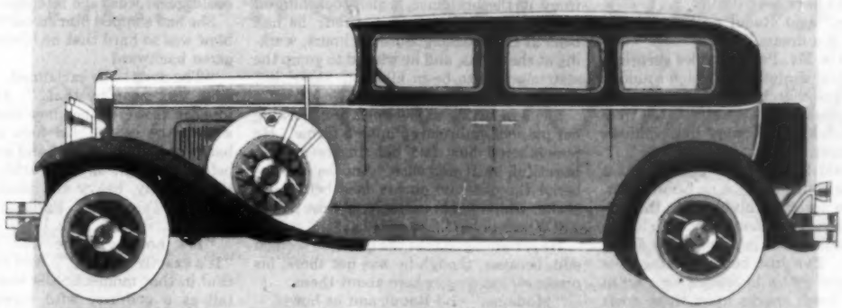

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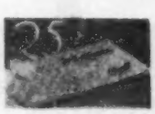

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(Continued from Page 81)

you come to hear the music? No bird sings like Emmy. Her voice is admirable tonight."

They were standing on uncertain, shifting sand and all the world was changing. That was what that *émigré* remembered most clearly afterward—the airy instability of it—not only of his life but of all that place. For all that town was like desire—as blind, unbalanced, and as passionate—like the old desires of a Carthage or a Babylon, rising fantastic from the truth that lay about it. The wooded, rolling country and the leaden sky frowned down, and that town was a defiance to a land which was harsh and new.

The wood gave it the instability, for it all was built of wood and brick; the pillars and the cornices of wood and the wooden church spires rose above clusters of older, sagging houses which marked a simpler time. The shining paint and gilded work upon the wood made it like a cardboard-and-canvas town if one were used to cities built in stone.

Sam Parlin, himself, could guess the end, for, as Mr. Swale had said, Sam Parlin was no fool. One could almost think that his wharves and warehouses, and sometimes all that town, were held up by his will and by the will of other men like him; since, once the men went, all the rest was nothing.

Mr. Parlin was standing on the terrace; Raoul de Sèvres remembered it because of the solemnity of an early autumn evening when the air was filled with chill of coming change.

"Ah, there you are," Mr. Parlin said. "Come out and see our town, sir. I've watched it grow for fifty years. Believe me, it is something, to have watched it change!"

Mr. Parlin was a part of all his town, standing in his blue broadcloth greatcoat with its gold buttons, and the sadness of the evening was in his broad, tranquil face, which had grown rough and reddened from years of wine.

"Yes," said Mr. Parlin, "yes, believe me, I have seen it change. The trade is what has done it—the West India and the North Europe trade, and the privateering and the European War. You can see the beginning and the ending as you stand here—down by the water there are still huts made of logs, and then the old tavern, built a century ago, and now the new dwellings. It's something to have seen it all."

"Yes, sir," said Raoul de Sèvres; "in the dusk it is a dream."

A change in Mr. Parlin's voice surprised him, a musical timbre to it which sounded almost like the church bells that were ringing. The houses across the street, the trees along the brick walks, were like shadows drawing nearer.

"Yes," said Mr. Parlin, "exactly like a dream. The young men see no beauty in it. Damn them for their blindness! But it's been a fine dream. I should prefer to live in a fool's paradise than in no paradise at all. Look at it. I've just been thinking how easily it could go up in smoke, sir—up in smoke. A dozen sparks upon those roofs would do it. A good stiff northwest breeze, and where would we be then?"

Raoul de Sèvres did not answer, but he knew that Mr. Parlin was no fool.

"Yes," said Mr. Parlin, "half the town would go up in smoke. The wharves, my ropewalk, my rigging loft and this house would go, and where would I be then?"

It must have always been in his mind—the instability of it, the idea that it would all go up in smoke—and there he stood, gazing at it tranquilly, although he had little reason to be tranquil. They were whispering about him already at the tavern. The news had come that afternoon that his Spanish agents could not raise a loan, and yet he showed no sign of worry and no trace of his thoughts.

"Yes," said Mr. Parlin, "where would I be then? What is the matter, friend? I should be nervous, not you."

"Your pardon, sir," said Raoul de Sèvres, and stammered: "It would be better if you were."

The situation was grotesque, impossible, and the man himself was like a block of wood. What had Mr. Parlin seen? What did Mr. Parlin know?

"Nonsense," said Mr. Parlin; "*tout passe, tout casse, tout lasse.* Eh? Have I got it right? You Frenchmen are so devilish clever. Hush, here comes madame. We must not make her sorry."

And Mr. Parlin smiled, so that his eyes were hidden behind their wrinkles.

"Ah," said Mr. Parlin, "why do you not put on your cloak? The night is much too cold for pretty birds."

She was coming toward them quickly, and she seemed very pale in the half light.

"The house is lonely," she said—"so lonely. Please—oh, please come in."

Mr. Parlin turned, looking at her sharply, and one could imagine that he saw very clearly through the dusk; though what he saw no one could guess.

"My dear," he said, "I never meant it to be lonely for you."

"Come in," she said. "Please do! And can't we have a fire?"

"Exactly," said Mr. Parlin. "That's what we need—a fire." And he turned to Raoul de Sèvres so quickly that Raoul half started. "Will you come, sir," he said, "while we light the fire?"

"Thanks," said Raoul de Sèvres, "I prefer the cool night air."

"Oh, please," said Emma Parlin. "Please come; do."

He nodded and followed them toward the door. He hoped that they had not seen his face, for all at once he knew that every word and look was dangerous.

"The devil!" muttered Raoul de Sèvres. "He's watching all the while—he's watching."

It happened this way, and, when it was over, anyone could have told that it was as inevitable as time. There had never been a word between them. He had taken care of that, because he knew that something was sure to break, once they met alone. There was the odd part of it. He never really knew her, and he had no way of guessing that the Whistles might have strength.

It was evening and all the candles were lit, so that the chandelier shone like ropes of diamonds. The light was startling to Raoul de Sèvres, as the servant closed the great front door behind him. There was an irony in the brilliance, which took him off his guard, for he was very tired; he had been at the countinghouse for hours, working at the books, and he wished to go up the staircase and to be in his room alone, but Emma Parlin called him.

She was sitting at the open fire, working her piece of embroidery upon a frame. He remembered how fast her fingers moved, beautiful, swift and sure. And he remembered the question on her face before she spoke, which made it tragic, almost old.

"Where is he?" she asked.

He remembered that the question seemed odd, because, though he was not there, his presence was everywhere about them.

"Madame," said Raoul, and he bowed—without looking at her, he knew she was watching—"he has sent you his love. He is still at the countinghouse. He will be up in half an hour."

"Is it so bad?" she asked.

"Yes," he said, "it is very bad. But do not grieve; there are other men in difficulty. He may be poorer, but there are others who are poorer. I have told him—I have told him this: 'Take courage, sir,' I said. 'I have seen a thousand men with fortunes swept away.'"

But she could understand. She must have known already. "He is not young," she said.

Raoul de Sèvres bowed and turned away, but she called him back.

"Please," she said, "there is something I want to say. Have you thought? He must not know. It will kill him if he knew."

There was no wonder that he was startled; she must have seen his face stiffen as he tried to control each line of it and, even as he did so, he knew there was no use. There had been a sympathy between them, drawing them together all the time, inexorable, which one might curse with bell and candle, but which would still remain.

"What?" he asked. "Madame, I do not understand."

She looked back at her needlework and drew a stitch, and then another. And even then he wondered at the poise and the control of woman.

"Dear friend," she said, "you are not dull; of course you understand."

Then suddenly the blood rushed to his face. He seemed to be on his knees beside her, though he was a good ten feet away; her arms seemed to be about his neck, her cheek against his cheek.

And his answer was ludicrous in its simplicity. "I knew it," he said. "I should have gone away very long ago."

"Perhaps," she said. Her eyes were still on her embroidery; her fingers were still moving. "But what good would it have done? I'd have loved you. I was made to love you."

"Madame," he said, "this is very serious. But I am glad you told me that."

And that was true; he was filled with a glorious happiness. He had a sense of change; it seemed to him that the whole great house of Mr. Parlin was changing and growing dimmer before his eyes.

"He always was so sure," she said. "I remember when he came to ask for me; he was sure that I must love him."

And that was it—the sureness and placidity of Mr. Parlin was all about them. It glittered from the chandeliers and glowed from the damask curtains. That whole house was nothing but his certainty and his faith in self.

"He must not know," she said, but as she spoke, they heard the servant hurrying toward the front door. "Good-by, my dear. I'll see he does not know."

"*Mon Dieu!*" said Raoul de Sèvres. "I must leave this house."

"Don't worry," she whispered; "you will leave it." He knew why he loved her then—because she was quick as fire.

Mr. Parlin's voice was sounding in the hall, and they could hear his footsteps. Quick as a flash she was on her feet and was standing close beside him.

"Good-by, my dear," she whispered, and her lips touched his cheek as swiftly as thought. Then she stood away, before he could guess what she intended.

She had slapped him across the face. The blow was so hard that he blinked and staggered backward.

"The devil!" he exclaimed. "May I ask what you mean by that?" And then, before she answered, he knew that Mr. Parlin was in the room. He took another step backward and drew his hand across his eyes before the sight of Mr. Parlin, standing in the doorway, heavy and plump and pale.

"Here!" said Mr. Parlin. "What's all this?"

"It's nothing," she said very softly. "It's exactly nothing." And she was beautiful in that moment; she was standing as tall as a goddess, with bright eyes and parted lips; she might have been Diana from some canvas of the ancient myths.

"Nothing!" said Mr. Parlin, and his eyebrows came together. "Don't you think I've eyes, my dear? Well, De Sèvres, what is it?"

Raoul de Sèvres lied, and he nearly laughed as he did so, from the shock of sheer relief. "I have forgotten myself, if you please," he said.

"Yes," said Emma Parlin, "you know what Frenchmen are."

For a moment Samuel Parlin stood motionless. It was curious to see how calm he was. Even then Raoul de Sèvres had time to wonder at it, and he seemed detached from himself, watching all three of them impersonally, as he might have watched a play. Mr. Parlin was growing heavy, but he stepped very lightly and quickly toward his wife and bowed above her hand.

"My dear," he said, "have you heard the saying: 'There's no fool like an old

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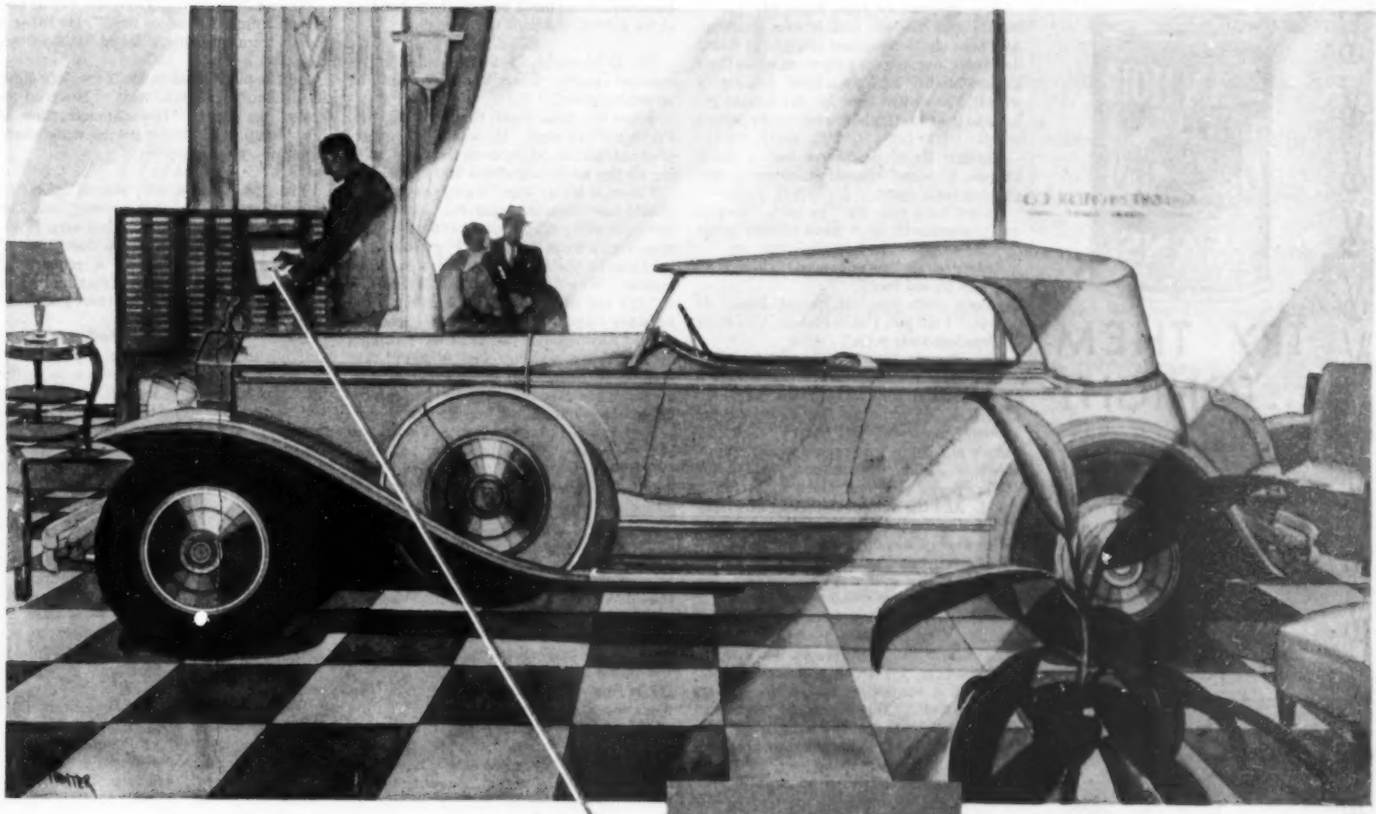

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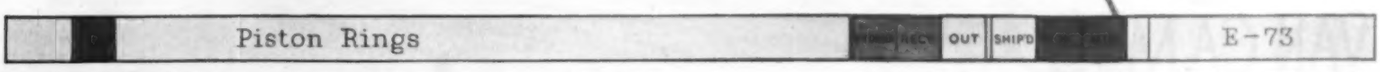

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The best beans in the world were made in the North Woods "bean hole." Then Van Camp's experts took this delicious recipe—"a layer of sugar-cured pork, a layer of beans, a cup of molasses, a cup of sugar"—and preserved the savory blending and cooking so you can serve them tonight. No other beans like them. Serve them often.

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Ask Your Grocer for

Soups Spaghetti Bean Hole Beans

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(Continued from Page 84)

fool'? And the old fool is very grateful. And now, sir"—he looked straight at Raoul de Sèvres, pausing for a moment while their glances met—"will you have a glass of wine? I have just time for it. I must get back to the countinghouse before the table's laid."

Though Raoul de Sèvres had a ready tongue, he found himself stammering and groping for a word.

"Lord help you, sir," he said, "do you not understand? I—I have offered insult to your wife."

"My dear sir," he answered, "there is no fool like an old fool."

"Lord bless you, sir," cried Raoul de Sèvres, "I tell you I'm to blame. You must not suspect your wife."

"My dear sir, I should never think of such a thing as that. But mind you this—there'll be no scandal here. You must stay here naturally—do you understand—until there is some excuse for you to go. And now there's one thing I neglected at the countinghouse. I'll be back when I've fixed it."

Plump and pale and placid, Mr. Parlin stood. And the unknown quality which lay within him was horrible beyond endurance, for he showed nothing. His forehead was a trifle moist, but that was all.

"There!" he said.

His money gone and his wife gone—it was unbearable that he showed nothing. He was like King Louis on the scaffold.

"And now"—De Sèvres made a magnificent gesture, for anyone of Latin blood could tell it was a time for gesture—"I go to kill myself." But his words seemed to dash like a wave on the solidity of Mr. Parlin. "I have dishonored your hospitality. I say I am ready to die."

The wrinkles deepened about Mr. Parlin's eyes, and before his glance those words, though De Sèvres meant them, rang hollow. All was hollow and make-believe except that plump, pale-faced man.

"Joseph—Joseph," Mr. Parlin said; "I wonder was Joseph as volatile as you."

"*Mon Dieu*, sir!" cried De Sèvres, and for no reason that he could give, his voice rose into a shout. "Is there nothing you will do? What are you going to do?"

"I shall eat," said Mr. Parlin. "In twenty minutes the evening meal will be announced, and before that I have forgotten something at the countinghouse. I shall see you at the table. . . . Yes, you think not, but I shall."

Mr. Parlin walked into the hall and the door slammed shut behind him. De Sèvres and Emma Parlin were alone, with the crash of the door still echoing, like two children found out in a lie.

Emma Parlin was sobbing like a child, and he wished to take her in his arms, but he did not. "He knew," she sobbed—"he knew that it was make-believe!"

"*Mon Dieu!*" cried De Sèvres. He wished to laugh wildly; he wished to tear his hair. "He is the devil. He sees everything."

As he spoke, it seemed to him—and she must have felt it, too—that everything was make-believe, as unsubstantial as a thought. They were waiting helplessly in a room of velvet hangings and gilded chairs, created by a charm which a single word could send to nothing—Mr. Parlin's word—and that old man was suddenly huge in his placid strength. It had been growing all the while he had been watching, until he had them bending at his mercy, obedient to his wish.

Try as he might, De Sèvres could not remember clearly. There was only one thing he remembered.

When the bells began their ringing, Mr. Parlin did not start. He was filling a glass of wine from the decanter on the table, talking all the while of politics and trade.

"Now, it is this way," he was saying. "I should have been more careful. I can see it now, but everything that's happened to me was exactly what I wanted. I had too many ventures on the sea. . . . Eh, what's the matter? Why do you start, De Sèvres?"

"It's the bells," said De Sèvres; "the bells are ringing fire."

And sure enough the bells were ringing fire, making a nervous clash of sound that seemed to dispel the strangeness of that house. Yet the sound itself was perfect, because one could almost believe that everything had been planned for it. The silence of that house was waiting for that sound.

"Ah," said Mr. Parlin, "the fire bells." And he turned to one of the servants, setting down his wine. "Fetch the fire buckets," he said. "Have everyone in the house and stables bring buckets to the fire."

Then he rose, stepping swiftly to one of the tall French windows, and pulled aside the curtain. Though the dining room was lighted bright, a red glare came through the window which made the whole place somber.

"Ah," said Mr. Parlin, "the pitch barrels are burning. It's my rigging loft on fire. Now, wasn't it what I always said? Fire, and everything would go up in smoke."

Now, where was the answer to make to that? De Sèvres himself could think of no reply, because the imperturbability of Mr. Parlin held him silent. It was terrible to see him, plump and easy-going, standing at that window, outlined by the red glow, and again one had that feeling that Mr. Parlin was the only one in all that place possessed of reality and sanity.

"I'm afraid," said Mr. Parlin, "that this house is in grave danger, De Sèvres."

Raoul de Sèvres started, but he did not speak, and neither did madame. Something had drawn them to the window, without knowing that they walked.

"*Mon Dieu!*" said De Sèvres suddenly. "This is grotesque—this is ——"

"No," said Mr. Parlin, "nothing is grotesque unless you make it so. De Sèvres, will you take madame to Mr. Swale's house? The fire will not go as far as that. My dear, I think you had better start at once." And he kissed her on the forehead.

Then she spoke the first words she had spoken all that evening.

"But aren't you coming, too, sir?" she cried. "You—I'll not go. I'll not leave you here."

"Later," he said. "There are one or two things I must attend to first." He lifted a candle from the table. "Good-by, my dear, till later."

And he put a hand on De Sèvres' shoulder in a friendly, pleasant way. "Have no regrets," he said. "The damned place is burning up. They won't get my warehouses from me—eh, De Sèvres?"

The Swale house still stands upon the ridge that overlooks the water and the town, and the Swale house has seen it all. There are echoes of strange doings in its hallways still—more than a century of echoes. And if one likes to imagine it, it is not difficult to feel the trace there yet of the hardness of Daniel Swale.

Daniel Swale had on his cloak, for he was starting toward the water front when De Sèvres arrived. The night was a red glare by then, magnificent, appalling, and from the Swale library one could see it all. The reflections of the flames from the river and the sky made the books upon the wall as grim as the books of the ancient sibyls. The breast piece and headpiece which old Colonel Richard Swale had worn a century before, when he led his regiment in King Philip's War, seemed to glow with some fire of their own. That ugly light made Daniel Swale like a stone image on a burning church.

"Well," said Daniel Swale, "where is he?"

Raoul de Sèvres was out of breath; his cheeks were wet with tears from the smoke. "Is madame cared for?" he asked. "I must go back and tell him."

Daniel Swale walked to the library door and closed it.

"She's above with my wife," he said. "Answer my question. Where is he?"

"At the house!" cried Raoul de Sèvres. "I tell you I must go back to it! He's alone there in the house!"

Daniel Swale glanced toward the window. "And now," he said, "the house is burning up."

"*Sapristi!*" cried De Sèvres. "The house could not burn so soon, unless he set it afire himself."

"Nevertheless," said Daniel, "the house is burning up."

And then Raoul de Sèvres could see it. The Palace of Samuel Parlin was alight and very gay, with blazing light from every window.

And again De Sèvres was able to think and act. The stupor had been on him like Monsieur Mesmer's charm, but he was himself again.

"Open the door!" he shouted. "Word of honor, the man's gone mad! I must go back to get him. I say, he's in that house."

"No," said Daniel Swale, "you'll not go back."

"What?" shouted Raoul de Sèvres. "Have you gone mad besides?"

"I tell you," said Daniel Swale, "you'll not go back. Don't you see he wants it? And he gets what he wants, Sam Parlin does."

"Sir," said De Sèvres, "take your hand from that door."

"No, I'll not. I'll kill you before you leave this room."

It was beyond the capacities of a Latin mind to grasp the logic of harsh melancholy and fanaticism that came from an older time. The glare from the flames was on Daniel's face, making it wild and sad.

"No," he said, "it's over. The light is going out from Haven's End."

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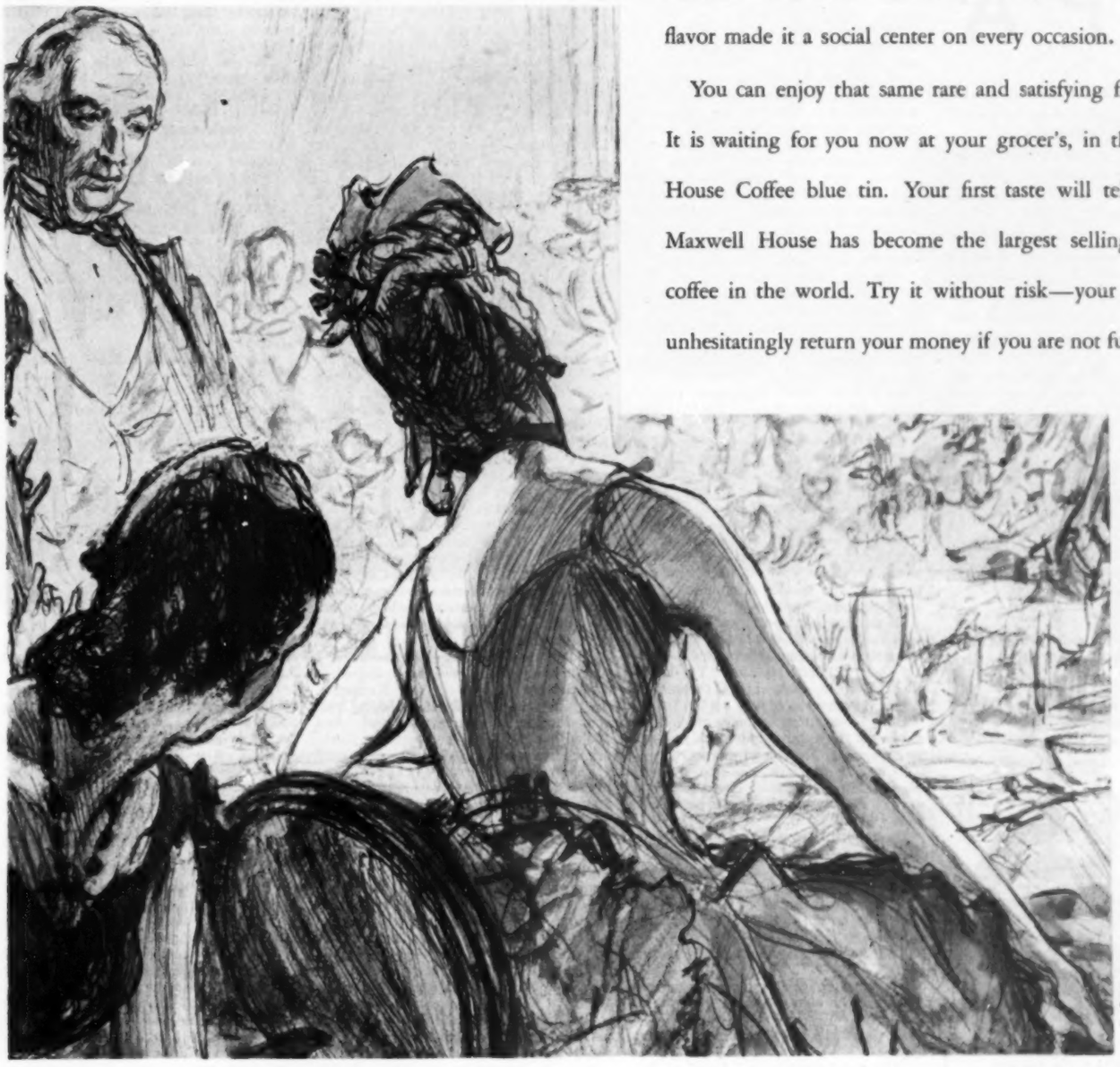

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IPANA TOOTH PASTE

*Signed*_____

THE DOOR

(Continued from Page 25)

"I may have," she said airily. "Just to make conversation."

"This ladder," he persisted. "It is the one Walter Somers used in the lavatory?"

Judy yawned.

"Sorry," she said. "I lost some sleep last night. . . . Is it the same ladder, Elizabeth Jane? You tell him."

"It is," I said flatly, "and you know it perfectly well, Judy. You're being silly."

But she had no more to say, and the inspector stamped down the stairs in no pleasant mood and inclined to discredit her whole story. For which I did not blame him.

He did, however, believe Norah. She was looking pale and demoralized, and she said something about witch lights and then crossed herself. The result was that he at once commenced an investigation of the shrubbery, and that his men almost immediately discovered footprints in the soft ground to the right of the path and where Norah had seen the light.

There were four—two rights and two lefts—and when I went out to look at them, the inspector was standing near them, surveying them with his head on one side.

"Very neat," he said. "Very pretty. See anything queer about them, Simmons?"

"They're kind of small, if that's it."

"What about the heels?"

"Very good, sir. Clear as a bell."

The inspector drew a long breath.

"And that's all you see, is it?" he demanded violently. "What is the use of my trying to teach you fellows anything? Look at those heels! A kangaroo couldn't have left those prints. They've been planted."

He left the discomfited Simmons to mount guard over the prints and to keep the dogs away from them and, not unlike a terrier himself, set to work to examine the near-by ground and bushes.

"The fellow, whoever he was, stepped off the path there when Miss Judy came along. But he left footprints, and later on he remembered them. He came back, smoothed them over and planted false ones. If he's overlooked one now ——"

He was carefully turning over dead leaves with a stick he carried, and now he stooped suddenly and picked up something.

"Look at this!" he said. "The key to the tool room, isn't it? I thought so. Threw it here as he ran."

He was examining the key, which is the flat key of the usual cylinder lock, and now he gave an exclamation of disgust.

"Clean as a whistle," he said. "Pretty cagy, this chap. Must have been in a devil of a hurry, but he wiped it first; or he wore gloves."

He stood there for some time, staring at the key.

"Well," he said finally, "we have just two guesses, Miss Bell. Either he wanted to do away with Miss Judy—which is unlikely—or he did not like her going into that tool room."

"But he let her go in, and he locked her there."

"Not in shape to do much looking about, however," he said grimly. "Now which was it?"

He glared at me as though he expected an answer.

"I'm sure I don't know," I said meekly.

Later on I stood by while his men measured the distance between the footprints and made molds of them. They sprayed the marks with something first, and then poured in plaster of Paris, which the inspector reënforced with the inevitable toothpicks. The result was a pair of rather ghastly white shoes, which he surveyed with satisfaction.

"How do I know they were planted?" he said. "Well, the stride was too long for the foot, for one thing. Here's a small foot and a long stride. Then the ground's soft; they weren't deep enough. And there's another point. When a man walks there's a back thrust to his foot, and the weight's likely to be more on the outside and back of the heel. Look at me; I walk in this earth. What happens? I break the earth at the rear as I lift my foot. You might try that, Simmons," he called. "Maybe the next time you won't let somebody put something over on you."

He left soon after that, greatly pleased with himself, but considerably puzzled, and carrying the two molds carefully wrapped in a newspaper. His examination of the garage and of the ladder had yielded nothing whatever.

VII

JUDY had been hurt on Wednesday, the twenty-seventh of April, and Florence Gunther was not killed until the first of May, which was the Sunday following.

On either Thursday or Friday of that week, then, Wallie came in to see me. I remember being shocked at his appearance, and still more shocked at the way he received the news that Judy had been hurt.

"I'll stop this thing if I have to"—he hesitated—"if I have to kill somebody with my own hands."

But he would not explain that. He called Joseph and went out to the garage, leaving me to make what I could out of that speech of his, and of his conduct generally since Sarah had been killed.

He had searched far more assiduously than had the police, had shown more anxiety than any of us. His gayety had gone, and he had had a hollow-eyed and somber look during those days, which I could not account for.

Nor did the discovery of the body afford him any apparent relief. To the rest of us, grieved as we were, it at least ended that tragic search. After all, it was over. We could not help Sarah, and the rest was for the police. But Wallie had not appeared to share this relief.

Yet Wallie had not liked Sarah. She was not a part of that early régime of which Joseph was the lone survival; of Margaret and the noisy, gay, extravagant days before she left Howard and a young son, both of whom had passionately loved her, to run away with a man who abandoned her within six months.

I found myself thinking of those days. I had known Howard even then. Indeed, it was through me that he met Katherine. Margaret had had a brief, unhappy year somewhere in Europe; then she died. And Wallie had needed a mother. But Katherine had not proved to be a mother to him. He had resented her, and she had resented him. She had never liked him, and after Judy was born, this dislike greatly increased.

It accentuated her jealousy of Margaret that Margaret had borne Howard a son, and that she had not; for Katherine was passionately in love with her husband. And she had kept nothing of Margaret's that she could avoid. Even Joseph had had to go, and so I took him. Not unusual, I dare say—this jealousy of second wives for the women they have followed, even when that woman is dead. But it worked badly for Wallie.

Certainly Wallie was not blameless for his alienation from his father, but also certainly Katherine never raised a finger to restore the peace between them. Wallie was too reminiscent of his mother, fiery, passionate, undisciplined, handsome. When he had learned that Margaret was dying in Biarritz, abandoned by the man for whom she had left Howard, he had demanded permission to go to her. But he was refused on the score of his age—he was only fourteen at the time—and in desperation he had taken out of Howard's wallet the money for a second-class passage there. He was too late, at that, but Howard never forgave him the theft, and he had made the mistake of telling Katherine.

After her marriage, when Wallie was in the house, she kept her purse locked away. And he knew it and hated her for it. But he was not there very often. First at school and later at college, Katherine kept him away as much as possible. And after that had come the war.

Naturally, then, the relationship between Judy and Wallie was almost as remote as the relationship between Wallie and Sarah. To have him grow morose and exhausted when Sarah disappeared was surprising enough, but to see him grow pale and furious over the attack on Judy was actually startling.

He was quieter, however, when he came back from the garage. He planted himself in front of me, like a man who has made a resolution.

"See here," he said. "How fond are you of Jim Blake?"

"I like him. I don't know that it's any more than that."

"What time was it when he telephoned here that night?"

"About a quarter past seven."

"And he asked for Sarah?"

"Yes."

"Why did he do that? Was he in the habit of calling Sarah? Of course he wasn't. How do you know that when she left the house that night it wasn't to see Jim Blake? To meet him somewhere?"

"I don't believe it," I said sharply. "Why would she meet him? I don't believe they've exchanged two dozens words in twenty years."

"She went out to meet him," he insisted. "I know that. I've made it my business to know it. I've been talking to that darky of his. You know his habits; you know he dines late and dresses for dinner. Well, that night he didn't. He dined early and he put on a golf suit. And he left the house at seven o'clock."

"Good heavens, Wallie! If a man may not eat when he's hungry and dress as he likes ——"

"Listen," he said doggedly. "That's not all. He carried with him that sword stick you gave him."

"Even then ——"

"Let me finish, Elizabeth Jane. That cane or stick, or whatever you call it, has disappeared. It's not in the house. It stood in the hall with his other sticks until Sarah's body was found. Then it went."

He was looking at me with his tired, sunken eyes, but there was no doubting his earnestness or his conviction.

"What does that look like?" he demanded. "He has an appointment with Sarah. He goes to meet her, armed. And then ——"

"Wallie, I implore you not to give that to the police."

"No," he said somberly. "Not yet. But some day I may have to."

This then was our situation, during the few days which remained before the first of May:

Sarah was dead—dead of two stab wounds four and a quarter inches deep, inflicted after she had been stunned by a blow on the back of the head. Judy had been attacked by the same method—a blow on the head from the rear—but no further attempt on her life had been made. Wallie suspected Jim Blake, apparently only because the sword cane was missing, and my household was in a state of nerves so extreme that the back-firing of automobiles as they coasted down the long hill which terminates at my drive was enough to make the women turn pale.

Of clews we had none whatever.

Because of the sensational nature of the crime, the press was clamoring for an arrest, and the inspector was annoyed and irritated.

"What do they want, anyhow?" he said. "I can't make clews, can I? And if you'd listen to the district attorney's office, you'd think all I had to do was to walk out and arrest the first man I met on the street.

(Continued on Page 90)

"Pardon me, gentlemen"

A sensible precaution that a million business men take

Why is Listerine to be found in the offices of a majority of American business men? Why do they use it at the noon hour? Why do they sometimes halt important meetings, to gargle with it?

Simply because, like you, they recognize in this safe antiseptic a swift, effective enemy of sore throat and the common cold. Used at the first sign of trouble, it has prevented thousands of cases from becoming serious.

Its effectiveness is due to its amazing power to destroy disease germs, millions of which lodge in the oral cavity.

Though safe to use and pleasant to taste, full strength Listerine kills even such resistant organisms as the Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) and Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid) in counts ranging to 200,000,000 in 15 seconds. We could not make this statement unless prepared to prove it to the entire satisfaction of the medical profession and the U. S. Government.

As a preventive of sore throat and colds use Listerine systematically every day. And at the first definite sign that either is developing, increase the frequency of the gargle and consult your physician. If dangerous complications are threatening he will detect and promptly treat them.

Incidentally, Listerine puts you on the safe side as far as halitosis (bad breath) is concerned—certainly important for a business man to remember. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

—and for a

COLD

Germs of many kinds are transferred to food by the hands and so introduced into the mouth. Physicians declare that the sterilization of hands before each meal would do much to prevent the spread of colds. Listerine is excellent for this purpose—kills germs in 15 seconds.

LISTERINE *for* SORE THROAT

Kills* 200,000,000 *germs in fifteen seconds

Build for lasting comfort, not for a price. A small home, staunch to the last detail, is a better "bargain" than a large one built with cheap materials.

Now! Good Hardware for cottages as well as castles

. . *and the cost is* NOT *prohibitive*

IF you are building a modest, six-room cottage—Corbin makes *good hardware* for it. And at a price you *can* afford.

The fact is, Corbin makes good hardware for every type, size and kind of building. But that doesn't mean it all costs the same. The cost depends on what you need and want.

After all, the real difference between cheap and good hardware is *not* price. The difference in first cost is little—less than 1% of the total cost of the building. But the difference in what you get—in service, looks, and security—is great.

If you're building a home to live in—to last—to give you happiness and comfort—don't skimp on the things that cost you least. You'll only save pennies—later to spend pounds repairing broken locks, replacing hardware that rusts and ruins, that won't fasten, won't work.

Whether the house you're building be six rooms or sixty, give it *good hardware.* Corbin makes it—and at a price you can afford.

Send for this helpful hardware booklet—Free!

Write Dept. S-2 for "Good Buildings Deserve Good Hardware." It contains important information you need before building—also many illustrations of correct hardware for different periods of architecture.

P. & F. CORBIN SINCE 1849 NEW BRITAIN CONNECTICUT

The American Hardware Corporation, Successor

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GOOD BUILDINGS DESERVE GOOD HARDWARE

(Continued from Page 88)

Lot of old women, getting nervous the minute the papers begin to yap at them!"

He must have broken up hundreds of toothpicks that week. We would find small, scattered bits of wood all over the place.

By Sunday, the first of May, Judy was still in bed, but fully convalescent. She had ordered a number of books on crime to read, and with them managed to put in the days comfortably enough.

The evenings were reserved for Dick. Their first meeting after Judy's injury had defined the situation between them with entire clarity. He was on his knees beside the bed in an instant.

"My darling! My poor little darling!" he said.

She lay there, looking perfectly happy, with one hand on his head.

"Your poor little darling has made a fool of herself," she said sweetly. "And you'll give me hell when you hear about it. Go on out, Elizabeth Jane; he wants to kiss me."

Which, Katherine or no Katherine, I promptly did.

It was, then, on Sunday afternoon that there occurred another of those apparently small matters on which later such grave events were to depend. Already there were a number of them: Sarah's poor body found by the coincidence of Judy being near when a horse shied; the coolness of an April night, so that Norah must go to her window to close it; Mary Martin happening to open Sarah's door while she was writing a letter, so that Sarah had made that damning record on her white sleeve; Jim Blake's deviation from his custom of dressing for dinner and its results; Judy's sudden and still mysterious desire to visit the garage at night; even my own impulsive gift to Jim Blake of my grandfather's sword stick.

On that Sunday afternoon, at five o'clock, Florence Gunther came to see me and was turned away. I had gone upstairs to rest, and she was turned away.

Why had she not come sooner? She was frightened, of course. We know that now. Afraid of her very life. The nights must have been pure terror, locked away in there in the upper room of that shabby house on Halkett Street.

But she knew she held the key to the mystery. One can figure her reading the papers, searching for some news and all the time holding the key and wondering what she ought to do.

If she had gone to the police with her story she might have saved her life. But if all of us behaved rationally under stress, there would be no mysteries; and the dread of the police and of publicity is very strong in many people. And in addition she herself had something to hide—a small matter but vital to her. How could she tell her story and not reveal that?

She must have thought of all those things sitting alone at night in that none too comfortable room of hers with its day bed covered with an imitation Navajo rug, its dull curtains and duller carpet, its book from the circulating library, and perhaps on the dresser when she went to bed at night, the gold bridge with its two teeth which was later to identify her.

Yet in the end she reached a decision and came to me. And Joseph, who was to identify her as my visitor later on by a photograph, answered the bell and turned her away. I was asleep, he said, and could not be disturbed. So she went off, poor creature, walking down my path to the pavement and to her doom; a thin colorless girl in a dark blue coat and a checked dress.

She had left no name, and Joseph did not tell me until I went down to dinner.

Even then it meant nothing to me.

"What was she like, Joseph? A reporter?"

"I think not, madam. A thinnish person, very quiet."

Dick was having an early Sunday-night supper with me—early so that the servants might go out. That, too, is a custom of my mother's; the original purpose having been that they might go to church. Now I believe that they go to the movies.

But I thought no more of the matter. Mary Martin had rather upset me. She had come in from a walk to tell me that she was leaving as soon as I could spare her, and had suddenly burst into tears.

"I just want to get away," she said through her handkerchief. "I'm nervous here. I'm—I guess I'm frightened."

"That's silly, Mary. Where would you go?"

"I may go to New York. Mrs. Somers has said she may find something for me."

Judy's comment on that conversation, when I stopped in her room to tell her, was characteristic.

"Mother's idea of keeping Mary's mouth shut," she said. "And polite blackmail on the part of the lady!"

So Mary had not come down to dinner, and Dick and I were alone. He talked, I remember, about crime; that Scotland Yard seized on one dominant clew and followed it through, but that the expert American detective used the Continental method and followed every possible clew. And he stated as a corollary to this that the experts connected with the homicide squad had some clews in connection with Sarah's murder that they were not giving out.

"They've got something, and I think it puzzles them."

"You don't know what it is?"

But he only shook his head and proceeded to eat a substantial meal. I remember wondering if that clew involved Jim, and harking back again, as I had ever since, to Wallie's suspicion of him.

Why had he telephoned to Sarah that night? Could it be that he was, in case of emergency, registering the fact that, at 7:15 or thereabouts, he was safely at home? But we had the word of Amos that he was not at home at that time; that, God help us, he was out somewhere with a deadly weapon in his hand and who knew what in his heart. He was still shut away in bed. What did he think about as he lay in that bed?

"Dick," I said, "you and Judy have something in your minds about this awful thing, haven't you?"

"We've been talking about it. Who hasn't?"

"But something concrete," I insisted. "Why on earth did Judy want that ladder?"

He hesitated.

"I don't know," he said slowly. "I don't think she wanted the ladder; I think she must have intended to look at it."

Upon this cryptic speech, which he refused to elaborate, I took him upstairs.

That evening is marked in my memory by two things. One was, about nine o'clock, a hysterical crying fit by Mary Martin. Clara came down to the library to tell me that Mary was locked in her room and crying; she could hear her through the door. As Mary was one of those self-contained young women who seem amply able to take care of themselves, the news was almost shocking.

To add to my bewilderment, when I had got the smelling salts and hurried up to her, she refused at first to let me in.

"Go away," she said. "Please go away."

"Let me give you the salts. I needn't come in."

A moment later, however, she threw the door wide open and faced me, half defiantly.

"It's nothing," she said. "I was low in my mind, that's all." She forced a smile. "I have a fit like this every so often. They're not serious."

"Has anything happened, Mary?"

"Nothing. I'm just silly. You know, or maybe you don't; living around in other people's houses, having nothing. It gets me sometimes."

I came nearer to liking her then than I ever had, and I wondered if the sight of Dick, intent on Judy and Judy's safety, had not precipitated the thing. After all, she

(Continued on Page 93)

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by nailing Celotex to the underside of roof rafters. The big, strong boards add lasting strength to roof structures. You'll find them easy to apply just like lumber with hammer and large headed nails.

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"Oh, Val, now it's ruined!"

"Why worry about the table?" grumbled Val - -

"Don't you know the table's Valsparred?" he continued . . . "But my suit is not!"

At that Mrs. Valspar smiled consolingly. "Of course," she explained, "I know the table's all right. Didn't I Valspar it myself? But I've broken one of the yellow breakfast pieces Aunt Ida gave us! *And there are only two of each in the set."*

* * * *

Like any other married couple, Mr. and Mrs. Valspar "enjoy" their little accidents. And like so many others, they have become "paint-wise."

Their wisdom, based on experience, leads them to pass right by inferior materials, unsupported claims, unknown brands, and the temptation of bargain prices. Whenever there's any "finishing" job to be done — whether painting, enameling, varnishing or lacquering — their *wisdom* elects *Valspar Quality!*

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VALSPAR FINISHES

VARNISHES · · PAINTS LACQUERS · · ENAMELS

(Continued from Page 90)

was pretty and she was young. I patted her on the arm.

"Maybe I've done less than my duty, Mary," I said. "I'm a selfish woman and lately, with all this tragedy ——"

And then she began to cry again. Softly, however, and rather hopelessly. When I went downstairs again I wondered if she was not frightened, too; after all, her loneliness was nothing new to her.

I can look back on Mary now, as I can look back on all the other actors in our drama. But she still remains mysterious to me, a queer arrogant creature, self-conscious and sex-conscious, yet with her own hours of weakness and despair.

The other incident was when Dick received a telephone call, rather late in the evening. That must have been around eleven o'clock. Judy and he had spent the intervening hours together, the door open out of deference to my old-fashioned ideas, but with Dick curled up comfortably on her bed in deference to their own. He came leisurely down to the telephone when I called him, but the next moment he was galvanized into action, rushed into the hall, caught up his overcoat and hat and shouted up the stairs to Judy.

"Got to run, honey. Something's happened and the star reporter is required."

"Come right up here and say good night!"

"This is business," he called back, grinning. "I can kiss you any time."

And with that he was out of the house and starting the engine of his dilapidated car. I could hear him rattling and bumping down the drive while Judy was still calling to him from above.

VIII

I WAS astonished the next morning to have Clara announce Inspector Harrison before I was dressed. I looked at the clock, and it was only half-past eight, and Clara plainly considered the call ill-timed.

"I can ask him to come back, ma'am."

"Not at all. You have no idea what he wants, I suppose?"

"Joseph let him in. If you'd like some coffee first ——"

But I wanted no coffee. I threw on some clothing—Judy was still asleep—and when I got down, Mr. Harrison was standing in the lavatory doorway, thoughtfully gazing up at the skylight. He looked tired and untidy, and his eyes were bloodshot.

"I've taken the liberty of asking your butler for a cup of coffee. I've been up all night."

"Why not have breakfast?"

"I'm not hungry. I don't think I could eat anything."

But he did eat a fair meal when it appeared, talking meanwhile of unimportant matters. Not until we were in the library with the door closed did he mention the real object of his visit.

"Miss Bell, did you ever hear of a young woman named Gunther?"

"I think not. Why?"

"Florence Gunther?"

"Florence! The Florence who telephoned to Sarah?"

"I think it's possible. I'm not certain."

"Well," I said, "I'm glad you've found her. She must know something."

"Yes," he said. "Yes, I think she did know something. But she will never be able to tell it. She was shot and killed last night."

Later on I was to wonder why he did not tell me then the details of that killing. Perhaps he was still rather sick; perhaps he had reasons of his own. But what he told me then was only that the girl had been shot and that there was some evidence that her room had been gone through like Sarah's. The body had been taken to the morgue.

"There are certain points of resemblance," he said, "although this girl was shot, not stabbed. For instance—I don't want to harrow you—but the shoes had been removed. And although her room is not in the condition of Sarah Gittings', it has been searched. I'll take my oath to that. She seems to have been an orderly person, very quiet, and ——"

But that phrase "very quiet" recalled something to me. Quiet—a quiet person. I remembered then; Joseph's description of the young woman who had tried to see me the day before.

"I wonder," I said, "if she could have been here yesterday."

"Yesterday?"

"How was she dressed? What did she look like? Joseph turned away a young woman while I was resting. It just might have been ——"

He was in the hall in a moment, calling Joseph, and what I had feared turned out to be correct. Joseph not only identified a cabinet photograph of her but recalled that she had worn a blue coat, and "a sort of plaid dress, sir; checked, it might have been."

When he had excused Joseph, who looked shaken over the whole business, the inspector gave me such facts as he had.

Florence Gunther had been shot and killed; the bullet had gone into her brain and out again. But the murderer had also tried to burn her body, and had largely succeeded. A farmer named Hawkins, out on the Warrenville Road, had gone out at ten o'clock the night before to look after a sick cow, and in a gully beside the road, not two hundred yards from his front gate, had seen a fire blazing.

Thinking that a passing motorist had ignited the brush with a lighted cigarette, he went back into the house and got an old blanket and a broom with which to beat out the flames. He had actually commenced this when he realized what lay before him. He smothered the fire with the blanket and called the police. But for the incident of the sick cow, the body would have been destroyed, as the family had already retired.

As it was, identification would have been a slow matter, had it not been for that one thing which Mr. Harrison had said every criminal overlooks, and this was that where the body had been placed, a small spring—a mere thread of water really; I saw it later—effectually soaked the ground at this point. Such garments as were in contact with the earth, then, were not destroyed, and they revealed the fact that the unfortunate woman had worn a checked dress and a dark blue coat.

There must have been footprints in that soft ground, the heavy marks of a man carrying a substantial burden; but a passing car with a group of curious and horrified motorists, Hawkins himself extinguishing the fire, the police and police reporters, when they arrived, had thoroughly erased them.

The three detectives from the homicide squad reached the spot, to find the body, a crowd of curious onlookers, and not a discoverable clew to the murder.

At four in the morning Harrison went home and threw himself, fully clothed, on his bed. There was nothing then to connect this crime with Sarah or with us; nor was there until 7:10 the following morning. The body had been taken to the morgue, Mr. Harrison was peacefully asleep, and Dick Carter had written his story of the murder and gone to bed, a blue-beaded bag in his coat pocket and forgotten. At 7:10, however, an excited telephone message was received at a local police station from a woman named Sanderson, a boarder in a house in an unfashionable part of the city, on Halkett Street.

She reported that one of the roomers—a young woman named Florence Gunther—was not in her room, and that as she never spent the night out she was certain that something was wrong.

In view of the crime the night before, the call was turned over to the inspector. Breakfastless and without changing his clothing, he got into his car—always kept at his door—and started for Halkett Street. The Sanderson woman, greatly excited, was waiting at the front door.

Her story was simple and direct. She had not slept well, and sometime in the night she had been annoyed by movements overhead in Florence Gunther's room.

"She seemed to be moving the furniture about," she said, "and I made up my mind to talk to her about it in the morning. So I got up at seven and went up, but she wasn't there. She hadn't slept there. And when I found all her clothes except what she had on, I got worried."

He told her nothing of the crime, but he examined the room with her. The landlady—a woman named Bassett—had been ill for some time and did not appear. It was clear to both of them that the room had been searched, although there had been an attempt to conceal the fact. But the important fact was that Florence Gunther, when last seen the evening before, had worn a checked dress and blue coat.

He knew then what he had found. He locked the room, put Simmons on guard at the door, sent word by a colored servant to Mrs. Bassett that the room and the officer were to be undisturbed, and with a photograph of the dead woman in his pocket had come to me.

"The point seems to be this," he said: "If this is the Florence who was in touch with Sarah, the same motive which led to the one crime has led to the other. The possession of some dangerous knowledge, possibly certain papers—it's hard to say. The one thing apparently certain is that there was something—some physical property for which in each case a search was made. Whether it was found or not ——"

He broke the end from a toothpick with great violence.

"Curious thing to think of, isn't it?" he went on. "If you'd seen this girl yesterday she might be living today. She knew the answer to Sarah Gittings' murder, and so she had to go. Now, if we knew how friendly they were, how they met, what brought them together, we'd have something."

And, although we have learned many things, that association of theirs remains a mystery. By what tragic accident they were thrown together we shall never know; two lonely women in a city of more than half a million, they had drifted together somehow—perhaps during their aimless evening walks or in a moving-picture theater. We have no reason to believe that there was any particular friendship between them. One thing, discovered by accident, held them together and in the end destroyed them.

The inspector got up to go.

"I'm going down to headquarters," he said. "Then I'm going back to that room of hers. Whether the same hand killed both women or not, I imagine the same individual searched both rooms. There's a technic about such matters."

"Still, I should think that a man who has just killed ——"

"Not this one. He's got no heart and he's got no nerves. But there's always a chance. If he goes on killing, he'll slip up sometime, and then we'll get him."

With which optimistic words he left me.

Later on in the day I heard from him by telephone.

"Just to cheer you up," he said. "We have a clear slate for Walter Somers last night. He played bridge from eight until three this morning, and won two hundred dollars."

He hung up abruptly. It was the first time I had known that the police were watching Wallie.

From the papers, ringing with another shoe murder, and from various sources then and later, I gained a fair idea of the unfortunate young woman. Florence Gunther was about thirty years of age, a quiet but not unfriendly woman. Shy. She seldom joined the others in the parlor of the Halkett Street house; in the evenings she took a walk or went to the movies. She had apparently no family, and received no mail of any importance.

She had been an expert stenographer in the law office of Waite and Henderson, well-known attorneys, and was highly thought of there. Recently, however, she had shown signs of nervousness, and her work had suffered somewhat.

Her life had been apparently an open book. In the morning she was called at seven. She dressed slowly, ate her breakfast and reported at nine at the office. She had not been interested in men, or they in her; but she had had one caller—a gentleman—about two weeks before. His identity was unknown, but he seemed to have been a well-dressed man, not young. He had arrived, according to the colored woman servant, about eight o'clock and stayed until 9:30. She had had only a glimpse of him and could not describe him.

On the day of her death—which was Sunday—she had spent the morning doing some small washing and mending. In the afternoon, however, she had put on the blue coat and started out. She was back in less than an hour and had seemed low-spirited. No one had seen her leave the house that night. It was thought that she had left the house about eight, and the police believed that she had been killed at or near that ditch on the Warrenville Road where the body was found.

But on Monday afternoon we were to learn where she had been shot.

My property lies at the foot of a longish hill. As a result of this—and an annoying one it is—a certain number of cars come down in gear, but with the switch off, and by and large a very considerable amount of back-firing takes place directly outside of my drive.

The result is that when, quite recently, a bootlegger fired a number of shots at a policeman and finally wounded him in the leg, the poor wretch lay untended for some little time.

All of which bears directly on the killing of Florence Gunther.

Dick had telephoned me during the day, when the identity of Florence Gunther had been given out by the police, and begged me to send Judy away.

"She's not safe," he said, worried. "Until we know what's behind this, nobody's safe."

I agreed to do what I could, and when he came in at six o'clock, looking rather the worse for wear, he was more cheerful. I had kept the news of the murder from Judy until then, thinking she might hear it better from him, and she greeted him with great coolness.

"Don't come near me," she said. "And don't ask him to dinner, Elizabeth Jane. He walked out on me last night."

"Listen to her! If I don't work I don't eat, my child. These millionaires' daughters!" he said to me. "They think honest toil is cutting coupons. Money's nothing to them."

Then he remembered something, and put his hand in his pocket.

"Speaking of money," he said, "hanged if I didn't forget I'd had a windfall. Look what I found!"

He drew out of his pocket a blue beaded bag, and Judy snatched it from him.

"I suppose you've advertised it?" she said severely.

"Darling, I am this moment out of my bath. Of course I shall," he added virtuously. "'Found: bag.' Vague, but honest, eh, what? It's got ten dollars in it!"

"Where did you find it?"

"I just drove out from the Bell estate in my car, and there it was."

"On the street?"

"On the street. Right outside your gates, oh, daughter of Eve. I said to myself: 'What's that?' Then I replied: 'It's a pocketbook.' Then I shouted, 'Whoa!' leaped from my trusty steed and ——"

It was then that Judy found the typed slip and drew it out. "You won't have to advertise. Here's her name—Florence Gunther."

"Florence Gunther!" I cried.

It was then that Dick told her of the murder the night before. He was as careful as he could be not to horrify her, but the bare facts were dreadful enough. She went very pale, but she watched him steadily,

(Continued on Page 96)

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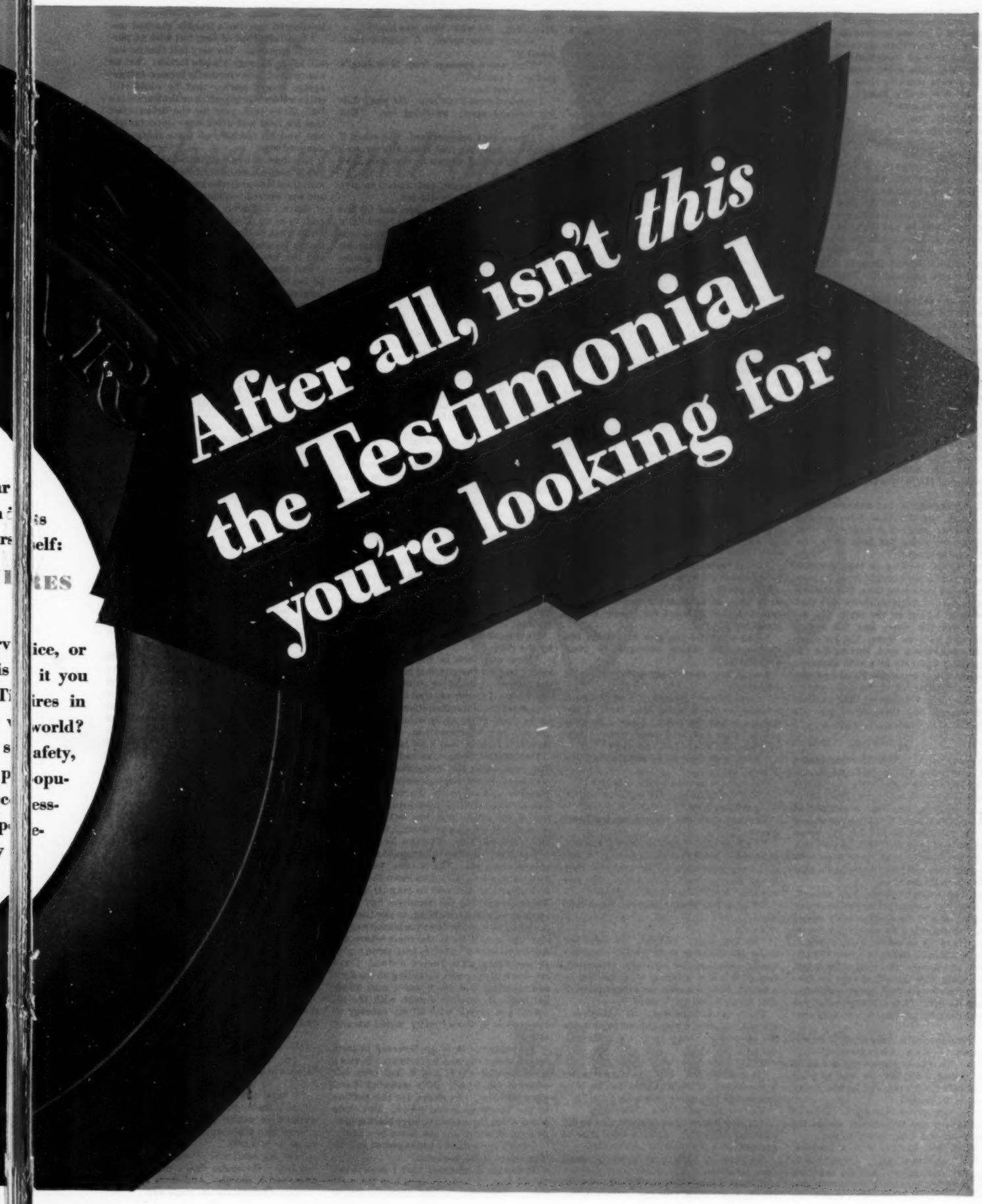
After all, isn't this
the Testimonial
you're looking for

(Continued from Page 93)

and somehow I got the impression that he was telling her more than appeared on the surface, that between them there was some understanding, some secret theory against which they were checking these new facts.

"On the Warrenville Road? Then she was taken there in a car?"

"Presumably, yes."

"Did anybody see the car?"

"The police are working on that. Apparently not."

"And you've checked up on—things?"

"They seem all right. Absolutely O. K."

Still with this mysterious bond between them, they took me out to where Dick had found the bag, and standing there, he pointed out where he had found the bag—not near the pavement, but almost in the center of the street. It had shown up plainly; at first he had thought it was a bird, and veered to avoid it. Then he saw what it was.

"You might figure it like this," he said: "She's coming again to see you. She suspects something, and she's got to tell it. Now, there are two ways for that bag to have been where I found it. Either she saw somebody and ducked out into the street, or she was in a car already, was shot while in the car, and the bag dropped out. I think she was in a car. You see, there's no—no blood," he ended awkwardly.

Judy looked a little sick, but she spoke practically enough.

"Couldn't he have shot her there, dragged her quickly into the shrubbery, and then got a car? She must have been here at 8:30 or so, and the body wasn't found until after ten."

Well, it was possible, but a careful search of the hedge, and the lilacs, forsythia and syringa bushes inside of it—some of them in leaf, for the spring had been early—revealed nothing whatever.

I find myself dwelling on that question of time which Judy brought up. It puzzled the police for a long time, but now we know about it—the driving about with that dead woman lolling on the seat; the decision to use the river, and the bridge crowded and no hope there; the purchase of oil at some remote spot, leaving the car and its grisly contents at a safe distance; and finally the Warrenville Road and the sleeping farmhouse. And the sick cow.

The sick cow! Everything safe, another perfect crime. And then, of all possible mischances, a sick cow.

IX

THAT was on Monday. Tuesday morning, Jim being still in bed and incommunicado by the doctor's orders, the district attorney sent again for Amos, Jim's servant, and terrified him into a number of damaging statements. That early dinner of Jim's, the fact that he had left the house immediately after it and that he had carried the sword stick—all these came out. And finally the frightened wretch told that the stick had disappeared.

That was enough—more than enough. After that Jim was under surveillance day and night; one of those apparently casual affairs, but sufficient to report his movements. He made no movements, however. He lay in his bed, and if he knew the significance of the men who moved back and forward along Pine Street, or that his telephone and mail were both under espionage, he made no sign. But, although suspicion was now directed at Jim, it was only suspicion.

On Tuesday night Inspector Harrison came again to see me. I was growing to like the man. He was to oppose me and all of us for a long time, but he was at least sturdily honest with me, and he was to try later on to be helpful.

He was very grave that night. He sent Judy away, to her annoyance, closed the library door, and then turned to me.

"I came here tonight with a purpose, Miss Bell," he said at last. "I want you to think, and think hard. Is there anything at all, however remote—I don't care how absurd—which would provide a motive for the killing of Sarah Gittings? For this second crime is subsidiary to that. That I know. Think, now; some remote family trouble, some secret she knew; even some scene at which she happened to be present."

"We don't have family scenes, inspector."

"Nonsense! Every family has them."

"There is nothing, I assure you. Walter Somers doesn't hit it off with his stepmother, but they don't quarrel. They simply keep apart."

"And Mr. Blake?"

"Why should he quarrel with them? They have been very good to him. I think Mrs. Somers even makes him a small allowance, and a man doesn't quarrel with his bread and butter."

"Tell me something about the Somers family. I know they are wealthy. What else?"

"Howard has been married twice. His first wife eloped with another man and died in Europe many years ago. After her death he married my cousin, Katherine. They have one child, Judy, who is here. And they are very happy."

"And that's the whole story?"

"Yes, except that Howard Somers is in bad health. He has had at least one attack of angina pectoris. He had that here last year, while I was abroad with his family. He almost died, and I suppose the end is only a question of time."

"I see. How old a man is he?"

"Almost sixty. Quite a handsome man."

"Now, about this sick spell. When you say he was sick here, do you mean in this house?"

"No. The house was closed. He was at a hotel—the Imperial. Sarah Gittings came down to take care of him."

"And Mr. Blake? Was he here at that time?"

"He was in Maine. He has a small cottage there."

I believe now that certain of these interrogations were purely idle, designed to put me off my guard. For the next instant, in the same tone, he asked me a question so unexpected that it found me totally unprepared for it:

"And when did you give Mr. Blake the walking stick which belonged to your grandfather?"

I must have showed my agitation, for he smiled.

"Come, come," he said. "You're a poor witness for the defense, Miss Bell! I see Amos has told the truth. Show a darky a police badge and he'll come clean. How long has Mr. Blake had that cane?"

"Since sometime in the early spring. In March."

"You have no idea where it is now?"

"Not the faintest. He certainly didn't bring it back here."

The inspector bent toward me, wary and intent.

"Ah," he said. "So you know it has disappeared! Now that's interesting. I call that very interesting. Who told you that it had disappeared? Not Amos. He was warned. Mr. Blake himself, perhaps?"

"No. It was Walter Somers. Amos told him."

He sat back.

"By and large," he said, "we have too many detectives on these crimes. And the family seems to be curiously interested, doesn't it? For a family with nothing to conceal. Now, I would like a description of that stick, if you don't mind."

There was nothing else to do. Much as I loathed the idea, I was obliged to describe the thing—the heavy knob, the knife concealed in the shaft.

"This blade now—was it sharp?"

"Absolutely not. But I dare say Jim had it sharpened. He would have had to, if he had meant to commit a murder."

But my sarcasm was a boomerang.

"It may interest you to know that he did just that, Miss Bell. About a week after he got it."

He gave me little time to worry about that, however.

"There is something else I want to verify. On the night Sarah Gittings was murdered, Mr. Blake telephoned here, I believe, to Miss Judy. At what time was that?"

"Shortly after seven. A quarter past, possibly."

"That was a message from Miss Judy's mother, I gather?"

"Yes, but he ——"

I checked myself too late. He was bending forward again, watching me. "But what?"

"I have just remembered. He asked if Sarah was here, but that is in his favor, naturally. If he had known he need not have asked."

"Or if he did know, and wished to give the impression that he did not."

He sat there looking at me, and for the first time I realized that he was potentially dangerous to me and mine. His china-blue eyes were cold and searching; under his bald head his face was determined, almost belligerent. And he was intelligent—shrewd and intelligent.

Later on I was to try to circumvent him; to pit my own wits against his. Always he thwarted me, and often he frightened me. In his way, almost to the very end, he remained as mysterious as Sarah, as aloof as Florence Gunther, as implacable as Fate itself.

Yet he treated me always with friendliness and often with deference, and now his voice was almost casual.

"Did he say where he was when he called up?"

"No. At home, probably."

"Don't you know better than that, Miss Bell?" he inquired pointedly. "If you don't, let me tell you. On that night Jim Blake dined early, and left the house at seven, or a few minutes after. He did no telephoning before he left. We have a list of his calls out for that night. Wherever he was when he telephoned—and we are trying to locate that—he was not at home."

And I felt again that this communicativeness of his was deliberate, that he was watching for its effect on me.

"But why? Why should Jim Blake kill Sarah?" I demanded. "What would be his motive?"

He was getting ready to go, and he stopped by the door.

"Now and then in criminal work," he said, "we find the criminal before we learn the motive. I make no accusation against Mr. Blake. I merely say that his movements that night require explanation, and that until he makes that explanation we have to use our own interpretation. If that's unfavorable to him, that's his fault."

One comfort, at least, we had at that time. The reporters, the cameramen and the crowds of inquisitive sight-seers had abandoned us, and out on the Warrenville Road, Hawkins had thriftily piled brush about the site of the crime and was letting in the morbid-minded at a price until the county police stopped him. The cow had died.

But in my own house demoralization was almost complete. The women were in a state of hysteria, afraid to leave the house and almost as terrified to stay in it. On Tuesday morning the laundress had come upstairs pale and trembling, to say that the chair had been taken from the laundry again and was once more in the room where the wood was stored. And on that same night, at something after twelve o'clock, Clara ran down to my room, pounding on the door and shouting that there was a man under her bed. It required Joseph with the revolver and myself with all my courage to discover Jock there, neatly curled up and asleep.

The matter of the chair, however, puzzled me. I took Judy and went down. It was a plain wooden chair, and it had been left where it was found. Judy mounted it and examined the joists above, for this portion of the basement is not ceiled. But there was nothing there except a large black spider, at sight of which she got down in a hurry.

I don't know what I had expected to find. The sword stick, perhaps.

It was on Wednesday that I determined to see Jim. I had not seen him for more than a week—not, indeed, since the day of Sarah's funeral—and if Wallie's state had bewildered me, Jim's frankly shocked me.

I had been fond of Jim, but with no particular approval. The very fact that he was still idling through his late forties; that he was content to live modestly because extravagance meant work; that he could still put in weeks of preparation on the Bachelor's Ball, given each year for the debutantes; that his food and drink were important to him, and his clothes—all these things had annoyed me.

Nor had I ever quite believed in his feeble health; certainly he was a stronger man than Howard, who had always worked, and who was still working in the very shadow of death. Certainly Jim was able to play golf, to sit up all night at bridge, to eat and drink what he wanted, and to dance with a young generation which liked his parties and the flowers he sent them.

But this was the surface of Jim Blake. Of the real man, buried under that slightly bulging waistline, that air of frivolity, those impeccable garments, I doubt if even Katherine knew anything. He went his way, apparently a cheerful idler, with his present assured, and his future undoubtedly cared for in case of Howard's death.

There was, however, nothing cheerful about the Jim I found on Wednesday night, lying in his handsome bed and nursed and valeted by Amos. I have often wondered since just what were his thoughts as he lay there day after day, watching Amos moving deftly about his room—Amos, who knew so much and yet not enough.

The two watching each other, the black man and the white, and yet all serene between them on the surface.

"I've ordered sweetbreads for luncheon, sir."

"That's right. Put them on a little ham, Amos."

And Amos going out, efficient and potentially dangerous, to prepare sweetbreads.

He must have had his bad hours, his own temptations. He could have escaped even then; could have slipped out the rear door to his car and gone somewhere, anywhere; for his illness was certainly not acute. But he did not. He lay there in his bed and waited for the inevitable.

Jim was glad to see me, I thought. He was propped up in bed in a pair of mauve silk pajamas, and with a dressing gown of dark brocade hanging over a chair beside him. The room was masculine enough, but a trifle too carefully done, as though Jim had taken pains to place the jewel which was himself in a perfect setting. There was something incongruous in the contrast between that soft interior, shaded and carefully lighted, with Jim as the central figure, the star of its stage, and the man I had seen across the street as I walked to the house. I had walked. I felt that it was not necessary to take my household into my confidence on this particular matter.

"Well," he said, "this is a kindly and Christian act! Sit down. That's a good chair."

He was nervous. I saw for the first time, that night, the slight twitching about the mouth which was never afterward to leave him, and as I told him my story it grew more and more marked. Yet save for that twitching he heard me through quietly enough.

"What do you want me to say?" he said. "Or to do? If the police want a scapegoat—innocent men have been arrested before this for the sake of the sensational press—what am I to do about it? Run away?"

"You can tell them the truth."

"What truth?" he said irritably.

"Tell them where you were the night Sarah was killed. Surely you can do that, Jim."

"I have already told them. I live the life of a bachelor. I'm neither better nor worse than others. I decline to drag a woman into this—any woman. They can all go to hell first."

I felt my heart sink. His indignation was not real. He spoke like a man who has rehearsed a speech. And from under his

(Continued on Page 98)

If *babies could only "speak up"*

IT would astonish thousands of mothers if a highly sensitized camera could photograph the effects of an unprotected baby carriage on an infant's impressionable spine. ¶And indeed, in these sensible times, when informed mothers will not sacrifice comfort to style in their little ones' clothing or living environment, it seems a strange contradiction to find anyone buying a carriage that jars or jolts. If all the tiny carriage passengers in the land could only "speak up", Lloyd carriages would have their vote unanimously. ¶Lloyd carriages are scientifically "shock proofed". They have basket-shaped bodies of smooth, durable, loom-woven fibre—reinforced with invisible steel wire in every upright strand. Their resilient springs are oil-tempered. Their wheels are balloon-tired with smartly colored rubber* to provide further insurance of baby's comfort.

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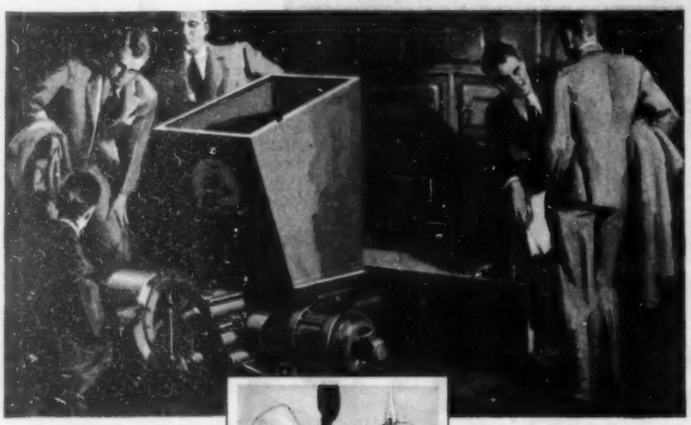

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IRON FIREMAN

AUTOMATIC COAL BURNER

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eyebrows he was watching me, intently, furtively. For the first time I realized how badly frightened he was.

"I see," I said quietly. "And I dare say that's where you left the cane. Naturally you would not care to speak about it."

"The cane? What cane?"

"The one I gave you, Jim. It's missing, apparently."

He said nothing for a full minute. It must have been a terrible shock to him. Perhaps he was going back in his mind—who knew about the cane? Amos, of course. And Amos had been talking.

His distrust and anger at Amos must have been a devastating thing just then. But he rallied himself.

"What's that got to do with it? Anybody can lose a stick. I've lost dozens, hundreds."

"You carried it out with you that night, you know."

"And I suppose that proves that I killed Sarah Gittings! And that I got up out of a sick bed the other night, put a can of kerosene in my car and shot this Florence Gunther! There's no case there. I carry a stick out one night and forget it somewhere. Well, they can't hang me for that. And I wasn't out of this house last Sunday night."

What would I say? Tell him Wallie's story—that the sword cane had not disappeared until Sarah's body was found? That he had brought it back, and that the police knew he had brought it back? He hated Wallie, and I was in no condition to face an outburst of anger from him; especially since I felt that that, too, might have been prepared in advance; the careful defense of a frightened man.

One thing I was certain of when I left. He was a frightened man, but not a sick man. The loose sleeve of his pajama coat revealed a muscular and well-nourished arm, and when Amos came in reply to the summons he carried a night tray with a substantial supper and a siphon and bottle.

Jim scowled when he saw it.

"You can leave that, and I want you to drive Miss Bell home, Amos. She walked over."

"Yes, sir."

I had a flash then of the strange relationship between the two of them, shut in there together; of suspicion and anger on Jim's part, and, on the negro's, of fear and something else. Not hostility. Uneasiness, perhaps.

"Can I shake up your pillows, sir?"

"No. Don't bother."

I felt baffled as I went down the stairs. I dare say it is always difficult to face civilized human beings and to try to realize that they have joined the lost brotherhood of those who have willfully taken human lives. There appears to be no gulf; they breathe, eat, talk, even on occasion laugh. There is no mark on their foreheads. But the gulf is there, never to be bridged; less broad, perhaps, for those who have killed in passion, but wider than eternity itself for those who have planned, plotted, schemed, that a living being shall cease to live.

All hope that Jim Blake would clear himself, at least in my eyes, was gone. And at the foot of the stairs Amos was waiting, enigmatic, the perfect servant, to help me into my wrap.

"I'll bring the car around at once, ma'am."

"I'll go back with you, Amos. It will save time."

"The yard's pretty dark, Miss Bell."

"Haven't you a flash light?"

He produced one at once from a drawer of the hall table, and I followed him through his neat pantry and kitchen, and out into the yard. Here, in mild weather, Jim sometimes served coffee after dinner, and he had planted it rather prettily. I remember the scent of the spring night as I followed Amos, and seeing the faint outlines of Jim's garden furniture—a bench, a few chairs, a table.

"I see you have your things out already, Amos."

"Yes'm. I painted them a few days ago. We'll be having warm weather soon."

I took the light while he unlocked the small door and backed the car into the alley beyond. It occurred to me that the watcher out front would hear the noise and come to investigate, but the alley was lined with garages. One car more or less would make little difference.

I have wondered about that surveillance since. Clearly it would always have been possible for Jim to come and go by the alleyway if he so desired. Probably the intention was not to prevent that, but rather to see what visitors he received; and for all I know, there may have been some arrangement with Amos to warn the watcher if Jim left his bed and dressed for any purpose.

However that may be, we were not molested, and I still carried the flash light when I got into the rear of the car. I knew the car well. I had sold it to Jim a year or so ago, when I had bought a new one. It was a dark blue limousine, the driving seat covered with leather, the interior upholstered in a pale gray.

"Car doing all right, Amos?"

"Very well, ma'am."

Idly I switched on the flash light and surveyed the interior. Undoubtedly the car had begun to show wear. There were scars on the seat cushions from cigarette burns, and one or two on the carpet. I think now that these movements of mine were a sort of automatism, or perhaps the instinct of the uneasy mind to seek refuge in the trivial.

The car was of no importance to me. Let them burn it, these people who shared the "life of a bachelor," these men for whom Amos painted the garden furniture, these women who must be protected, not dragged in.

And then I saw something.

There was a ring-shaped stain on the carpet near my feet, well defined, dark. It was perhaps seven inches across, and I lowered the flash light and inspected it. It looked like oil, and, woman fashion, I ran my finger over it and then sniffed the finger. It was oil. It was kerosene oil.

I put out the flash light and sat back. There were a dozen possible explanations for that stain, but only one occurred to me. Sitting there in the dark, I pondered the matter of eliminating it before Amos found it. Or had he already found it? Was he sitting there beyond the glass partition, driving as perfectly as he did everything else, and all the time aware of my movements, knowing what I had found? Did the police know too?

Suppose I were to say to Amos: "Amos, this carpet is dirty. I'm taking it to have it cleaned while Mr. Blake is not using the car."

Perhaps that in itself would rouse his suspicion. He might say: "Don't bother, Miss Bell. I'll see to it." And then Amos and I would be bickering over the carpet; it would grow important to him, and if he conquered he would take it to the police.

I did the best thing I could think of at the moment. I stooped down and loosened the carpet, rolled it up carefully, and then hid it as best I could underneath my long cape.

If I looked strange to Joseph when he admitted me, he said nothing. Once Judy had said that Joseph had no capacity for astonishment, and the thought supported me that night as, certainly nervous and probably bulging, I entered my own house.

Judy called to me from the library, but I passed the door with as much expedition as I dared. She and Dick were settled there over a card table, with a sheet of paper before them. I saw that, and that Dick was apparently making a sketch of some sort.

As I went up the stairs he was saying: "Now get this. Here's the day bed. The closet door is there ——"

Then I was in my room, the door bolted, and that incriminating carpet on a table under a good light. There was no question about it. A jug or can containing kerosene oil had rested on it, probably quite recently.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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FORTUNATUS PREFERRED

(Continued from Page 13)

and keep me going until I got started in some business. Well, that was all right, wasn't it? He was my friend and he had a-plenty he didn't know what to do with, and if he hadn't loaned it to me he'd have loaned it to somebody else. Well, about five years after that I paid him back—every cent. That's the kind of man I am. I didn't have to pay him, mind you. I hadn't given him the scratch of a pen. He wasn't out nothing—except maybe interest, and he didn't even ask for that. He come to me broke and asked for what he had loaned me and I gave it to him. He didn't even have to sue. He couldn't have anyway."

"But you didn't want any fuss or talk about it, being a young man in a new community with a reputation to make," Claude s'gests.

"Of course I didn't," says Jake. "Nobody wouldn't, the way I was fixed. I told him in the presence of witnesses that he didn't have no legal claim and it would be just his word against mine, but I was an honest man and paid my honest debts."

"That was straight and square and noble and stamped you as a man of strict integrity, Brother Bodilow," says Claude.

"Sure!" says Jake. "But what thanks do I get for it? A couple of years later he comes to me and wants to borrow fifty dollars. Well, I thought he was honest, and he got a good man to back his note—or I thought he was good. Still, I oughtn't to have done it. He had lost about all he ever had made in the business he'd went into. Too easy with people—gave 'em credit they wasn't entitled to and never pressed his collections and worked himself sick. But I let him have it."

"Pretty reckless, Brother Bodilow, pretty reckless," says Claude.

"I know it," Jake admits, "and, of course, he never paid that note, and the man who indorsed it died on me, busted, in Wyoming. That's what I got for being big-hearted and accommodating. I dunned Jordan for years and all I got was hard-luck stories. When he went to Deadwood I sent the note to Wainwright and Debree for collection, but they couldn't do nothing with it. It was a lesson to me. No gratitude, no honesty! I'd paid him, but when it come his turn to pay me, he lets me down. Wouldn't you be kind of sore?"

"It's such experiences as that that destroy one's faith in humanity," said Claude sadly. "A blacker tale of depravity I've seldom listened to, Brother Bodilow; but, as you say, it has taught you not to let your feeling heart bias your business judgment. Once, in my early youth, I had a terrible inclination to gamble. I fought it successfully for years, but one day I succumbed and dropped a quarter in a slot machine. As you may guess, I was simply out twenty-five cents, but it taught me something and I've never gambled since. I'm glad you told me this moving story, Brother Bodilow, very glad. I hope it will be a lesson to me. Come on, Sam."

He grabbed my arm—and he had a right powerful grip. Before I knew it I was out on the street.

"No use licking him, Sam," Claude says. "He simply wouldn't understand it. Let's go and see these Jordans and maybe we can do something."

We done what we could for her but her man was a-past help. He passed in his checks a week later and Mis' Jordan went to work sewing. When we got back to Claude's office, he shook his head over my samples but he said he would make an assay to set my mind at rest. I'd been telling him about the ore body and how easy it could be worked and I offered to take him in with me and Joe Arp. He could be consulting engineer and we'd give him a third of the stock. That was one of the times when Claude smiled. It was sprising the difference it made in his face when he done that. "I spurn your millions," he says. "My fee for an assay of this worthless road filling will be twenty-five dollars, coin of the realm, currency or dust; not a cent more. Le'me show you something."

He dragged an old valise out of a closet and opened it. It was cramjam full of mining stock tied up in bundles. He untied one and I seen Holy Moses, Rattler, Esmeralda, Lucky Buzzard, Treasure Chest, Rose of Sharon, Sally Slack and half a dozen more, not to speak of some Iron Hill. "This," says Claude, "represents hours of grinding toil and expensive chemicals through the long years. All I have to show for 'em. I am, or, rather, was an easy mark for wild-eyed optimists short of cash, but long on stock. Could I persuade you to buy some of it for genuine legal-tender money?"

I looked it over. "Some of this ain't so worse," I told him. "Rattler is somewhere around a dollar and Iron Hill was six, the last I seen."

"I bought the Rattler for five cents—or had it forced on me at that—and I took the Iron Hill, as a special favor, at three cents."

I riffled over some more of the packages. I didn't even know the names of some of the stocks, but here and there I run across something that was well spoke of. I told Claude that just in the first package he must have fifteen or twenty thousand dollars he could cash in on, and why didn't he? He said he was sprised at me and that to a man of his luxur'ous tastes and habits fifteen or twenty thousand was small change. "I'll make either more or less," says he. "I've faith in the mining future of the Hills and I'll let it ride. At the same time, if you'd like a little Lucky Buzzard, for instance ——"

"No," I says, "I'm like you; I dropped a quarter in the slot one time."

A few days after that, just as I was a-getting over my disappointment over my silver mine, a wagon, drawn by a team of good Norman horses and drove by a little old Frenchy with thick black eyebrows and a heavy white mustache, come to my corral. I guessed he was from the St. Onge settlement and, judging from the wagon and the team and harness and other things, that he was prospering pretty well. He was a lively little cuss; I never seen a livelier. When he come in he was cracking his whip and talking to his team forty to the dozen, and when I come up he started talking to me in his broken lingo, waving his hands and h'isting his shoulders and rolling his eyes and twisting his mustache and hopping around like a pea in a skillet. I took a kind of a notion to him though, and I reckon he must have sort of cottoned to me. Anyways, after we'd seen to the team he proposed that we take a drink, and, as it was about my time of day, I let myself be p'suaded.

He told me his name was Fortune Levasseur and his wife's name was Marie and his daughter's Hélène and the cat's Piff-paff. I forget what the kittens was called, but he had a Jersey cow name of Lucrèce. I got a heap of information about the Levasseur fam'ly and one piece of it kind of took my breath away. Seemed like this girl of his, Hélène, was a world-beater in every way, shape and manner. I'd have doubted what he told me about her looks and her fine education and her piano playing and needlework and cooking, and so forth, only I knew that if I batted a doubting eye I'd have had him a-swarming all over my carcass, tooth and claw. Well, being what she was, and the boys neighboring not being blind, the Levasseur ranch was a considerable infested with beaus, and it kept old Fortune busy sorting 'em out and hazing 'em off, after which Hélène done some sorting for herself.

"And eet ees not ze neighbor boy onlee," says Fortune. "Zere ees a doctor from Crook, and a lieutenant from Fort Meade, he r-ride ovaire often to—what you call—scout. Eh? Ha-ha, ha-ha-ha! Also zere ees your financier in zis town, Mossyou Bodilow. Fine gentleman! Nice pink face and pink whiskaire! Reech! Hélène haf onlee to leeft her fingaire. But she do not leeft eet—and she has t'vent' year now. Difficeel! Ve vill haf anozzer leet'l drink viskee, no?"

I needed one, after that, but he didn't. I could see that he'd be hugging me if he had any more, so I started back, walking down the street with him trotting alongside. As we was coming to Liebmann's dry goods two ladies come out, and Fortune rushes up to them and begins talking the French language like drawing a stick along the pickets of a fence. I was going to walk on but he grabs me by the arm and introduces me to his wife, Madam Levasseur, and Madamosel Hélène, his daughter.

I had moch playsure myself, and no reason why I shouldn't. Madam wasn't maybe as handsome as she had been when she was some younger, but she was a fine figure of a woman yet, that anybody would have looked at twice if her daughter hadn't been along. Well, the old man hadn't skassly done Hélène justice. She was the kind that just naturally takes your breath away—tall and blond, and eyes just about the same color as my grandniece Eileen's—matching the cornflowers in her hat. They was both dressed elegant, but they didn't put on no dog. Just friendly and pleasant as a basket of chips. Madam didn't talk no English, only a few words, but she made the most of what she had, and her eyes and her hands and her laugh helped. She laughed at herself, and Hélène laughed with her and me, and the old man laughed with the both of 'em. Hélène, she talked as good English as anybody. You couldn't hardly have told the French on her. They give me an invite to come out and see how beautiful it was at the ranch. Fortune says, "Yes; come out wit' Mossyou Bodilow, my friend, som' tahm soon. I mak goot vine. Viskee, she ees not so goot—too qvick. You see, my vife she shake her fingaire at me. She smell som't'ing. Ha-ha, ha-ha-ha!"

Madam said something to the girl, and she laughed. Then, to take me in on the joke, she says, "Mamma says there's a very handsome man coming. Mamma is always interested in handsome men."

I looked around to see who it was, and it was Claude Jennings. I wouldn't have called him handsome myself, but it was all right. He pulled off his hat very polite, and I stopped him and give him a knock-down to the Levasseur fam'ly. I didn't have to hold him by force neither. But he wasn't brash and he made quite a hit with 'em all by talking to madam in her own lingo. He got his invite out to the ranch too.

"Where did you learn to talk French?" I ast him, after we had left the party.

"In Germany," says he. "That's where I learned all about sulphurets of silver too. Samuel," says he, "correct me if I'm wrong, but I somehow get the impression that Madamosel Hélène is a right pretty and attractive girl. I might go even farther than that."

"Would you go as far as St. Onge?" I asked him.

"If I know my own heart, I'm likely to," he says. "Very likely. It's practically a certainty that I will."

"You'll find competition a-plenty," I told him.

"That seems very likely, too," says he. "But competition is the life of business, and if my first favorable impressions ain't destroyed at my second interview, I mean business."

"You know who's competing—right in this town?"

"Every unmarried male that's seen her," says he.

"Including Brother Jake Bodilow," I told him. "Jake's making regular trips to St. Onge these days, and I surmise he's tol'able strong with the old folks."

He asked me was I fooling and when I told him no, he studied on that for the

(Continued on Page 103)

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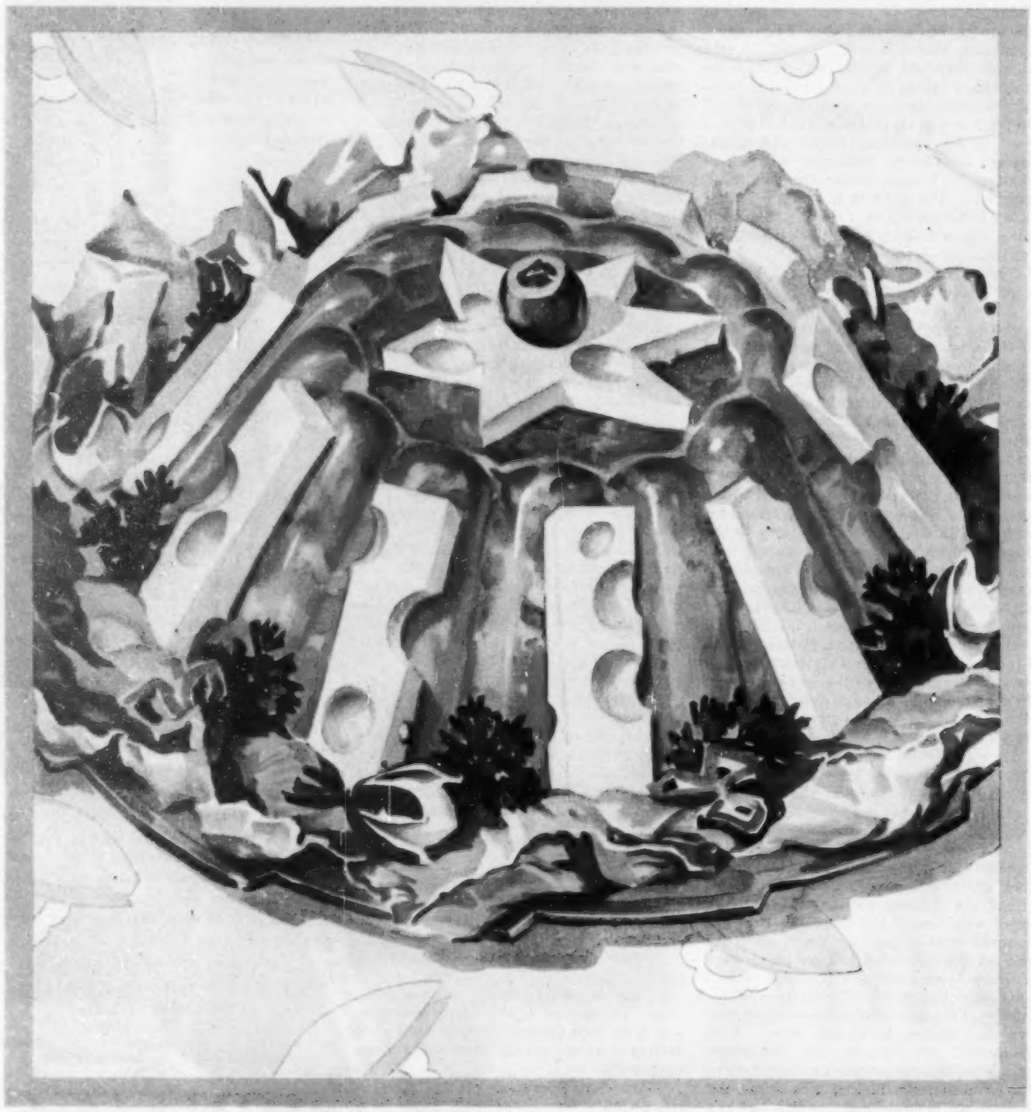

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(Continued from Page 101)

len'th of a block. "Well," says he, "if that's the case, I ain't got no time to lose."

He didn't lose any. That was a Sat'day, and about eight o'clock Sunday morning I seen him whiz by in a buggy with a slick, rangy bay in the shafts. About an hour later, Jake Bodilow passed the corral in his buggy with a big cigar sticking out of his pink face, and he was traveling in the same d'rection Claude had took.

A little after supper Claude dropped in at my shack for a smoke and a chin, as he often done. He seemed to be in right good sperrits. He'd had an elegant time out at St. Onge, enjoying the s'ciety of some right interesting men, besides Brother Bodilow, who had been the life of the party. There was a Doctor Hamlin, who was remarkable intelligent for a young man, and was getting a heap of valuable experience in the care and treatment of gunshot wounds since he had been at Crook's. There was quite an argument between him and Lieut. Caraway Watson, of the Seventh Cavalry. Mighty interesting. Some of the neighbor boys too. Fine young fellows! Fortune—you couldn't beat Fortune. He knew something about gunshot wounds too. Had four of his own—one at Gravelotte and three at Sedan in the late unpleasantness with Prussia. "He showed us his old chassepot and went through the drill for us," says Claude "If Marshal MacMahon had left it to Fortune, there wouldn't have been any Sedan. Well, we all had a very enjoyable afternoon; and Papa Levasseur come from a country where they know just exactly how to make wine. A great old boy! Yes, Sam, you'll have to go out there and see him."

"You didn't mention Hélène and her mother," I says. "I reckon you found the girl wasn't all your fancy painted her, on second sight. Wasn't she good to you? Didn't you get a chance to get acquainted?"

He smiled. "In strict confidence, it's all settled between her and me," he says. "We had it all fixed before I'd been in the house five minutes."

"Quick work," I says.

"Less than two seconds actual time," says he. "I simply told her that I loved her more than tongue could tell or the mind of man imagine, and she admitted that she was right glad of it because she felt the same way about me."

I was disappointed. "I didn't think she was that easy," says I. "What's more, I don't believe it," I says. "In the first place," says I, "it would have took you more than two seconds to say even that much—unless you said it in French and that must have been right speedy."

"There's a quicker language than that, old timer," says Claude, "the language of the heart transmitted through the eyes. We exchanged one look, and a Fourth of July oration couldn't have said more."

"When you get to my age and experience, you'll know that the looks a girl gives you ain't always so," I remarks.

"Don't think for a moment that she knew what she was telling me," says he. "I know darned well that it's going to take me weeks and months of hard and intelligent work to get her to admit anything more than a friendly interest for me. What she seen in my eyes I was trying to tell her; what I seen in hers was kind of accidental and without her knowledge or consent. I don't know if you get my meaning."

Claude was right about one thing: Hélène didn't show no signs of falling on his neck as time went on. Most generally she was a little the other way and seemed to favor him the least of any—without being unpolite or mean. I got to going out to St. Onge, myself, quite often and had a chance to watch how things was going, and it seemed to me that Jake Bodilow had a shade the best of Claude. Doc Hamlin fin'ly put all his chips on the queen of hearts and it come spades for him, so he dropped out; and the Seventh Cavalry was transferred from Meade to Fort Kearney, so Watson was out of the game. I don't know whether he proposed before he left or not. I didn't think that Claude's work that he talked about was extry intelligent. Mostly it seemed to be settin' off in the corner looking sad and listening to Hélène as she played the piano. Oncet and a while he'd put in a word or two about the music but he never clapped when she'd finished a piece like Jake always done. Sometimes he went off and talked with madam in the kitchen and we could hear 'em laughing together. But he always come back when Hélène started to play. If she played from the music, he'd stand by and turn the leaves for her. Jake tried that, too, but not knowing the notes, he turned before she was ready or else waited too long; so he went back to his clapping. Him and Claude didn't clash none. He joshed Claude a right smart, but he didn't get a heap of satisfaction out of it. Claude would just finger his chin and look at him like he was real sorry for him and wondered if he couldn't think of something that would help him. More'n oncet I seen Jake laugh real hearty and double his fists tight behind his back when Claude looked at him thataway.

Me, I went out there—well, I didn't know no better place to go, I suppose. It wasn't specially on account of Hélène, although I liked her a heap and we got to be great friends. I liked her mother, too, and tried to teach her the Injun sign language. We had great sport. But mostly Fortune and me flocked together. I liked to listen to him talk, and he enjoyed talking. Sometimes we'd play what he called "trick track," which was really nothing but backgammon, and all through he'd either be whooping and laughing like a loon, or swearing a blue streak in French and gritting his teeth and trying to tear his hair out by the roots. I tried to learn some of them French swear words to use on my oxen if I got to freighting again but I couldn't seem to roll my r's good enough or something. It didn't seem to have no effect. Other times he'd yarn about the war he was in or tell me about some of the ladies who'd been in love with him. He must have been a devil amongst the women if the half of what he told me was true. Busting with pride too. Proud of his ranch and his crops and his grape arbors and his flower garden and his dog, Scaramouche, and his work team, Paul and Virginny; proud of his money that he had laid by, proud of his wife; but I reckon most of all he was proud of Hélène. He'd talk about her by the hour, bragging. There was only one thing wrong with her: In the matter of regarding her beaus she was difficeel—which meant choosy. And here she was already close to twenty! He'd figured two or three grandchildren by this time. Ze devil!

"Vy do she not tek my friend, Bodilow? He has plentee monnay. He ees fine man, no? Zey come to me and tell me he ees sees and he ees zat and he ees what you call—zat leet'l animal vit' bad smell?—skunk. Yes, skunk—robber. Me, I laugh. Pouf! Eef a man mek monnay and lend monnay, he ees always skunk and robber. By dam, if a man borrow monnay, he should pay."

"There's Claude Jennings, too," I s'gests. "You'd go a long ways to find a better man than Claude."

He shrugged up his shoulders at Claude. Seemed like he thought Claude was all right only he wasn't worth a cent and Hélène didn't like him anyway. But when I told him that Claude owned practically about half of the stock in 'most all of the hopefulest mines in the Black Hills—mines that promised to pay even more than they was a-paying now, his eyebrows went up to his scalp and I could see that he was a heap impressed. But after a while he went back to Bodilow and ze beeg monnay in mortgages and things. His idee was that being plumb ignorant of business, he'd be apt to lose all he'd put away in the old stocking if he tried to handle it himself; but, having a good friend who knew the ropes who was willing to take him in pardners—why, everything would be lovely. Didn't I think so?

Yes, Bodilow had made him a gen'rous proposition—a gr-r-rand opportunitee had arose. But it had to be grabbed quick. Inside of a week or two this here chance of making the Levasseur fam'ly rich might be forever lost. Mossyou Bodilow loved Hélène for herself alone and was willing to wait for her, but opportunitee wasn't patient like him and didn't stand around long offering a man money. What did I think?

"I'd stick to the tin can and the old sock," I told him.

"Bah!" says he, disgustful. "You have prejudice; zat ees all. You and Marie! I laugh at you bose." He laid his finger on the side of his nose, mighty cunning. "I am not easy to fool, me," he says. "Also, as I tell Mossyou Bodilow, zat five t'ousand dollar ees for Hélène ven she marry. Still, I say, I veel reflect and I shall let heem know in maybe von veek."

"Let me know, too, and before you do anything about turning over the money," I says, and he promised me that he would. Pretty soon after that I went back to town. It occurred to me that Claude might be interested to hear about this. He was.

"Hm-m!" says he. "I don't like this, Sam. Don't like it at all. Brother Bodilow ought to be satisfied to skin the general public. He really shouldn't try to work his intended father-in-law."

"He ain't trying to work him," I says. "He's a-trying to help him. It grieves him to see that pile of money lying idle when it ought to be increasing and multiplying and putting the fam'ly beyond the reach of poverty for the rest of their lives. You know that big heart of Jake's."

"You say Fortune seemed to think better of me when he heard of my vast wealth?" he asks me.

I told him that Fortune had always had a high opinion of him, but now he felt that in some respects he hadn't appreciated him fully, and that it was too bad that Hélène disliked him.

"I see," says Claude. "I see. I beg to differ with Fortune on that last point. However, I'll make sure right away—the very first thing, and after that —— Well, you've given me something to think of, Sam, and I never do my best thinking in the presence of witnesses, so ——"

"All right," I says. "Gnaw on your own bone, darn your thankless hide!"

I looked at him as I went out of the door, and he seemed to have already started thinking.

Bright and early the next morning he was in to see me. "I've got a little news for you," he says. "I think I'm justified in the conclusion that Brother Bodilow is up against it. I find that he has turned down at least two juicy applications for loans on gilt-edged security. He has also hypothecated and sold several mortgages that you'd think he'd hang on to, and my inference is that he's got into some speculation that has been and is calling loudly for cash; and while five thousand might be a mere flea bite to him ordinarily, it might or might not tide him over a present emergency. Farm mortgages ain't being clamored for just now and farm property is a drug on the market. Brother Bodilow is like the man who grabbed a big handful of nuts in a narrow-necked jar. He's got to let go of the nuts to get his fist out. Hence his anxiety to get Hélène's dowry while the getting is good. He's a patient man and willing to wait for Hélène. So it behooves me to get busy and I'm going to see Hélène this morning. Wish me luck, Sam."

"Are you going to tell Fortune this?" I asked him.

"I'd like him to know it, but I can't tell him," says he. "Ethics, you know; and I couldn't tell Hélène anything about my naturally hated rival's character, on the same principle. As an interested person, my tongue is tied. *Adiós!*"

He went off with my good wishes and I didn't see no more of him until about the same time next morning when I stopped him as he was driving his buggy down the street.

"Is this a holdup?" he asks me, and he offered me a package that he'd got on the seat beside him. I told him not to mind about that just now but to tell me what he done yesterday.

"When I come back," he said. "I've been paving the way. Now I'm going back on business. Take your foot off that step and get out of my way or I'll upset you." He gathered up his lines and raised his whip, so I didn't get the full account of his doings until long about the middle of the afternoon when he got back.

"In the first place," says he, when we'd settled down for our talk, "in the first place I have the happiness to inform you that Hélène has confessed in words that her feeling toward me is exactly what I hoped it would be. I mean—well, you know what I mean. I'm the man of her choice. She told me so."

I held out my hand to him and he took it and we shook.

"But," says he gloomily, "there's a catch in it, and when she sprung it on me I didn't know whether to kiss her or shake her. I felt like doing both, but I didn't shake her anyway. How helpless a man is, Sam, before the determination of a woman! A frail, weak creature that he could crush like an eggshell and yet couldn't stir a hairbreadth from any position she'd took when pride and prejudice and set idees are behind her. Seems like in France children are still supposed to obey their parents—girls, in particular, until they've got a husband to obey; and the parents have the say-so as to who the husband is to be. Well, Hélène aims to be an obedient and dutiful daughter if it breaks her heart and kills her, and papa and mamma want her to marry Mr. Bodilow. So there it is. It's not as if Mr. Bodilow wasn't respectable or 's if he was deformed or even old. Not a thing against him. Most eligible. Otherwise papa and mamma wouldn't want him. As it is, all she can do is stave the eligible gent off, which so far she's been able to do. You see, romance is one thing and marriage is another. But I'd almost got her converted," says Claude, "when Papa Fortune interrupts us. Fortune wasn't hostile. In fact, he was quite friendly. He said you had told him that I was a big stockholder in veree reech mines, and 'vat ees dees stock? I do not know. Veel you esplain dees to me, Mossyou Jennings?'

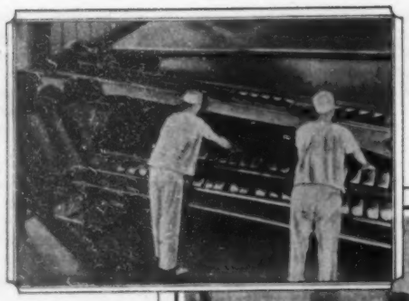
"It come to me like a flash that here was my big opportunity," says Claude. "I explained to him. I exerted all of my charm, eloquence and imagination in esplaining. I told him thrilling stories of the strikes at Pactola and Ruby that had made Creden and Murphy and Ferguson millionaires overnight. I watched the fever a-mantling in his cheeks and a-gleaming in his eyes as I related the romantic hist'ry of the Caledonia and the Holy Terror. I sure got him all het up and he wanted to know if he could get some of dees stock, and where. I was able to inform him. I told him I'd bring him over a batch and let him look at it and if he liked it, I'd let him have some as a special favor. He felt so good about that that I took occasion to ask his permission to pay my addresses to Hélène.

"That's where we stuck. He'd have give his right arm to me with pleasure, but he'd passed his word to Bodilow, and his word was sacred. I had his esteem and even his affection but I couldn't have Hélène. Seeing that he was going to be mulish, I didn't press the point and we parted on the best of terms, and this morning I went up there and sold him five thousand dollars' worth of Fortunatus, and, Sam, that five thousand is now deposited to my account in the bank. Not bad for one morning's work, eh?"

"Fortunatus!" says I. "I never heard of it."

"Not heard of Fortunatus!" he exclaims. "Why, you surprise me! It's true that it ain't listed and hasn't got no present market value, but it's the prettiest thing in stock certificates you ever saw. They had the work done in Chicago, and it's sure artistic. I hated to part with it and I tried to get Fortune to take Lucky Buzzard instead, but he knew a good thing when he saw it. Lucky Buzzard was printed in plain black and white and only had a couple of

(Continued on Page 105)



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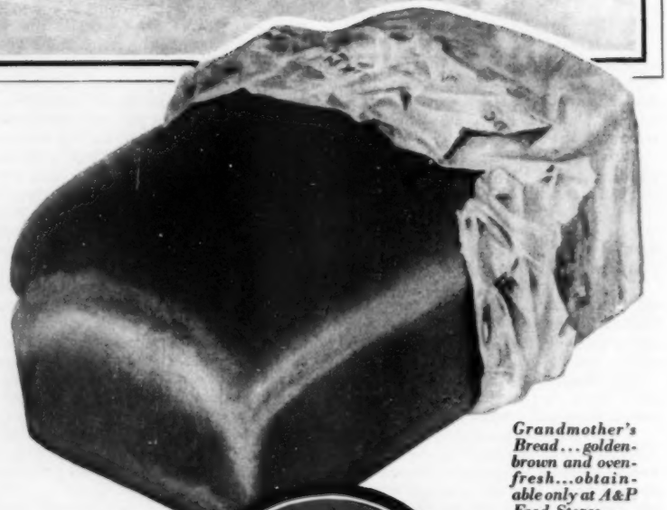

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(Continued from Page 103)

whiskery miners in hip boots a-leaning on their picks with a rising sun and a mountain range between them, while Fortunatus was decorated with some right shapely ladies without any more clothes on than they strictly needed. Some might think they didn't have that much. They was a-pouring money out of horns of plenty and they'd already got so much heaped up that it run down the margins of the paper, winding up with a golden seal with an inch of blue silk ribbon hanging down below it. Another thing, the name being Fortunatus—*fortune* in French, but the spelling the same as his—excepting of the accent. Why, it was the finger of a beneficent Providence made manifest for papa. Even if he could have resisted the ladies, which as a true Frenchman he couldn't have, the name would have settled it.

"Now I assert without fear of successful contradiction," says Claude, "that I've done a neat piece of work, snatching Hélène's dowry out of Brother Bodilow's clutches and thereby throwing a monkey wrench into his financial machinery. He certainly couldn't realize on Fortunatus stock even if the old man gave it to him, which the old man won't, having agreed to say nothing about the deal, account I'd be pestered to death to part with more of it if the news got out, which might make hard feelings among my many friends. Anyway, Brother Bodilow ought to be obliged to me for removing any suspicion that his motives was mercenary."

After I'd begged him as a favor to a friend to let me have a little of the Fortunatus and he had turned me down, I asked him what he thought would happen if Fortune found out that he'd been buncoed.

"He won't," says Claude. "He don't know no more about mining or mining stocks than a babe unborn. Still, I aim to provide for that by going over to the bank with ten thousand dollars' worth of Iron Hill—which I see is now quoted at eight dollars, and a new body of ore struck—and I'll give instructions that it's to be turned over to Fortune on s'render of the Fortunatus stock, or they can give him ten thousand dollars cash, being as I've promised him a hundred per cent profit. How's that?"

I thought that might be all right; so I went over with him to his office and he done up a package of Iron Hill and I sealed it with a Good-for-One-Drink token that I'd carelessly carried away from the Palace of Joy bar in Omaha. Then we took that package over to the bank and give it to Carol Smith with instructions and took his receipt with the date and hour on to it.

"Now," says Claude, "if papa should, by any remote chance, tumble and feel dissatisfied, all I have to do to convince him of my noble intentions is to take him by the arm and lead him to the bank. Oh, I'm slick! A very, very smooth person!"

"Of course," I s'gests, "you'll have to convince Hélène of your noble intentions—unless you've already told her. But, of course, you done so."

"I didn't have a chance, but that will be all right," says he; "I'll tell her on Sunday and then if anything unforeseen happens, she can tell papa it's all right. Maybe I'll go out tomorrow afternoon."

"I wouldn't put it off too long," says I. "If it was me, I'd go right back there now. I wouldn't even wait until tomorrow."

I was right about that too. The mail come in about noon and after I'd et, I went down to the post office and got there just as Jake Bodilow had his letters handed out to him. He run over them with hands that wasn't extra steady and picked out one that he tore open and read right there. I figgered from the way he looked and the cuss word that he let out that it wasn't no good news. Then he read it again, kind of studying on it, until he seen I had my eye on him, at which he shoved it down in his pocket and sa'ntered out. Being kind of cur'ous, I stepped to the door to look after him and seen he was hitting a right lively gait for his office. Along about four o'clock, I seen him driving down the street and made a pretty good guess where he was heading for and why; so I thought I'd let Claude know. When I finally run Claude down and told him, he didn't seem to think it was anything to worry about.

"Have it your own way," says I, "but I've got a good-sized hunch that he's got a hurry call for that money of Fortune's, and while the old man may not mean to tell him what's come of it, Jake'll corkscrew it out of him."

"What of it?" says Claude.

"If it comes to a show-down," I says, "Fortune 'll get his money back and let Jake have it."

"He won't get his money back until I'm ready to let him have it," says Claude. "Anyway, I'll go over tomorrow and see what's happened, if anything. Also I'll tell Hélène how it is. It's going to be all right, Sam."

He didn't go over like he intended, being prevented by circumstances over which he didn't have no control. I reckon he thought there wasn't no special hurry. Anyway, about half-past nine o'clock, maybe ten, Bert Simon, who worked in the livery where Claude kept his horse and buggy, told me that they hadn't been took out yet, so I walked over to Claude's office, having them feelings in my bones. I just about got there when I seen Jake Bodilow a-coming in the opposite direction and I hadn't skasely got in the door when Jake come busting in after me with a face the color of a ripe tomato.

He didn't say "Excuse me, please" or "Hog, dog or devil" by way of apologizing, and what he did say, he said with his jaws clamped tight and shoved halfway over the desk where Claude was a-setting. "That's a fine trick you played on Levasseur," he says. "A lovely thing to do, taking advantage of the poor fool's ignorance! Only I'm here to tell you, Mr. Claude Jennings, that you've stepped on your own feet, and if you think you ain't I'll show you you're mistaken."

Claude looked up at him in that sorrowful way that Jake liked so well. "Pardon me, Brother Bodilow," he says, "but to what trick do you refer?"

"Selling him a mess of worthless mining stock with intent to defraud," says Jake. "That's all. Taking a poor man's hard-earned savings for a prospect hole that never did have no prospect and representing that it had value—after eating his bread and being treated like a friend by him and his family. You're a jim dandy, I must say."

"Oh, that!" says Claude. "Yes, yes. I thought you'd admire that little piece of work. Couldn't have done much better yourself, could you? Own up. Of course," he says, "you realize that business ain't nothing to do with friendship and the only way to conduct business is according to business principles, as I once heard you remark. You also said something about ethics—horning in on another man's deal. Not that I suppose you intend to do that."

"Suppose again," says Jake. "If I made myself li'ble to the law like you've done, I'd expect somebody to horn in. Now I'm going to give you the choice to write me a check right here for that five thousand you hornswoggled Levasseur out of—you can make the check to his order if you like—or I'll send you to the penitentiary."

"Heaven knows I don't want nothing I ain't legally entitled to," says Claude, "but it would just naturally break my heart to part with that money."

"Take your choice," says Jake. "A check, or else stripes. I've made it my business to find out what I didn't already know about that stock. It ain't worth the paper it's printed on. Two men in this town will testify to that. Cough up before I get out a warrant."

"Give up those beautiful dollars?" says Claude, almost weeping. "Never! Lead me to my cell, Brother Bodilow."

"Now see here," says Jake. "I'm dead on to you. You think that if I don't get the money I won't want the girl; but you paste this in your hat: If you ain't reasonable, I'll marry her, anyway. I will, by Godfrey! Even if she hasn't a cent. Think that over in your prison cell. But if you pony up, here and now, there won't be no prosecution and I'll agree to drop out of the running for Hélène and leave you a clear field. How's that?"

Claude sighed and got up. "I feared it might come to this," he says. "I've been keeping Sam Stegg here off your hump largely because I didn't want him to kill you before I got a crack at you. So ——"

In general, Claude Jennings was one of the slowest moving men I ever seen, but this time he was so dog-gone swift that I didn't get much more'n an impression. My theery is that he got Jake by the seat of his pants and the collar of his coat and rushed him through the door and out on the sidewalk and that he let go his lower holt and put his foot where his hand had been. Anyhow, Jake landed about a third of the way acrost the street and slid to about halfway. He was a good chunk of a man too. Where he made his big mistake was in getting up and coming back. That was what got him a real licking. As sweet a job as I ever seen done! When it was finished Jake was still able to talk and from what he said as he limped away I gathered that Claude hadn't got long to live.

"And now," says Claude, "I will at once proceed to St. Onge and straighten things out. I don't think Bodilow will feel much like exerting himself for a day or two, and he's shot his wad anyway. Between you and me, Fortunatus has got some prospects. I've thought enough of the mine to pay to have the assessment work done on it since I got to practically own it, so that would let me out of fraudulent intent. But I'll get right out and see Fortune now."

I delayed him a little by taking him before Judge Kanable and charging him with assault and battery, on the theery that you can't be tried twicet for the same crime. Kanable fined him fifty dollars, and then remitted the fine being it was a first offense; but he allowed that if Claude done it again he would get a severe reprimand, which was better than the other J. P. would have done, him being a friend of Jake's.

So, having done all I could, I went back to my work, tol'able easy in my mind and sposing all the excitement was over. Well, sir, it was just a-beginning. Seemed like I hadn't been in my private room ten or fifteen minutes when the door busts open, ker-bang, and Claude Jennings almost fell in and ketched me by the arm. He tried to speak, but between lack of breath and laughing, he couldn't make out to, at first. "Hide me, for heaven's sake, Sam," he gasps at last. "Papa Fortune's a-chasing me with his old chassepot rifle. He's missed me twicet, but he may be luckier the next time. How's the haymow?"

I didn't waste no time hustling him through the other door to the steps and he went up them like a mountain goat, but still a-laughing. I called to him to quit; and then I told Billy Trant, the boy that was helping me, to go get the marshal, Arch Riordan, pronto, and he scooted off. I just got back to the room and closed the outside door when a kick opened it again and here's old Fortune Levasseur, his black eyes a-flashing wild and his rifle at the ready. "Vere ees zat *escroc*—zat *infame* dirty r-robber, Jennings?" he wants to know. "Show me ze—ze skunk and I shoot him too dead to skin." He stooped and looked under my cot.

"What's the matter, Fortune?" I asked him ca'm and easy. "Don't get excited. Sit down and tell me what's the trouble."

"I do not come to mek conversation," he says. "I come to keel a t'ief."

"Not with that gun," I says, smiling. "Why, man alive, just look at it. Don't you see? Let me have it a minute."

He stared at me kind of puzzled and looked at the gun. I laughed and took it gently out of his hands and opened the breech. "Do you see?" I asked him, and slipped out the ca'tridge and put it in my pants pocket before he seen I'd fooled him. The next minute he let out a screech and jumped me.

Well, it wasn't no trick for me to wrastle him down. I done so and then sat on him and started to argue with him. He was beginning to simmer down a little and see reason when Arch Riordan came in and I let him up.

"What's broke loose here?" Arch asked. I turned and shut the door in the face of some loafers who had trailed Arch along. Away on the outer edge of them I seen Jake Bodilow's face. I knowed it was Jake's face because there hadn't been no other person's fixed thataway for some years. I was beginning to explain to Arch, when here comes Claude on the scene of action and Fortune went crazy again.

"Let me get at heem," Fortune screams. "Geeve me my gun!" He struggled to break loose from Arch who had grabbed him.

"Now, Mr. Levasseur," Claude begins, "if you'll just compose yourself for a moment and listen, I'll tell you something."

He was ca'm as a side of beef, himself, but he stopped because Fortune wasn't listening. He was cussing a blue streak and doing his best to break away. Arch was a-talking to him real soothing, but I knowed that his patience was apt to give out any minute, so I tried to get Claude away. I was beginning to think I'd have to put him out by force when there comes a sharp rapping at the door, which I'd locked, and when I opened it, in walks Hélène.

She stood and looked, her eyes wide and all the color gone out of her face. Fortune quit his struggling and Arch let go of him. She looked at the rifle on the floor at her feet and then at Arch's marshal's badge. "What has happened?" she asks, sort of breathless, and then, for the first time, she seen Claude and her hand flew to her bosom and she gasped.

"It ain't nothing, ma'am," says Arch. "Everything's all right now and no harm done."

She rattled off a lot of French at her father and he looked like a whipped kid. Claude interrupted her, talking French, too, but he didn't finish. Hélène just give him one look—a look that would have stopped anything—and turned quickly to old Fortune, who had sat down on the cot and begun to cry.

She said something to him again and he checked up. "I go," he says, "I go." And Hélène took his arm and led him out without another word or look at any of us. They got into a buckboard and she drove off, Fortune sitting slumped forward beside her with his hat pulled down over his eyes.

"Well, here's a pretty kettle of fish!" I says to Claude, after Arch had gone. "Seems 's if you'd have done better to have took Jake up on his proposition, stid of beating him up. He'll be mad at you now, and I wouldn't wonder if he done like he said and married Hélène to get even with you. She'd prob'ly take him, the way she looked at you."

"That's what hurt," said he, looking mighty woebegone. "She don't trust me. Thinks I'm a low-down bilk and didn't give me no chance to explain. Wouldn't listen to me!"

"Of course she wouldn't, you lunkhead," I says. "Ain't it plain as the nose on your face that you are a low-down bilk? Can you blame her?"

He studied a minute. "No," he says at last. "I don't spose I can, but it hurts a heap just the same to have her look at me thataway. Well," he says, getting up, "there's just one thing to do now and that's to explain to her. If it hadn't been for Bodilow, I'd have been out there and told her all about it by this time. I'll go out now."

I ketched hold of his arm and stopped him. "Are you crazy?" I says. "You go out there now and old Fortune will put a load of buckshot into you before you get out of your buggy. This old cannon here ain't the only weepun he's got; he owns a tol'able good shotgun, and the old devil wouldn't be backward about using it, the way he feels now. You've got to give him a little time."

(Continued on Page 108)

THE AIR-FLIGHT PRINCIPLE

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When the balloon tire came in, the old high-pressure tire went out. Now think of a tire whose springy resilience carries it years ahead of the balloon! A tire that belongs as surely as four-wheel brakes on the high-power, high-speed motor car of today.

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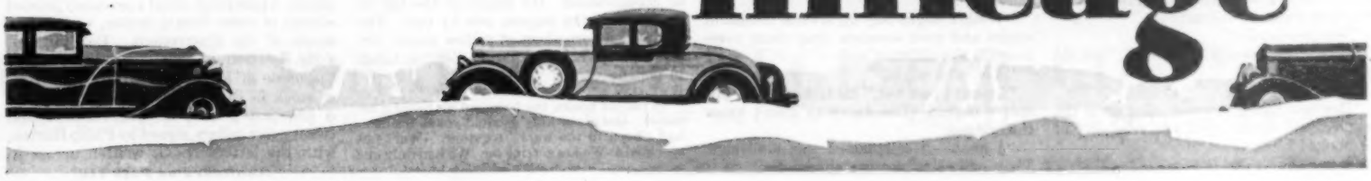

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"Time's all Bodilow needs," says he. "I'll have to take a chance on the buckshot."

"Listen," says I. "You go and write Hélène a letter. She'll read that when she wouldn't, maybe, talk to you, and she'll get it about noon tomorrow."

He said sposing she didn't, and sposing papa and mamma held it out on her, thinking it's another put-up job. I told him that he'd soon know, and if he didn't hear from her in a reasonable time I'd go over and take Fortune's rifle back and make him listen to me. Fin'ly he took my advice and went off to write his letter.

You'd think that there had been enough happening, but it never rains but what something or somebody gets wetter than need be. I don't say that it was or wasn't necessary for Mis' Jordan to make me a visit pretty soon after Claude had gone; but it's hard to get too much of a good thing. If there's anything left over from present requirements, it's likely to come in handy sometime. Anyway, here comes Mis' Jordan. Me and Claude had been a-dodging her for some time, account of her being so dog-gone grateful for what we had done for her at the time her husband passed out—which didn't amount to nothing anyway and no occasion to throw fits. We knew that she'd been doing mighty well with her sewing and dressmaking since then, and now I got a square look at her, I took notice how she'd filled out and how much better dressed she was than when she come into Jake's office to ask him for help. She was a-smiling too. Seemed to be tickled about something and I wasn't long finding out that she'd heard about Jake's licking; but there was something else on her mind.

"It's an elegant evening," she says, "and it would be a lovely evening for a drive with the moonlight and all and I've half a notion to go over to St. Onge. Ed Wicker told me a while ago that I could take his horse and he said you'd got an old buggy he didn't believe you was using. I wondered if you'd loan it to me."

"St. Onge?" says I.

"A French family there's got a daughter that's going to get married, so I hear," says she. "I thought I might get to do a little sewing on her trousso."

"Why, you're welcome as the flowers in May," I says. "Yes," I says, as she looks at me very steady, "I've heard talk of that."

"To Mr. Bodilow," she says, and drawed her lips tight.

"They seem to think he's to be the happy man," I replies.

"Mr. Blood-Sucking Bodilow," she says. "Mr. Big Brute Bodilow, Mr. Oily Slimy Bodilow, Mr. Brow-beating Bullying Bodilow—the flinty-hearted, money-grubbing devil that hounded my poor Nick to his grave." She said that perfectly ca'm and not raising her voice oncet, but you felt she was expressing of her honest sentiments toward Jake. "I've paid up some of my debts already since I've been working here," she says, "but I ain't paid Bodilow yet. I hope to. An installment anyway. I hear the young lady's real nice. Well, it's going to be a pleasure to me to congratulate her on the prize she's a-getting." Her lips tightened again.

"Well," says I, "it's a pleasure to me to let you have the buggy, and I've got a new whip I'll let you take to encourage Ed's old horse to move along. Don't be afraid of breaking it. It's good whalebone filling."

When she had gone I sat back and done some thinking. "This here," I says to myself, "ought to bear some fruit." And I was right. After I had et my supper, I pulled my chair out on the sidewalk and sat down in the moonlight and stayed there until clost on to ten o'clock when I heard the spokes of that old buggy a-rattling back.

Pretty soon up drives Mis' Jordan and I got up and told her not to get out. I'd drive her home and send the horse around to Wicker in the morning.

"Well," says I, as I climbed in and started. "How did you make out?"

"I don't get to do no sewing for her," she says. "She ain't a-going to need none done; but we had a real nice visit and if ever she does have a wedding dress made, I'm a-going to make it for her."

It just goes to show how 'most any little happenchance has its consequences, and 'most generally in a way you don't expect or figure on. You step on a rusty nail and the next morning there ain't skassly a sore spot, and then you scratch your finger and get blood p'ison and a big funeral. Time and time again, you skin a man out of a good ranch and the interest he's been a-paying you for years and nothing happens and another time you loan a man fifty dollars that he don't pay back and his widow calls you hard names and beats you out of your bride. I don't say, mind you, that Claude's letter wouldn't have done the work, but you never can tell, and anyway, Hélène couldn't have got the letter when she tapped at my door the next morning.

She certainly looked 's if she'd been more or less wrung out and drawed through a knot hole, and I took notice that she was a-wearing a sunbonnet and a calico dress, which was becoming enough in their way, but not like what she commonly wore in town. All the same, she looked mighty sweet, in a diff'rent way.

"This is cert'nly a sprise party," I says. "And the right sort. Talk about angels and you see their wings, and sim'lar, thinking about 'em. I was just a-thinking about you," I says.

"You are always gallant," she says, with a lovely smile. "But I hope you were not thinking too badly of me, for I did not behave very politely to you when I was in here yesterday. But you will make allowances, I know, and I know you are my friend and you will, perhaps, let me talk to you if you are not too busy? . . . Thank you! Yes, I will sit down. Victor Chanay, the young man who drove me in, has gone to the hardware store. But I must hurry, for when papa discovers that I am gone he may come in here and be unreasonable. We have had a very disagreeable scene at home, Mr. Stegg."

She hesertated, and her lip begun to tremble and her eyes filled. Up to then, she hadn't showed no signs of being put out. I said that I was sorry and, to help her out, I ast her if it hadn't been about Jake Bodilow.

"How did you know?" she says. "Yes, it was about Mr. Bodilow. Mr. Stegg, I cannot marry a man like that. I wish to be a dutiful and obedient daughter to my parents, and though I did not like Mr. Bodilow very much I had a respect for him—until last night. But I have been told a thing of him so cruel, so heartless —— No, it is impossible; and, after all, this is not France, and I am an American girl." A couple of tears rolled down, but she brushed them away and got holt of herself.

"Don't cry," I says, kind of sharp. "Was it something Mis' Jordan told you?" I ast her.

"How that ingrate pursued that poor sick man, her husband, the friend who had helped him, tormenting and threatening him. Yes, she told me," Hélène says.

I was right unfeeling to tell her that she seemed to b'lieve most of what she was told. But I didn't want her breaking down, crying.

"That's a reproach that I deserve, perhaps," she says—spunking up a little. "I believe that the woman told the truth, yes; and I believed her when she told me how kind you and Mr. Jennings had been to her. What I do not now believe and shall not ever, is that Mr. Jennings, whatever he has done, has done it with a bad motive. I—I wish you to be so kind as to tell Mr. Jennings this for me: That I am sorry for yesterday—very sorry."

I'd been a-looking past her at the door that was standing ajar, so I wasn't a particle sprised when Claude Jennings stepped in and allowed that it wouldn't be ness'ry for me to tell him anything. I ast them would they kindly excuse me for a few minutes, but they didn't neither of them answer me, being otherwise occupied. Ten minutes later I looked in at them again, but I judged from appearances that my presence still wasn't required or desired, so I gave them another ten minutes, good, and then poked my head into the room and coughed.

Says I, to Hélène, "Mis' Jordan told me that when you did need a wedding dress she was a-going to make it for you. Can I tell her anything if I see her?"

Claude spoke up. "You tell her that that dress is a-going to be needed inside of a week at the outside," he says, and Hélène blushed and laughed, but she didn't deny it, and, sure enough, within a week the dress was finished and she wore it to her wedding.

Mr. Stegg had interrupted his narrative at frequent intervals to shift to an easier position against the rock or to hitch forward or back from the fire as it was replenished or died down. Now, attempting to rise, he emitted a sharp yelp of pain and clapped his hand to his lumbar region. "That dog-gone rheumatism again!" he exclaimed. "Now, why do you reckon that had to ketch me now!"

"Never mind about your rheumatism," said Tip Yoakum callously, as the old bull-whacker resumed his sitting posture. "What did old Fortune have to say about it, and did that stock ever amount to anything?"

"Fortune came to his milk," replied Mr. Stegg. "I took him to the bank and Carol Smith convinced him that he had made a hundred per cent on his investment. He wouldn't take it though—not for himself. They compromised, him and Claude, by settling it on Hélène and her children, if any—which there was. They sold all the Iron Hill at six cents, which wasn't so bad, and kept the Fortunatus. I hear it's a pretty steady producer now, but I don't know whether Claude hung on to it, because he went away back East to some college there where he's got to be a big bug among the rock sharps. Madam Levasseur went to live with them after old Fortune died. Give me a hand up, Hank."

"How about Bodilow?" the stocktender inquired as he helped his old crony to his feet.

"He'd got mixed up in the Van Clyne land frauds and went to the penitentiary," Mr. Stegg replied.

"Me, I'm going home," said Tip. "Anybody that wants can have my share of the catfish that's on the trot-lines in the morning, and you two hardy pioneers can roll in your blankets with your heads on your boots. I'm wonted to luxury like beds."

"Well, I'd a heap rather stay," said Mr. Stegg, "but I know my women folks will be worrying about me and they'll lay this rheumatiz to my sleeping out and I won't get no peace for a month. I reckon I'll go along, too, Tip."

"You're a pair of quitters," declared the stocktender. "Well, wait until I get this fire smothered out and I'll be with you."

THE TIN BOX

(Continued from Page 11)

unpatriotic. I can get just as good hunting in this country."

"The market's gone to hell," his father said without emotion.

"Has it?"

"Didn't you see any papers up there? There's been a bad break. It was about time. That fellow Jean Wade married was killed—Newell—Something Newell."

"Finley Newell," Bob said.

"In an automobile accident."

"I read about it. I saw Jean this afternoon."

"Did you?" The old man looked up at him sharply. "The car turned over, after a heavy evening with the bohemian set of Montauk Point or thereabouts."

"Not necessarily."

"What does Jean say about it?" the old man asked.

"Jean wasn't there," Bob said.

"Brilliant young novelist. Cut off in the heyday, and so on. Did you read any of his books?"

"Yes. Didn't you?"

"I! Good Lord! I read the thing on the cover. Jean sent me the first book. I read a couple of pages. Then I was sick."

"It was a good book," Bob said.

"Was it? Did you read the other?"

"There're two others," Bob said. "Yes, I read them. They're—amusing."

"They wouldn't amuse me. However, he made a big splash. . . . Is Jean all right?"

"Well ——"

"I mean, has she got any money?"

"She gets the royalties from the books," Bob said.

"How much?"

"How should I know? It depends on the sales."

"Well, I might buy up several thousand copies and have someone drop them overboard," the old man said.

"Yes, you might."

"I went to see her," his father said, "but they'd moved. The doorman didn't know the address."

"I know. I telephoned the publishers. They moved to another apartment."

"Where is it? I'll go see her."

Bob told him.

"Almost in the river," his father said. "Some artistic development, I suppose."

"Not very."

After dinner Bob went up to his room. He had left the tin box, still locked, on his desk.

He stood for a time, motionless, looking down at it. The letters F. N. had been scratched inexpertly on the black lacquer. Then he took the key from his pocket and sat down and unlocked the box.

It was filled with papers, folded in various sizes, stuffed in, apparently, without order or classification. He began at the top to go through the papers, one by one. The first was a torn sheet of yellow paper. On it was scrawled, in a large, illegible hand, in pencil:

In the old books, the hero and his faithful retainer—body servant, groom, yokel friend—had "been to the wars" together. (Wars not specified.) We are getting on. We had only one war.

That was all. Bob refolded it and put it down on the desk at one side. The next was an invitation, engraved on heavy white paper, by the founders of The Lagoon Golf and Country Club to Mr. Finley Newell to become a charter member. There was a list of the founders—partners, executives or capitalists, all. With it was a blank card of acceptance. Bob went on, examining each paper, making a separate pile of those which seemed of possible value. Mostly they were worthless—an advertisement of a costly exercising machine; of an apparatus for making beverages; a list, in the same handwriting, of a few stocks, with daily prices; a pamphlet about a privately printed edition of some French writer, with an example of the illustrations. Bob put this aside, by itself. An old stock certificate, in the name of Finley Newell, for ten shares of stock in the Regina Milling Company. A promissory note for one hundred and twenty-five dollars, signed by Philip Horton, with the letters N. G. written across it.

(Continued on Page 110)

ONLY THE NATIONAL CASH REGISTER COMPANY

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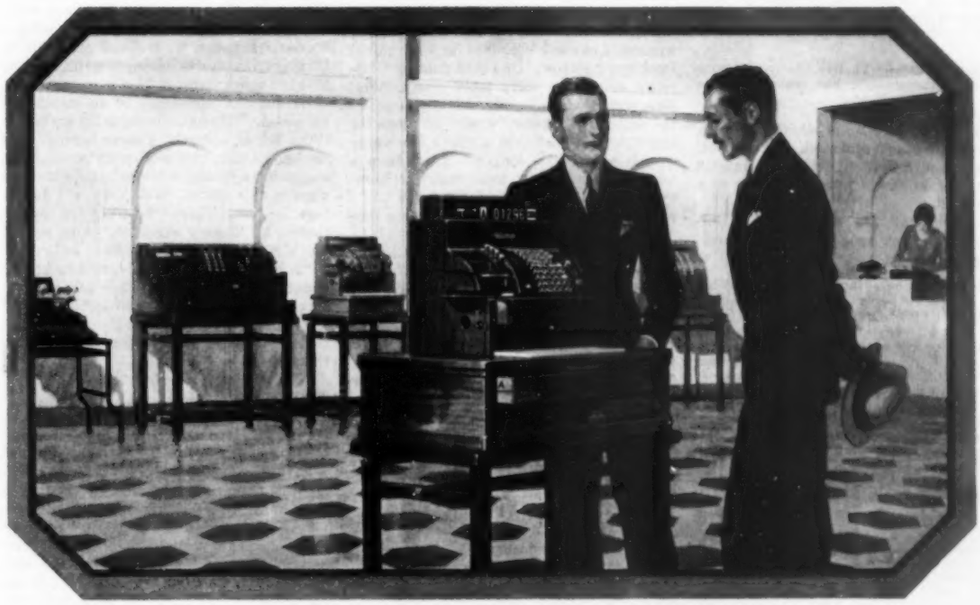

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Expert analysis of your business system
to help you discover hidden causes for loss . . . increase your profits . . . and relieve yourself of many of your present burdens of management.

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A complete line of business machines
to give you the exact cash register or accounting machine that your business needs—rather than readjust your business to fit some machine.

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Low prices—easy terms—liberal allowances
to make it easy for you to get the machine your business ought to have.

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A National Cash Register office near at hand
to assure you of continuing service . . . throughout your business lifetime.

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THE NATIONAL CASH REGISTER COMPANY

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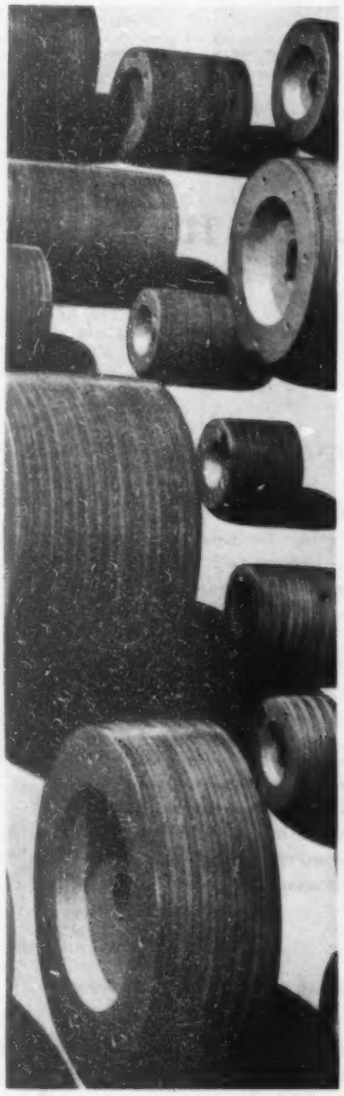

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(Continued from Page 108)

There was another sheet of yellow paper on which was written:

A Play. Titles: Hereafter—The After Life—Beyond—After Death. Program to read: Act I: Here Today—Before the Shadow. Act II: The Garden of Proserpine. Act III: The Elysian Fields. First act shows group of people about to be annihilated by common disaster. Intriguing plot, love, etc. Rouse interest what happens to them after death. Then, annihilation. Curtain. End of Act I. Theater in darkness. Let audience sit until they get tired and go home. Or flash on curtain: That's All There Is, There Isn't Any More. Or announce same in deep voice from behind curtain. Only one set needed—cheap to put on. Producer should leave for Europe.

Mostly, however, the folded papers contained very short notes. One read:

Middling Brown, who could do all things pretty well, and nothing very well.

Another:

Cosmic Laboratory. Perhaps we, in turn, are the monkeys upon whom Jehovah, M.D., experiments. This explains everything.

And:

Spotlight. L. became a confirmed drunkard because it was the only way he could get near the center of the stage.

And:

Another Chance. To live life over again. Different circumstances, but main drift the same.

There were some upon which simply a few words had been scrawled, abbreviated, unintelligible. And there were several pages of what was apparently the beginning of a story.

The title was: In the Corner. Bob read—slowly, because of the difficult handwriting:

Orrin Barnes poured another drink into his glass. Tomorrow he would pay, as usual, but tonight called for a moratorium. The party was rolling—except for —— He glanced across at his wife. They had been playing Twenty Questions, and Mary, when her turn came, had floundered through all twenty—blind, hopeless stabs. She knew the method of attack; several times, in private, he had explained it to her. Animal, Vegetable, Mineral, Europe, Asia, east of the Mississippi. She couldn't seem to get it. Now they had switched to a game called Shedding Light. Tom Crane, describing himself as an English poet who had died young, said finally—for Mary's sake (the others, having guessed long since, were firing joyous masked questions at him)—"In one of my poems I reiterate a qualified loyalty to a lady whose name begins with C." Mary said, "Oh, Austin Dobson!" Orrin had laughed, quickly, "Ernest Dowson, you mean." But Mary had meant Dobson. As Orrin lifted his glass, he saw, across the room, the sharp, clever, rather ugly face of Cora Tison. Cora was amusing. He said to himself, "Looks aren't everything ——" and paused, his glass suspended. Well, that was no more than a platitudinous negation. . . .

Bob glanced through the other pages. The writing broke off in the middle of the fourth page. The story hadn't been finished.

He tore the pages across once, and then into small pieces, and threw them into the scrap basket beneath the desk.

Near the bottom of the box he found a small roll of papers tied together with a string. He broke the string and flattened the papers out on the desk. These were typewritten, easy to read. Poetry. He glanced at the other sheets. They were all poems—five of them, each on a separate page.

The title of the first was: Running on the Sand. It was quite short, and he read it through. It was about two people running up the beach, zigzagging, trying to keep just beyond reach of the shallow, racing waves. He read the other poems. They were all about the same two people—a girl and a man—and about the same place—a house on some dunes near the sea. They were written in the first person—from one to the other—but he could not tell who was doing the speaking. They were love poems, all right.

He read them over again. Very much so. They were different from anything else he had found in the box. He put them to one side and went on examining the remaining papers.

III

MR. MOSELY put the last sheet of the five down on his desk, swung his swivel chair around and stared out the window. He didn't say anything for several moments.

Bob, sitting on the other side of the desk, asked, "Well?"

Mr. Mosely gave himself a slight shake. "They're good," he said. His voice had a queer break in it. "Good? They made me forget this gray November day and my forty-eight years, and anything that can do that ——" He swung around and faced Bob. "That was all you found—just these five?"

"That was all. There were a lot of notes that I can send you."

"The Notebook of Finley Newell?" Mr. Mosely said. "I'm afraid not. One has to be very famous for that sort of thing. No. You can tear 'em up. But these poems —— Newell never told me he was a poet."

"I thought they might have been published," Bob said. "They're typewritten, and everything else was in his writing."

"No, they've never been published. I've handled all Newell's work since he started writing. I can sell 'em. Not for very much. Poetry, you know. One gets paid in a different coin. I'm sorry there aren't more. This sort of thing"—Mr. Mosely touched the scattered pages—"would do more for him than his books, in a way. His name would last a little longer. They have a quality. The books were smart, ephemeral. . . . Is Mrs. Newell hard up? . . . Not my business?" he asked, after a moment's silence.

Bob said quickly, "I really don't know. She gets the royalties, doesn't she?"

Mr. Mosely smiled. "Did you know Newell well?" he asked.

"No. I hardly knew him at all. I've known Mrs. Newell almost all my life."

"She has real beauty," Mr. Mosely said. "I've just met her. Did she come from New York?"

"No. But she used to go to Stockbridge in the summer—where we had a place."

"Oh, yes. That's where they were married, wasn't it? Family had a house there. I remember."

"No," Bob said. "They stayed at a—sort of inn up there. Just Jean—Mrs. Newell—and her mother. The father died a good many years ago."

"I see," Mr. Mosely said. "Finley Newell was in business then—when they were married, I mean."

"Yes. But his first book had been published. I remember because he came up there to visit somebody, and there was a lot of talk about it—about the book."

"Quite the lion, I suppose," Mr. Mosely said. He leaned back and clasped his hands behind his head.

"I wonder sometimes what people did in the old days in lieu of sitting on flagpoles, and dancing for three weeks or for whatever time they do dance, and staying in a swimming pool, and milking a cow in the middle of Broadway. Or is it peculiar to this age? There oughter be a law," he went on. "There really ought. Of course there was the original publicity hound who set fire to a temple—or was it a library?—so that his name would be immortal. And Saint Simeon Stylites, who lived on the top of a pillar—but his alleged motive was"—he picked up a pencil and wrote something on a pad—"likewise high. I have a client who wants to write a biography. There's a good market now for biographies, but he can't think of anybody to write about." Mr. Mosely picked up the pad and read: "From Pillar to Post, or the Life of—wait, or Saint Simeon Stylites Looks Down on Life."

Bob laughed.

"I shall suggest it to him," Mr. Mosely said. "I'm sorry to hear about Mrs. Newell. There aren't any children?"

"No."

"Newell's first book brought him a good deal of fame for a young man. Perhaps 'notoriety' is the more exact word. A very heady wine. And one glass never seems to satisfy. But I wouldn't have advised him to give up a steady, paying job. If a man has only himself to worry about, it's one thing. But with a wife, a family, it's another. I admire confidence in oneself and the will to fame—my business requires it—but I admire also the—well, the quiet abjuration of glory."

"The other two books—haven't they gone well?" Bob asked.

"The second rode along for a while on the wash of the first," Mr. Mosely said. "But the third ——" He made a vague gesture with his hand. "Newell thought his stuff was sure-fire. It's a way they have. But people get tired, you know, of a peculiar genre. There should be a committee to fix the retiring age of authors. Some publishers I know would be glad to contribute to a pension fund. I have, among my clients, several slowly expiring. Did you ever think how short their lives really are—or should be? Nowadays, Fame is a transitory business. Where is that earth-shaking novel of last year? Newell was going to conquer the world with a little pounding on the keys—or, in his case, with a scrawl of his pencil. All so easy. But I used to think of him as alone on a desert island, facing a horde of savages, with about six shots in his magazine—three having been discharged without much damage.

"I did him something of an injustice," he added. "He had the capacity for something better, something more lasting. It's too bad he didn't do more with verse. That might have brought him what he wanted most in this world. Well —— I'll do my best for him. There's no will, you say, so there's no literary executor. And you've got Mrs. Newell's permission ——"

"I haven't told Mrs. Newell anything about them," Bob said. "She asked me to show you anything I found in the way of stories, and so forth, to see if you could use them. I suppose she ought to see these things before ——"

"Why?" Mr. Mosely asked.

"Well ——"

"Because she is the dark lady of the sonnets?" Mr. Mosely said, smiling. "Because they're rather—'frank' used to be the word—because they're brass tacks in treatment? That's one reason why they're so good. His other things were all portico. Let us surprise her. They couldn't possibly embarrass; they might be about any two people passing a few days by the sea. Nassau, Honolulu, Coney Island. And we owe it to him to show 'em what he could do." He stood up. "She wanted fame for him, too, I suppose," he said. He glanced down at the manuscript and said, in a low, slightly dramatic voice:

"If she needs any assurance as to his love, it is there. If she's had a hard time, if things are going to be hard for her, perhaps what he says there will make up for it in part." He held out his hand. "I'll let you know about them, Mr. Hoyt. You haven't given me your address."

Bob gave it to him. Mr. Mosely said: "And your office? I'd rather call you in the daytime. I forget about chores after five o'clock."

"I haven't got an office," Bob said. "I'm a loafer."

"You don't look it."

"Oh, I get around a good deal."

"You're a son of Winslow Hoyt, aren't you?"

"Yes." Bob smiled. "My claim to fame. I'm not in the city much, but I'll be here for a while now—a week or so anyway."

"I'll have something to report by then," Mr. Mosely said.

IV

THE lock began its quick clicking. Bob pushed the door open and went up the long flight of stairs. Jean was standing in her doorway.

"Bob!" she said. "I thought ——" He followed her into the sitting room.

"I thought you were down in Maryland," she said.

(Continued on Page 112)

Oysters en brochette . . with Heinz Tomato Ketchup

"Down in Louisiana," says Josephine Gibson, Director, Home Economics Department, H. J. Heinz Company, "old Monsieur Picot serves a delightful dish. He calls it Oysters en brochette . . . and accompanies it invariably with Heinz Tomato Ketchup. For no other ketchup, he says, would be in accord with the excellence of the dish itself.

"It's a brave sight to see old Monsieur bring in the long skewers—each containing a dozen oysters, separated one from the other by pieces of crisp bacon. And so fresh are the oysters from the flame that their edges still curl visibly, and small beads of fat contract and expand on their glistening sides. And, I assure you, when you plunge one of these oysters into the rich, red, piquant ketchup that only Heinz makes, and convey the whole delightful morsel to your mouth, you are in danger of being ecstatically shaken to the depths of your gastronomic soul.

"Let me tell you a little about Heinz Tomato Ketchup—which, by the way, is the largest-selling ketchup in the world. It is the simmered-down essence of garden-fresh tomatoes—sweetened with the finest sugar, spiced to perfection. It's so *flavorful*—and it brings out so much flavor from meats and fish . . . Now I'll give you the recipe for Oysters en brochette.

57

"You may be sure, I watched Monsieur as he prepared this happy dish. And I found it surprisingly easy. I take three dozen oysters and drain the liquor from them. I have already prepared three dozen pieces of sliced breakfast bacon each the size of an oyster. I place an oyster on a skewer (of wood or silver) then a piece of bacon, then another oyster, and so on until the skewer is filled. I broil them before a clear flame until the edges of the oysters begin to ruffle. It's time then to place them on a hot dish and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Garnish with Heinz Stuffed Olives—and serve invariably with Heinz Tomato Ketchup . . . because no other ketchup can *add* flavor to this delicious dish."

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Tuesday and Friday mornings at 10:45 Eastern Standard Time, Josephine Gibson, Heinz Home Economics Director, will broadcast new and delightful recipes over WJZ, KDKA and other associated National Broadcasting Company stations.

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Chew

for digestion

IF you rush through meals, as most of us do, you ought to do something for your digestion!

It's so easy—chew this delicious pepsin gum that Dr. Beeman perfected to aid digestion!

For over 30 years, millions have enjoyed the healthful effects of it...and the pleasant flavor of it...and the smooth-as-velvet texture of it... for Beeman's is every inch as delicious as it is healthful.

BEEMAN'S
PEPSIN GUM
aids digestion

(Continued from Page 110)

"I was. I got back this morning."

"You didn't stay long."

"No." He put his hat down on a chair and slipped one arm out of his overcoat. Then he stopped. The tea things were set on the low table near the sofa. There were two cups.

"Company?" he asked.

Jean pulled the overcoat from his shoulder.

"Yes, but I want you to stay."

He dropped the overcoat across the chair and turned and faced her. She said, "Do you remember my speaking of a Miss Curtis—Olga Curtis? She was in the car with Fin when the accident happened."

"Yes."

"She telephoned me this morning," Jean said, "and asked if she could see me. There was nothing I could do; I asked her to tea this afternoon. Why she should want to see me ——" She went over to the sofa and sat down in one corner. "I suppose she feels she should come to see me, for some reason. It seems rather late, now. I wish you'd stay, if you don't mind."

Bob sat down in a chair near her.

"Good hunting?" she asked.

"Pretty good. Two of the three horses I sent down got crocked up. So I thought I'd come back."

They were silent.

"The poems," he said—"they made a great—hit, didn't they? Mosely sent me some clippings about them."

"I've been meaning to write him," Jean said. "He sent me a copy, with his compliments. Yes, there were a lot of reviews, for five poems in a magazine. Fin subscribed to a press-clipping bureau; I suppose you have to if you're a writer, so you'll know all the bad things they say, as well as the good."

"Sure."

"Perhaps poetry was Fin's—was really what he should have done." She smiled. "One of the reviews said he might have become the greatest of living poets. But one made me mad," she said. "Something about poetry being more than the ability to write about an actual experience, however beautiful the writing. About poetry requiring also imaginative power."

"As a matter of fact," Bob said, "I wanted to—I told Mosely I thought you ought to see the poems before they were published."

"Why?" Jean asked.

He hesitated, and then said, "Well, I thought you might not like ——" He looked straight at her. "Because they were about some place you'd been ——"

"But they weren't," she said. "You're as bad as the critics. One doesn't have to live a thing to be able to write about it." She smiled. "At least, I do hope so, for morality's sake. Why do they always have to identify characters with real people? Those two in the poems might be any two people."

"Yes, that's what Mosely said."

"Of course," she said. "That house on the dunes —— Fin and I were never at the seashore together in our lives."

For a moment he found nothing to say. "You didn't like the sea," he said finally.

"It never gave me a chance to; or perhaps I never gave it. I went away visiting once, one summer, for two weeks, and there was fog all the time."

"I remember," he said.

"Do you? It was years ago. It was cold and gray and dismal all the time. And strange, to me. How glad I was to get back!"

"The night you got back we had a dance in our barn."

"You've got a good memory, Bob."

"The dance was to celebrate your coming home."

"No one ever told me," she said. "I remember it now. It was warm and lovely, and the stars were bright. After all the fog. I sat out a lot of dances, just to look at them. And I walked over to the dam with someone, to see the stars on the water. We *were* young."

"You went with me," he said.

"Yes."

"Jean," he said, "father's going up to the country over Thanksgiving. He still goes up every year for about a week. Wouldn't you like to go up? He wanted me to ask you."

"Oh, I wish I could, Bob. It was sweet of your father to think of it, and to come to see me."

"I've never heard him called 'sweet' before," Bob said.

"He has been to me, always," she said.

"He thinks the country would do you good."

"I'm all right. I'd like to, but I can't. I've got a job."

"A job?"

She smiled. "Don't look so horrified. It's a very nice job. I'm going to start on Monday."

"But why—why should ——"

"I want something to do. I can't just do nothing."

"Like me," he said.

"You're always busy. Shooting, and sailing across the ocean, and going on expeditions."

"It's not work."

"Lots of people do less, and call it work," she said. "It's because you do the things in such a quiet way. When you go on a cruise to South America, you should announce that it's to find some rare fish or a new sponge, and then write an article about it afterward. And when you go off to Indo-China, it shouldn't be just to shoot, but to collect some rare specimen for a museum. And when you climb mountains, it's not just the sport of climbing, but to find out something about the atmosphere or some funny plant that grows in the snow. Then it would be work. And then you'd be famous, like all the rest."

A small telephone on the wall buzzed. Jean looked around, startled.

"Oh, that's Miss Curtis," she said. She got up and went over to the telephone and pressed a button. She stood for a moment, looking down at Bob. "Why does she come to see me?"

"You want me to stay?" he asked.

"Yes." She opened the door and went out into the hall. Bob picked up a magazine from the table and turned the leaves. He heard Jean's low voice in the hall, and then another voice. He put the magazine back on the table and stood up.

"May I present Mr. Hoyt, Miss Curtis?"

The girl who had preceded Jean into the room stopped short. She stared at Bob blankly, and then gave him a slight bow. She turned to Jean.

"Mrs. Newell, I wanted to see you on a matter of—well, a matter of business. Perhaps some other time ——"

"Bob's my oldest friend," Jean said. "We grew up together. I can't think of anything you couldn't talk about in front of him." She smiled. "Please sit down, and I'll get you tea."

"Please don't bother."

"It's no bother. We were just going to have some."

"Can I help?" Bob asked.

"No, thanks. It's only the hot water," Jean said. She went back into the hallway kitchen.

Miss Curtis sat down. She took the fur piece from her neck and laid it on her lap and began to stroke it slowly with her hand.

Bob said, "Mrs. Newell and I used to go to the same place in summer. Ever since we were about six years old."

"Yes?" Miss Curtis said. She wasn't good-looking exactly; the nose and mouth were too heavy and her face too broad; yet there was something arresting in her face. She had very dark, deep-set eyes, and her skin was quite dark, or tanned, perhaps, from the sun. She looked about twenty-four or five, but her manner was much older. She had on a striking sort of costume—very smart, but different, somehow, from the regular thing. "A place called Stockbridge. It's up in the Berkshires," Bob said.

Miss Curtis didn't say anything. She went on stroking the piece of fur.

"I was in Canada when the—the thing happened," Bob said, breaking the silence. "A horrible sort of thing. You were in the car, weren't you?"

"Yes."

"And you weren't hurt at all?"

"No," Miss Curtis said.

Jean came in with the teakettle and another cup and saucer.

"My alcohol lamp won't work," she said, "so I have to heat the water on the stove." She put the kettle and the cup and saucer on the low table and sat down on the sofa behind it.

Miss Curtis leaned forward. "I really don't care for any tea, Mrs. Newell. I must tell you at once why I have come."

"Yes," Jean said. She poured some hot water into the teapot.

"A few days ago," Miss Curtis said, "I happened to see in a magazine some poems—Five Poems by Finley Newell, they were called."

"Yes." Jean set the kettle down and put the cover on the teapot. She turned and looked at Miss Curtis.

"I should like to know how they came to be published," Miss Curtis said.

Jean didn't say anything for a moment. She looked at Miss Curtis, and Miss Curtis looked at her and went on stroking the fur piece on her lap.

"What do you mean?" Jean asked.

"I mean simply, how did they happen to be published?" Miss Curtis said. She was very calm and confident.

Jean's face was whiter than Bob had ever seen it. He broke in, with a cold, repressed fury, "I don't see how it concerns ——"

"Wait," Jean said. She turned to the other girl. "They were found, among some papers, in a tin box that belonged to my husband."

"And you had them published?" Miss Curtis said.

"I had them published," Bob said. "I don't see how it concerns anyone except Mrs. Newell."

"It concerns me very much," Miss Curtis said.

Jean picked up the teapot and began to pour tea into one of the cups.

She said, "Miss Curtis means that the poems were addressed to her."

"No," Miss Curtis said. "I mean that I wrote them."

Jean filled the cup and set the teapot down. She drew the sugar bowl toward her and touched the plate of sliced lemon. Then she took her hand away and sat motionless, staring straight ahead, frowning. The cup which she had filled stood on the table, untouched, and grew cold.

"If there is any question about it ——" Miss Curtis began. "My name wasn't on them, but they were typed on my typewriter ——"

"There's no question," Jean said.

"It's very awkward," Miss Curtis continued. "You see, I've written a good deal of verse—not professionally—that is, I'd never published anything. I happened to mention it once to your husband and he was kind enough to be interested. So I gave the poems to him—simply for his opinion—and criticism. He forgot to return them and—well, they slipped my mind too. I didn't quite know what to do when I saw they had been published under Fin—under your husband's name. I thought first of saying nothing about it."

"Why?" Jean asked.

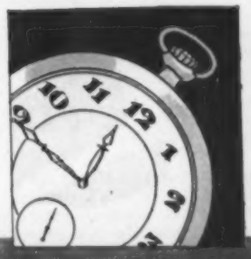
Miss Curtis gave a little laugh. She said:

"I should explain that the poems had nothing to do with—with actuality. The scene, the people concerned, of course, were purely fictional. I have a small house near the ocean, down on the South Shore. That suggested the setting, but that was the only bit of reality—although one or two critics seemed to think the poems were—well, rather journalistic, if you understand what I mean."

(Continued on Page 114)

Fire! Fire!... One bucket of coal after another, you pour into that old "fuel eater," but it seems that the more you fire it, the less heat it gives. Chilly corners, drafty floors—the only warm place in the house is right up close to the stove. And even that's not comfortable, for your face feels scorched, while your back is freezing.

Ca-choo!... sniffles and sneezes. When you hear them you know that the usual late-winter siege of colds has begun. Children have been housed in so long their resistance is low. Older folks, too, are easy victims. And Spring so far away.



In just 45 minutes you can have that worn-out, half-heating stove taken down and the modern house-heating Heatrola installed—ready to *circulate* balmy warmth to every room, upstairs as well as down. Healthful heat, too, and with just about half the amount of coal or gas.

On Your Guard

—danger days are coming!

Winter just about half over. Everyone's resistance at lowest ebb. Many more weeks of bleak, raw weather, with sudden temperature changes, bringing coughs and colds—especially to those living in stove-heated houses. Listen to your doctor. He will tell you that one way to safeguard your family's health right now is to keep every room in your house at the same even temperature.

That's why it's good health insurance to install the Estate Heatrola. It transforms ice-box houses into livable homes. It opens the doors of shut-off rooms, floods them with summer-time warmth. It banishes floor drafts, keeps frost marks off the window-panes. That's why Heatrola owners enjoy better health than their neighbors in stove-heated homes.

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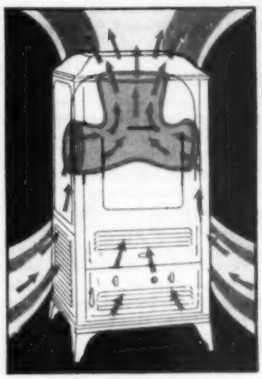

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City ..... State .....

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FOR COAL · WOOD · GAS

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(Continued from Page 112)

"I understand," Jean said.

"That's what makes it so awkward," the other girl said, with another little laugh. "Their having been found among your husband's papers. At first, I thought I wouldn't do anything about it. That seemed the fairest—I mean, the best under the circumstances—that is—but, on the other hand," she went on quickly, "it was really unfair to—to my work. I'd always intended to do something with it professionally. And the poems were—well, very well received—which means a good deal, of course, so far as the others are concerned."

"You have the others?" Jean asked. "They're not out for criticism?"

For a moment Miss Curtis sat perfectly still. Then she got up in a leisurely way and fitted the fur piece around her neck. Her mouth curved in a faint smile.

"There was only one critic," she said.

"I'll see that the correction is made," Jean said. "At once."

"Thank you." Miss Curtis was still smiling. "Possibly it would be best to explain it in some detail. That is, that the poems were sent—simply in a professional way."

"I think you may do the explaining," Jean said. She pushed the table away and stood up. "There is due you, also, the sum paid for the poems—seventy-five dollars. If you'll give me your address ——"

"Really," Miss Curtis murmured.

"But I forget," Jean said. "It will be in my husband's book of addresses."

Blood rushed into Miss Curtis' face, and as suddenly left it. She opened her mouth, as if to cry out something, but made no sound. They faced each other. Then Miss Curtis inclined her head slightly, turned and crossed to the door. Jean stood where she was and watched her go. Miss Curtis opened the door and went out and closed the door, softly, behind her.

"I should run quickly and say I'm sorry," Jean said, "but I won't."

She leaned down and turned on one of the lights. It was getting dark outside. Bob went to the window to draw the curtains, and she came over to him, and they stood looking down into the street. The day had been as hot as a day in the middle of summer. The street was full of children again. Across the street, halfway up some brownstone steps, two men in shirt sleeves were sitting, smoking.

"I didn't know I could be so nasty," Jean said. "I'm a pretty mean person. But she took it so for granted that I was plain stupid!"

"You're ——" Bob turned to her and didn't finish. There was a spot of bright color in each of her cheeks and she looked lovely. He stared at her, until finally she glanced up at him and smiled, and said:

"Portrait of a Lady."

She looked down into the street again, and pressed his arm. He followed her gaze and saw Miss Curtis making her way through the crowd of children toward a taxicab which stood by the opposite curb.

"The taxi driver lives there," Jean said. "This is his suppertime, so she'll have to walk." They watched Miss Curtis as she peered into the interior of the cab.

"The greatest living poetess," Jean said, but there wasn't any bitterness in her voice.

"Do you see those two men on the stoop with their coats off? They're John Doe and Richard Roe, and I suppose they're just as happy."

She pulled the curtain across the window, shutting out the light.

Then she turned suddenly and put her hands on his shoulders and drew his head down and rested her cheek for an instant against his.

"Don't ever go in for it," she said—"fame, I mean."

"It wouldn't do much good, even if I tried."

"No, it wouldn't, but I don't mean it the way you do."

She moved a little away from him and stood gazing into the room.

"I'd like to—will you tell your father I'd like to go up to the country? I can put off the job for another week. I don't want to stay here any more."

"I'll tell him."

"Are you going up too?" she asked.

"I thought I might."

"I'd love to go back," she said.

FOR BURNT FINGERS

(Continued from Page 23)

had put on display. As they fingered these handsome instruments of torture Paxton's friend asked if there were any results from the newspaper advertisement.

"You mean for Zebulon Wing's stock?" asked Paxton casually, and darted a quick glance at Jeff as he spoke to see if the fact registered. Undoubtedly it did, and subconsciously the swift glance registered too. That is the sort of headworks Jeff possessed. Almost everything within range registered either objectively or subconsciously, and if subconsciously, then at some future day that drawer was sure to open and the fact pop out when it would come in handiest.

"Yes, the Wing stock," said the other gentleman.

"Not a rise out of anybody," said Paxton, with a shrug. Then, "I'll give you two strokes this afternoon."

"For a dollar a hole," agreed his friend.

Jeff stood leaning on his counter motionless. He grunted. Zebulon Wing, eh? Zebulon Wing was the name, and he had learned it without effort. As he had learned the original facts without effort. Something vexed him. Something irritating stirred in his mind but he could not quite bring it to the surface—as one sometimes has a name on the tip of his tongue and cannot remember it.

There was something he ought to think, but what was it? So, methodically, he went over the whole business from beginning to end.

"Let's see," he said to himself. "This man Paxton comes to town. Evidently he is a known man. He is received by Mr. Vance and people of his class and is made welcome at this club. He spends a great deal of time here. He is on an errand which one would think confidential, but he talks about it carelessly before me. Maybe as people talk carelessly at table in the presence of the butler—forgetting he is not a piece of furniture. He advertises discreetly. Up to then I have a general outline, but not a fact that can be chewed on. I need the stockholder's name as a starting place. Then in comes Mr. Paxton and casually drops the name in my lap. Huh! To talk about this affair in my shop and presence once was an accident and an indiscretion; to talk about it twice on the same spot is what? It is either coincidence or—or what? Coincidence or design."

There Jeff paused. "But why design, if it be design? I was the only person here. If it was talked of on purpose, the only reason must be to give me the information without letting me know I was being given information. But why me?"

He gnawed his lips and made marks on the immaculate glass of his show case with his thumb. "Why me?" he demanded. "Could there be a reason? The answer is that there always can be a reason. If Mr. Paxton were a confidence man he has skillfully laid the foundation for selling a gold brick. But it is incredible he should be a confidence man. He is too well known by the right people. Also I would bet considerable he is a gentleman, and gentlemen do not operate skin games."

On that point he halted while his mind darted around the subject on all sides, coming back to himself. "Why me, in any event?" he asked. "To that there is only one answer. Because I have about two hundred thousand dollars in the bank. And there we rest. Either this is on the level, or it is a plant to get my money, and a plant worked by a gentleman who could not possibly be engaged in anything shady. The evidence, therefore, is in favor of indiscretion over rascality."

Jeff, a couple of days later, was standing on the first tee watching a foursome drive off. Three of them were guests and unknown to him, and one was an elderly man with a paunch whose form was enough to drive a golf professional mad. He stood over his ball, did a little jig step with his feet by toeing in and then toeing out no less than three times. Then he lurched back on his heels and shook himself, then he swayed slowly away from the ball and slowly back again twice. After these sundry maneuvers he hit it, and, incredibly, it sailed a hundred and fifty yards straight down the middle of the course.

"Mr. Jones there," said one of the guests, "reminds me a heap of an old fellow I used to play with once in a while six or eight years ago. In this town too. Cut up about the same capers. Um. . . . What was his name? Died since then, I hear. Funny Bible name." The guest searched for the funny Bible name. "I've got it. Name was Wing—Zebulon Wing. Used to come to Hampstead three-four times a year. Had a niece or a cousin or something here. Old maid. Yeah. Queer old girl, as I recall it. Bible name too. Mehitabel—that's the ticket. Amazing how a man can remember things when he sets at it."

Then the foursome moved off, leaving Jeff to stand staring after them. So Zebulon Wing used to come to Hampstead to visit a spinster relative by the name of Mehitabel! Here, indeed, were facts.

"It's too good to be true," Jeff said to himself. "There's too much me in this mess of pottage. A drought of facts everywhere but where I stand, and I'm in a deluge. I'd give something to know all about that guest. Doesn't seem like the most beneficent of providences would go out of its way to batter me with good luck after this fashion. But it might. Three times in a row. Now, of course, this Mehitabel has the stock. That, Watson, is elementary. But the alarm bell rings! And I ought to remember something else. Which I do remember, by golly! Mr. Paxton looked at me hard when he mentioned the name of Zebulon Wing!"

But here Jeff remained facing an impasse. Mr. Paxton was a gentleman. He was a shrewd man, but he was a kindly man. Jeff would have staked considerable upon the proposition that he was an honest man, and that was the rub. If Paxton were honest then this shower of facts was good luck flowing from an incredible series of coincidences—and he stood in the way of picking up a very pleasant bit of money. But suddenly another question presented itself to Jeff's agile mind, namely: Could circumstances exist by which an honorable man could perform an act commonly dishonorable and dishonest and not stultify himself? Was such a thing possible? Could, for instance, a man of high type such as Mr. Paxton arrange a scheme for defrauding Jeff out of two hundred thousand dollars and still remain immaculate? Jeff chuckled, for that seemed something like the historical meeting between the irresistible force and the immovable obstacle. But could one imagine it? In any circumstances could it be done? Jeff could not find the answer.

"If," he said, "Mehitabel proves easy to find I'll grow a trifle suspicious."

It was while he was giving Abigail Vance her Thursday golf lesson that Mehitabel proved easy to discover. Abigail was difficult; she did not want to work and she did choose to be displeased with the world at large and most of its contents. Particularly she was displeased with her name.

"The idea! The very idea of calling a girl Abigail! Imagine it. To go through life with a name like that!"

"I find no fault with it," said Jeff, who really found no fault with anything attached to Miss Vance. If her name had been Jezebel he would have adored it. "It's a good, solid name. It's distinctive."

"It's rot. I sound like an old-maid dressmaker. It's next worse to Mehitabel."

"To whom?" he asked.

"I said Mehitabel," said Abigail shortly, "and I was thinking of a wizened old dressmaker on the other side of town. Mehitabel fits her like a glove. She isn't even a good dressmaker, though I've given her work sometimes."

"Does her family name match?" asked Jeff.

"It's Padd. Mehitabel Padd, can you imagine it? Poor old thing. She claims she was an actress once and came down in the world. Then she was wardrobe mistress, and then she settled down in Hampstead to die. That's her specialty—dying. But if I can make a guess she'll live to be a million."

Mehitabel Padd! It seemed to Jeff the chances were very much against the presence of two Mehitabels in a place so small as Hampstead. He was firmly convinced this was the correct Mehitabel, niece or cousin to Zebulon Wing. And she had been revealed to him by an impeccable authority. Here was the whole thing in his lap. It had come and nestled there gently without an effort on his part. Complete and perfect the thing was, and he had not been required to lift his hand.

Now, if there were no colored person in the woodpile, Jeff need only search out Mehitabel, bargain with her for stock which she would doubtless sell for a song, and realize a profit which would be regarded as handsome by any financier. But even now, even when he was firmly convinced of Paxton's honesty, even as he knew Abigail Vance could not possibly have guilty connection with a plot to trick him out of his nest egg, there was an unscratchable itch at the back of his mind. It irritated him, it kept him awake of nights and would not respond to treatment.

There was too much ease about the thing, too many coincidences, too much simplicity. Fortunes in this hard world were not made that way, nor were concealed and difficult feats of detection performed through any such lucky series of accidents. But the dramatis personæ were impeccable. If Paxton was the honest man Jeff believed him to be, then this amazing, astounding, impossible run of luck must be real luck and not the skillful planning of a dishonest mind.

"I've got to doubt that Paxton is honest," Jeff told himself, though something within him made it impossible to doubt it. However, he acted accordingly. As best he could, he investigated Mr. Paxton. All he discovered but confirmed his own belief.

Then he was confronted with a choice of conclusions: Either good fortune was handing him a substantial fortune on a platter, or it was possible for an honest man to do a dishonest thing without being dishonest. Which was an absurdity.

On Friday, when Jeff found time to feed his curiosity regarding Mr. Paxton, that gentleman was absent from Hampstead in the city, and at ten o'clock, in the office of T. P. McTodd.

"Well," demanded that blustery personage, "how about it? Eh? How about it?"

"Mr. McTodd," said Paxton, "I wish you'd give this thing up. I've seen your son and informed myself about him. He bears a fine reputation in that town and he's a splendid boy. I like his looks."

"What did you expect?" roared T. P. "What kind of a son did you think I'd have anyway—a bum or a lounge lizard? Tell me something I don't know."

(Continued on Page 117)

Ride a Bike

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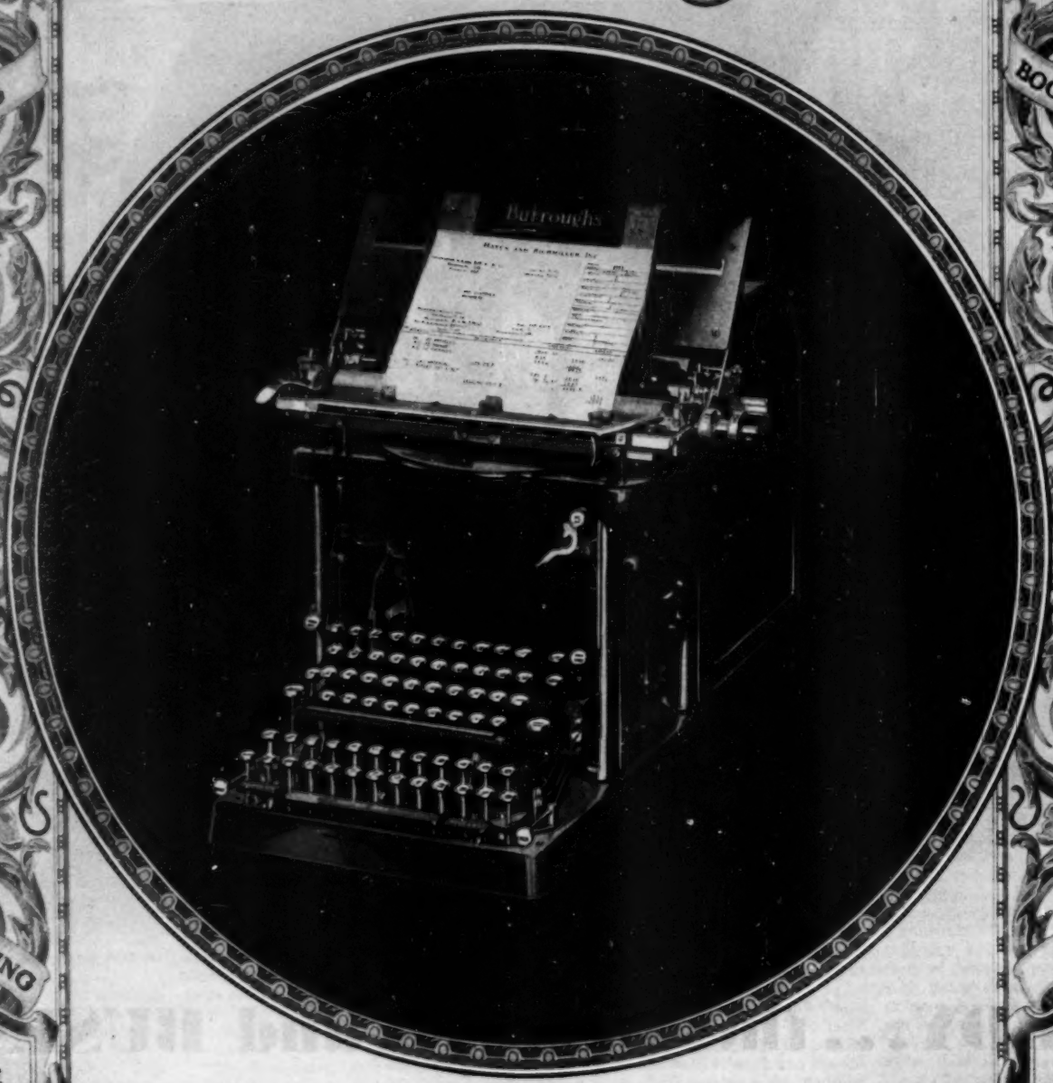

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(Continued from Page 114)

"He's made a place for himself. I know half a dozen influential men there who would be glad to give him responsible positions."

"But he won't take 'em, eh? Huh. Stubborn. Bit in his teeth. We'll fetch him up with a round turn."

"Aren't you afraid you'll do more harm than good? He's high spirited and sensitive. Suppose he doesn't look at this thing as you do—as a sort of joke or, at worse, a spanking to a small boy. Suppose you lose his affection and his respect."

T. P. scowled and bit his lip. "A McTodd, ain't he? Just suppose you mind your own business, Paxton. How does the affair stand?"

"Ready to clean up," Paxton said shortly, "and on your head be it."

"Has he found Mehitabel Padd yet?" The old gentleman chuckled. "Came in handy, she did. Huh. Knew her when she was a chorus girl. Knew her when she was in stock. Never could quite make the grade. Wardrobe mistress and then—pouf! But she can do this part all right."

"Your son hasn't seen her, but he'll find her in a day or two."

"Lay it on thick," admonished T. P. "Show him a big dish of gravy. Huh. Snort. Whoof. And how's the other matter coming along? Seen Wolverton, over at Tecumseh, yet?"

"Yes, but no deal to date. He's in a ticklish place. Can't swing old Manton into line with his 40 per cent, and can't force action with his own 45 per cent. Manton wants to stay out, of course. He's against combinations and mergers. Believes his company'll pay more as an individual concern."

"Pick up the odd 15 per cent and club Manton to death," bellowed T. P. "And now you get back there and give me some action."

Jefferson McTodd, on this day, called early upon Mehitabel Padd, who lived in a cottage on the other side of the town and sported in her window a card which informed the public that a modiste resided within. Jeff rang the bell and was admitted by a little woman whose age might have been fifty. One could tell that her hair once had been blond and her eyes were the sort which, thirty years before, had been big and deceivingly babyish.

"Miss Padd?" asked Jeff.

"I am," she said primly. "What's wanted?"

"My name is McTodd," he said, "and I would like to talk business with you."

"But what business is there to talk with me?" "Suppose you ask me in," said Jeff, "and then I can tell you comfortably. I feel like a book agent on your porch."

So she asked him into her little parlor whose walls were covered with photographs. Jeff thought he never had seen so many. Men and women, people in costume, people in evening clothes, people in row boats, people in carriages. Scarcely an inch of space was bare of such examples of the photographer's art. Miss Todd noted his expression and bridled.

"Souvenirs of my theatrical days," she said grandly. "Friends in the profession—of which I had many in the first rank, and photos of admirers of my own. Yes, indeed. My dressing room usually was filled with flowers."

"I can believe it very readily," said Jeff. "In fact, I can't see how you had room in a dressing room for the flowers you should have had."

"Now that's real nice," she said archly, "and what did you say your business is?"

"I want to ask if you had an uncle named Zebulon Wing?"

"Uncle Zeb! To be sure I did. What of it?"

"Your uncle was interested in a company called the Rapid River Boom and Improvement Company. Did you ever chance to hear of it?"

"Indeed I did," she said, "and to my sorrow. He borrowed my savings once. I needn't have been a dressmaker now if he hadn't, and he gave me some stock in that very company to keep till he paid me back. But he never paid me back."

"And you still have the stock?"

"Young man, you'd better believe I have. No man ever gets anything away from me again. Never. I've got it all right, and I mean to keep it till it's worth what he said it would be. Uncle Zeb never lied if he could help it, and he said that stock would be worth two hundred dollars a share some day. He gave me his word of honor. So, when he went bankrupt and I lost my savings, I just put that stock away and waited. I'm still waiting, but Uncle Zeb wouldn't lie to me. He was unlucky, but he was no liar."

"I see," said Jeff. "You intend to hold until your Uncle Zeb's word is made good?"

"I do," said Miss Padd, "and nothing will change my mind, so you needn't try. If you're after that stock you can have it, but you'll have to pay Uncle Zeb's price, and not a penny less." She shut her thin lips and tightened her jaws and exhibited every outward sign of determination of which a small, elderly woman is capable.

"Exactly," said Jeff. "But might I see this stock—just to make sure it is the stock in question?"

"To be sure. No reason you shouldn't. Jest sit a minute while I rummage around and find it. Got it in a trunk in the attic, I guess. Sit right there, and you may smoke if you like."

With which she whisked out of the room. Jeff stared at the photographs and then got up to scrutinize them more closely. He walked about the room peering at the counterfeit presentments of stage folk of another generation, and of stage-door johnnys now the fathers of sons old enough to take up the same occupation, or of grandsons who might soon be expected to take up the burden. He chuckled at these dandies of another day and was about to seat himself again when his eye focused upon a young man in football armor—a young man with a mustache, quilted football pants and tight, laced jacket, who held a pigskin prolate spheroid under his arm in a very jaunty way indeed. At this Jeff stared. Then he clucked. Then he sat down and grinned.

Presently Miss Padd returned with the certificates which she permitted Jeff to examine. "But you needn't dicker," she said. "If you want this stock you must pay Uncle Zeb's price. That's two hundred thousand dollars, young man. So there."

"That would be Uncle Zebulon's price, wouldn't it?" he asked genially. "To a dollar. Well, Miss Padd, it's a lot of money, a great deal of money. In fact, it's all the money I have in the world. Queer, isn't it, that this stock should require my last cent? But I think you and I are going to find ourselves in a business transaction before all is said and done. Now you keep that stock carefully, and promise not to sell it to anyone else for, say, a week. Will you do that?"

"I promise," she said. "But I've got to be paid in cash."

"Cash it will be—if our deal goes through," said Jeff. "And thank you, Miss Padd, and good morning. And I want to congratulate you on the number of admirers you used to have—and on their quality. Quality is more than quantity, isn't it? You will see me again in a couple of days."

"I'll be terribly anxious," she said. "You can imagine what two hundred thousand dollars will mean to me."

"I can," said Jeff. "I can, indeed."

From the cottage he went to half a dozen other places, the bank and certain business offices and professional offices and then he returned to the club where he found a threesome waiting to fill up and was asked to take the vacant place.

"Paxton was going to play with us," said Mr. Ralston, "but he was called out of town."

"He is in and out a lot," said Mr. Jason. "Drives across to Tecumseh at least once a week."

"I saw him lunching with Wolverton the other day," said another player. "Doing a deal, eh?"

"Probably. Paxton is something important in utilities. Recently made vice president of the Power Investors, you know. Shouldn't be surprised if they were angling for the Tecumseh Light and Power Company."

"Fine chance, with old Manton alive," said Ralston. "You couldn't buy a dollar bill from him for a dollar and a half."

Jeff, through inattention, shanked a mashie shot, but he did not mind. Here was the cat, nicely out of the bag and trotting along under his eyes purring. Power Investors, eh? Well, he knew about the Power Investors. It was one of his father's companies. And Paxton was an employe of his father's. It all clicked. He knew, of course, when he left Miss Padd's that it would click. He saw his father's handwriting on the wall, and far from resenting it, it amused him. For, in that football player of 1896 he recognized T. P. McTodd, Yale halfback—he recognized it because a duplicate hung proudly in his father's office.

So those subconscious warnings had been true. It was a put-up job. Coincidence had not worked overtime. And Paxton was honest. The impossible was possible: An honorable man could operate a confidence game and remain honorable—in these peculiar circumstances: When a father, with sardonic humor, set out to take his son down a peg and teach him a lesson. Jeff could repeat his father's observations almost verbatim. And he could repeat before the event, what his father would have to say to him when he had bought the gold brick. Jeff chuckled. His dad was a hard old egg but a swell old egg at that.

So it was a battle with T. P.! Jeff rather liked the idea—now that he was safe from defeat in the first battle and had not been ambushed and abolished. But there must be a second battle on ground chosen by himself. Whereupon he considered this and that, and on Monday, which was his day off at the club, drove across country forty miles to Tecumseh. On Monday morning Mr. Paxton arrived in Hampstead from the city.

Jeff's memory for names was unfailing. Once in Tecumseh he hunted out a man named Wolverton, and most plausibly, called upon him in his own proper person as the son of T. P. McTodd. Wolverton was impressed.

"Mr. Wolverton," said Jeff importantly, "we haven't been exactly satisfied with the handling of this matter, so I have come down to see what can be done. How does the matter stand?"

Mr. Wolverton poured out information as a sprinkling cart gushes water.

"Ah," said Jeff, "nothing then, is to be done with Manton. But how about this controlling 15 per cent of stock?"

"Owned by old man Hawley, who hates Manton and dislikes me," said Wolverton. "He won't make a move to do either of us any good."

"I see," said Jeff. "Where's he to be found?"

Wolverton pointed through his window. "That's his office over there—up one flight."

Jeff crossed the street and rapped on old man Hawley's door.

That ancient gentleman sat crabbed behind a littered desk and glared in a disgruntled way at the universe. He snorted at Jeff and growled and made ill-natured noises in his throat.

"Mr. Hawley," said Jeff, "my name is McTodd."

"Son of T. P.?"

"Yes. And, sir, I'm sick and tired of the capers of these men Wolverton and Manton."

"Eh? What? What they been doing?"

"Poor business men. No use for them. They need a lesson."

"Them men been asking for their comeuppance for twenty year," snarled the old man.

"I was afraid," Jeff said adroitly, "you would be a friend of theirs. This relieves my mind. Together you and I can show them the world isn't flat—and incidentally you can derive a pleasant profit."

"How?" The old man got out the word as if he had to rub it on a nutmeg grater.

"They think, between them, they can run this Tecumseh Light and Power Company. Let's take it away from them. My dad wants the company, of course, and, having heard you are the only sound man in the thing, he told me to come straight to you."

"He better," said Hawley.

"Here's the idea. If father could vote your stock, do you see, he could swing this corporation by the tail. You can't do it. Nobody else could do it. He could smash your 15 per cent back and forth between Wolverton and Manton till he demolished 'em. See? Both of 'em would be helpless. And he could force either or both of them out any time he wanted. That's clear, isn't it?" Jeff wasn't sure what should be clear, but he had an idea that authoritative statement had a way of getting itself accepted as proof. "And you can sit back and give them the laugh," he added.

"Seems as though," said Hawley, blinking.

"Very well, then." Jeff hit while the iron was hot. "Transfer that stock, I'll pay over the cash—cash, mind you!" Here he laid currency upon the desk in a roll of thousand-dollar bills. "Then, by the end of the week, you'll see things happen. If we can get this done quickly, before they suspect, we'll have an added jump on them. What's our price?"

"This here Paxton come nosing around and offered me seventy-five thousand, but I wouldn't look at it."

"That's why I had to come," said Jeff, "on account of Paxton's dickering. On that table is a hundred thousand. Cash money. Put it in your pocket, sir."

Hawley's hand went out, touched the money, drew back—and then came forward again. He clutched it, rammed it into his pants pocket and creaked to his feet. "Come along, young feller, whilst I get the stock out of the bank."

At five o'clock Jeff arrived again in Hampstead and parked his car in front of the law offices of Jack Creed. There was half an hour's conference and then Creed called Paxton on the telephone.

"Mr. Paxton," he said, "this is Mr. Creed. I understand you are interested in certain stock in the Tecumseh Light and Power Company. . . . Yes, I represent a client who can deliver a block. . . . I said who can deliver a block. . . . Deliver. . . . Yes, that was the word. . . . Now? Very good. I'll be right here waiting for you."

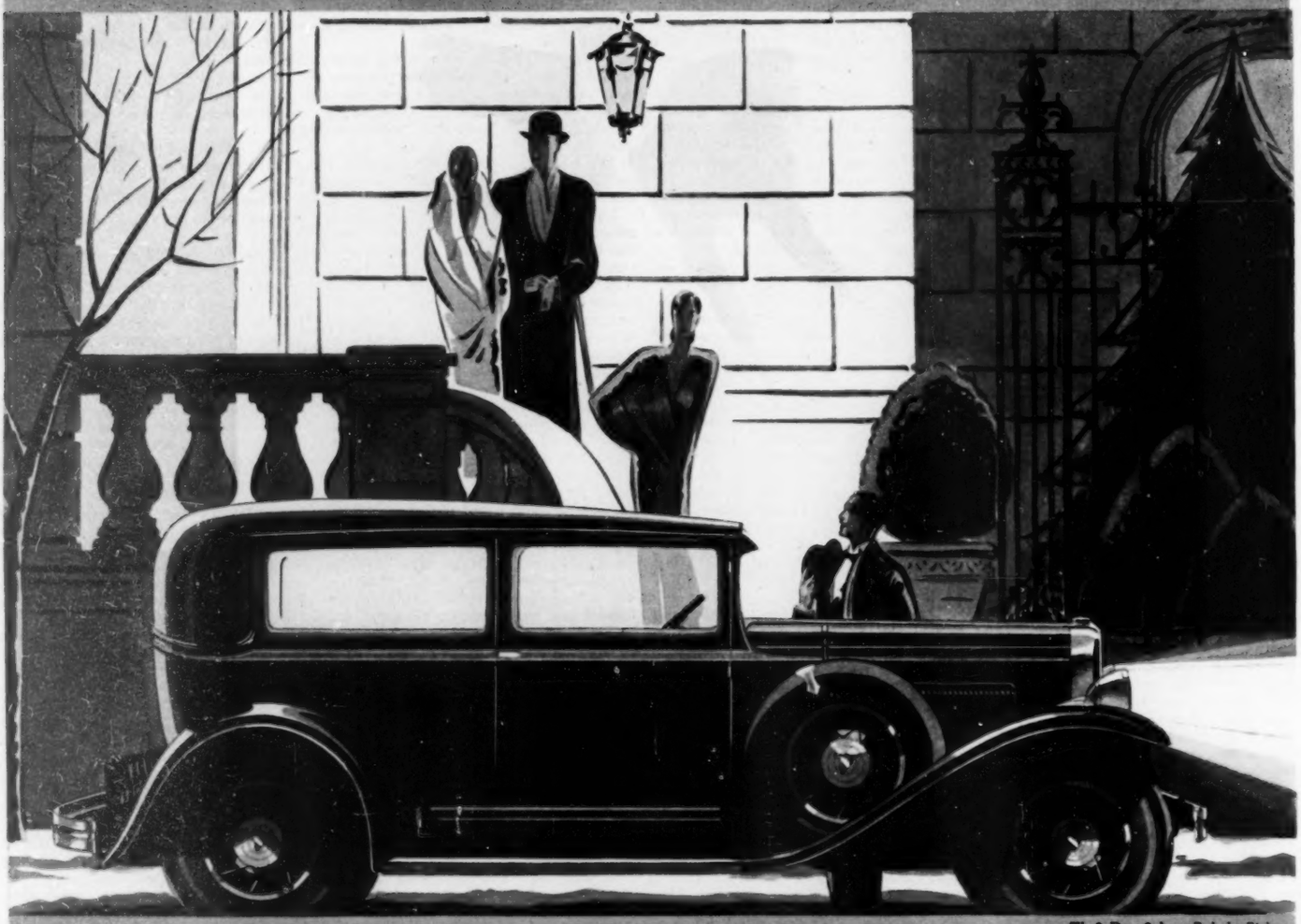
He turned to Jeff, "Coming on the jump," he said.

"I'll slide into the next room—and listen," Jeff said with a chuckle. "Give him both barrels."

(Continued on Page 121)

The New OAKLAND EIGHT

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS



The 2-Door Sedan • Body by Fisher

General Motors' Lowest-Priced Eight

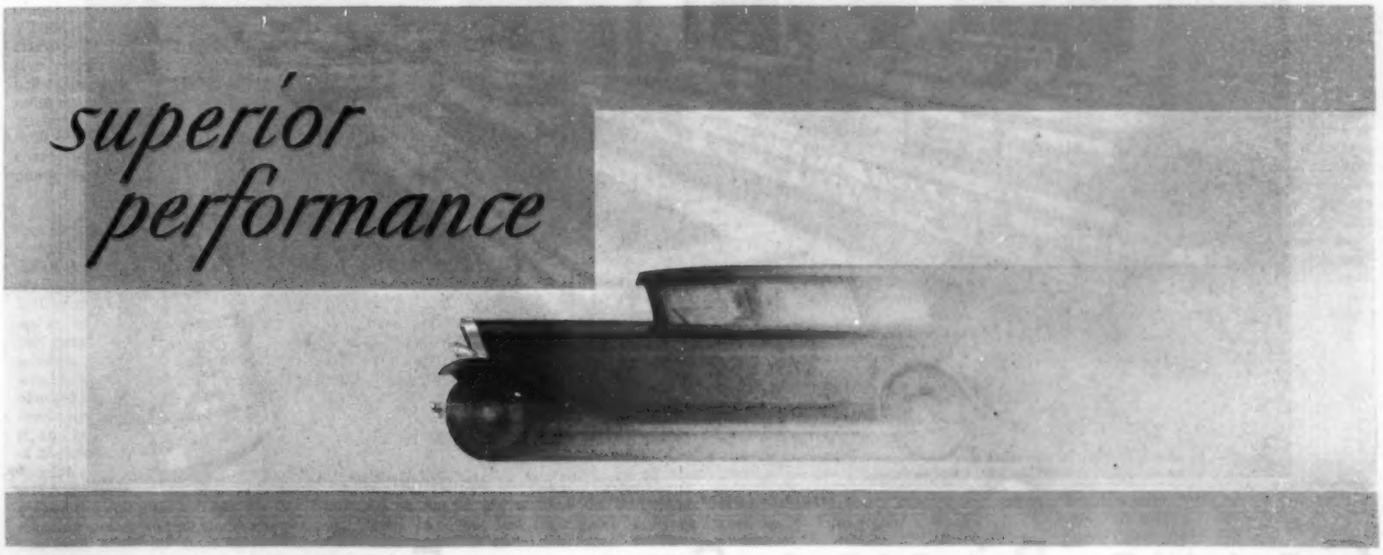
New . . . Yet Sixteen Years Old

A new eight-cylinder motor car is now being displayed throughout America. It is the newest General Motors eight and the lowest in price by several hundreds of dollars. It was created by engineers with sixteen years' experience in designing fine eight-cylinder cars. It introduces a new series of bodies by Fisher. It is the New Oakland Eight,

the car with superior performance. ¶ Oakland's 85-horsepower engine is the most powerful ever used in any automobile of similar size and weight, with the exception of racing cars. It develops one horsepower for every 37 pounds of car weight. This, largely, is the reason why few cars are as fast as Oakland. This explains why few, if any, will pass it on hills—why it accelerates so rapidly in traffic. ¶ The New Oakland is also unusually smooth and flexible. It affords the smoothness of eight overlapping power impulses. And this inherent smoothness has been intensified by exclusive mechanical advantages, such as a complete down-draft carburetion system, new-type cylinder heads which assure uniform combustion, patented laminated steel spring and rubber engine mountings and a short, exceptionally rigid crankshaft. ¶ With all its new features, however, the New Oakland Eight is a car remarkably sound in basic design. The engineers responsible for its development participated in creating General Motors' first eight-cylinder car back in 1914. Thus their knowledge of eight-cylinder engines is exceptionally wide and deep. For three years they have concentrated on the New Oakland power plant. And it is only reasonable to expect that it is a finer eight because of this fact. ¶ We believe you will find the New Oakland Eight a most interesting car to examine. We believe its appeal will be all the more forcible when you consider its moderate price. And we are confident that a demonstration will reveal how well it merits the description, "the car with superior performance."

$1045

and up, f. o. b. Pontiac, Mich., plus delivery charges. Oakland Motor Car Co., Pontiac, Mich.



Write for an interesting booklet which illustrates and describes the design of the New Oakland Eight

FROM 1890 to 1930

in Four and One-Half Months

PICTURE the Frederick Loeser & Company store, Brooklyn, May 1929. For years, a fine old establishment, a land mark in the community, with a great reputation.

But the atmosphere—old fashioned. The equipment—1890.

Contrast with this the same store four and one-half months later—completely changed—modern as the most modern store of 1930.

A miracle of store planning and equipping accomplished by Grand Rapids in this brief period—without confusion, without serious interruption in daily business, and at a remarkably low cost.

A careful store analysis was made by the Planning Division of the Grand Rapids Store Equipment Corporation, covering a period of three months. As a result of this analysis an entirely new layout of the store was made.

After conferences with store executives final plans were submitted and approved and the work was completed to the highest satisfaction of Frederick Loeser and Company.

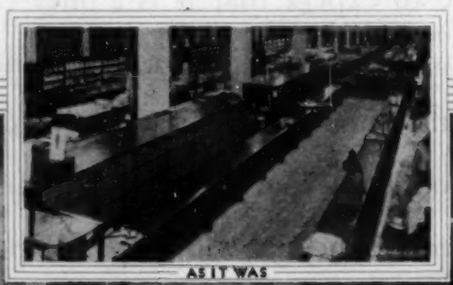
The magnificent Loeser store of today is but another example of the results of Grand Rapids Store Planning and Equipment.

Your store may not be of the same size or type. But the same careful analysis, attention to details, and quality of workmanship is available to any merchant of any size, anywhere, who employs Grand Rapids service.

You will be interested in our booklet, "The New Way Method in Merchandising." Send for it today. There is no obligation.

GRAND RAPIDS STORE EQUIPMENT CORPORATION, GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

Factories: Grand Rapids, Portland, Oregon; Baltimore; New York City. Representatives everywhere. Store planners, designers and manufacturers of fine store equipment for department stores, ready-to-wear and specialty shops, haberdashery and men's clothing stores, drug, jewelry stores, shoe stores, chain stores, etc.



AS IT WAS

FREDERICK LOESER & COMPANY, TODAY

GRAND RAPIDS STORE EQUIPMENT

(Continued from Page 117)

In three minutes Mr. Paxton appeared, breathless. "What's this about stock in the Tecumseh? Whom do you represent? What stock can you deliver?"

"The stock," said Creed, "formerly owned by Mr. Hawley."

"The odd 15 per cent? Impossible."

"There," said Creed, tossing the certificates on the desk, "is the stuff. Ready to deliver in ten seconds—if our minds can meet."

"Young man, you may consider they have met," said Paxton.

"They can only meet over a duly signed check," said Creed, "and the letters and figures on that check will spell a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. As you see, this is no hold-up. This stock cost my client a hundred thousand. He's entitled to fifty profit. Last word. Take it or leave it. Manton'll pay more."

Paxton bit his lip and blinked; then he reached into his pocket and withdrew a check book.

"Name of payee," he said.

"Creed," said Jack. "John M. Creed."

Paxton wrote and signed the check and passed it across. Creed accepted it. "Perhaps," he said, "you would like to meet my client?"

"I should, indeed," said Paxton.

"It is," said Jeff, stepping into the room, "a mutual pleasure. Very mutual, especially to me. And give my love to dad, eh? And thank him for a swell time. You bet you! Tell him I almost fell in love with Mehitabel Padd. You bet you again! Also say much obliged for the fifty thousand, which I can use."

"What? What?" gasped Paxton. "What's this?"

"It was a good show you put on," said Jeff. "And you might tell dad that it's fatal to give his picture to young actresses. He kind of fancied himself in that 1896 football suit, didn't he? Mehitabel's got a copy on her parlor wall. He'll be glad to know it."

Paxton frowned, then his teeth showed in a rueful smile.

"That's how, eh?".

"In part. In part," said Jeff gayly. "But you did take a few too many pains to pour siren voices into my ear. By the way, nobody here knows I am T. P. McTodd's son. Don't leak."

"Naturally not. And, young man, I may as well tell you I'm glad it came out this way—in spite of the hurricane I'll have to ride out."

"And tell dad to lay off," said Jeff. "Also I've a little gift for him. Hand it to him and stand by when he opens it."

T. P. McTodd listened to the story in dangerous silence. At the end Paxton handed him a small parcel. "Jefferson sent you a little gift," he said.

T. P. tore off the wrappings. It was a small tube of a well-known unguent, and attached to it was a card which said, "Dear Dad: For burnt fingers. Jeff."

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of stories by Mr. Kelland. The sixth and last will appear February twenty-second.

IS ANYTHING WRONG WITH ENGLAND?

(Continued from Page 5)

because of war debts, partly because of additional benefits to those who are mostly exempt from income tax. In 1911 the revenue demanded in respect of social services—education, health, poor-law relief, and so forth—was sixty-three millions. In 1929 it was nearly four hundred millions. More than six times as much! It is getting beyond a joke. It is a burden which can hardly be borne by any nation threatened, as England is, with restricted trade and fiercer competition by foreign nations.

It seems likely that a socialistic government in England, pressed by its left wing to provide still greater benefits for those to whom it owes its power, will find before long that it is killing the goose that lays the golden eggs. There is a limit to the taxation of wealth. There is bound to be a decline in the receipts from death duties, because so many old estates and prewar fortunes have been drained dry, and now men who have money to leave are bequeathing it to their heirs during their lifetime or turning themselves into joint stock companies which are not supposed to die. Other small capitalists are abandoning England with what wealth they have, for the sunny exile and infinite boredom of the Riviera or the Channel Islands. The financiers who could well afford to pay a fairer share of the wealth which they earn, not by the sweat of body and brow, but by little conversations over the telephone with fellows who know a thing or two about mining shares and other forms of gambling, can hardly be caught by Chancellors of the Exchequer, because they have the secret of shifting money beyond the reach of tax collectors, as conjurors will pass a pack of cards under the nose of an onlooker unaware of this sleight of hand. "The Labor Government," says one of its critics, "is aiming at two opposite objectives—to diminish unemployment and to bribe the elector. To achieve the first they must reduce taxation. If they continue to pursue the second, unemployment must multiply. They will be overwhelmed in due course by the inexorable pressure of economic reality."

A Better Place to Live

"The patient ass," as the taxpayer is called in political cartoons, does not revolt. He knows that with all his anxieties he is luckier than the class below him in the social scale, or at least in the great industrial belt where unemployment is a hideous menace. At least this redistribution of wealth, taken mostly from his pockets, has effected a social change which is in a thousand ways good. He would be a cad to deny it, and he's not that as a rule. A great deal of the old squalor has been removed from English life. Apart from overcrowding, still frightful in certain areas of London and great cities and small villages, the life of the laboring classes and all small wage earners has been lifted up amazingly. There is nothing like so much of that wretchedness, that ghastly, ragged, hopeless misery which used to disgrace the East End of London and the poorest districts. In streets where, before the war, one saw the derelicts of civilization and the tatterdemalions of the slums, one now sees troops of young girls in silk stockings and good frocks, and legions of young men smartly dressed. Their manners have changed. They have a different outlook on life. Drunkenness, which was due to horrible conditions of life and no chance of decent recreation, has largely disappeared.

Instead of slouching round the pubs, the younger crowd go to the talkies or to tea shops. They have their dances. They are self-respecting. They are earning good wages if they are working. Before the war, field laborers earned twenty shillings a week in some counties. Now they get two pounds, ten shillings. If they are not working, they go on the dole, which keeps them out of the doss houses, especially if other members of their family are able to help a bit. If they are without work and without the dole, which demands certain conditions to be fulfilled, they apply for poor relief and keep their heads above the waters of utter destitution. They get free schooling for their children, free doctors, free libraries—all sorts of good things—for nothing.

There is a lot on the credit side. The general chance of happiness is higher since the war. Something has been gained, not without sacrifice by the whole nation.

After the tremendous ordeal of war, during which Britain lost a million dead—the fine flower of her youth—it has only been by spiritual valor, despite some weakness and inevitable depression, that she has faced up to many difficulties, enormous responsibilities and some dangers. The English folk were first among nations to demobilize hatred and give their former enemies fair play and generosity, after the injustice of the peace treaties and a political appeal to the passion of revenge; thereby earning for themselves a reputation for treachery and hypocrisy from former allies. They were the first to pay anything toward the American debt, though they remitted vast sums they had loaned to others, without recognition or gratitude in any country. At a time of financial insanity and the inflation of money, they steadily brought the pound sterling to parity with American dollars by an austerity of deflation which was crippling to their export trade, with the one advantage—not a small one—of retaining their position as the financial center of Europe. They have absorbed eight hundred thousand more men into industry than those employed before the war, which takes some of the sting out of the unemployment figures. They have given more than lip service to the League of Nations, and reduction of armaments is the settled policy of the English people, although they have to police a great Empire and mandated territories whose people are restless and turbulent. They have not lost their good humor or their sense of social discipline, as they proved during the general strike and the years of bitterness and disillusion following the war. But for unemployment, which fluctuates about the million average, including women and boys, and that crippling taxation which checks industry and enterprise, and certain weaknesses in their social philosophy, England would be economically sound, with a standard of life steadily improving. It is unemployment and all the moral consequences surrounding that problem which menace the well-being and the spirit of the nation.

Ever since the end of the war, that has been the haunting anxiety of the English people and the problem which their politicians have faced or shirked. It began when millions of demobilized men swarmed back from the war zone and, after a week or two, or a month or two, of slouching, looked out for civil jobs. Some of them went back to their old jobs, to the same old office stools. Others found their places filled by men who had stayed behind, or by young women who did their work just as well for less pay. Many had been too young to have any kind of job before they were drafted into fighting battalions, and they were untrained to peace work, although they had been very good riflemen and machine gunners and aviators and signalers. Others had become too old to slip back into civil life, where they had started at the bottom rung of the ladder, or too nervy or inefficient because of something that had snapped in them under the strain of war. For a long time hundreds of thousands of men who had helped to save England trudged around for work, and wore their boots out, and their hearts. Some of them stood at street corners and spoke bitter, sullen, dangerous words to small crowds: "What did they promise us—these blighters who stayed at nome while we went into the filthy trenches? What the hell were we fighting for? What's our reward?"

An Easy Life of Poverty

Some of them put their heads into gas ovens. Some of them became street cadgers. Some of them found a prison wasn't bad as a peacetime billet. They had been the heroes of the great war. It was the time of bitterness. England, at that time, found it difficult to assimilate all this labor. Europe was in ruins then. The defeated nations had lost their purchasing power until their industry revived it. English manufactured goods couldn't find their old markets. Even coal, the black treasure upon which England's wealth was built, only had a temporary boom and then lacked buyers. Those were the worst years, with more than two million unemployed.

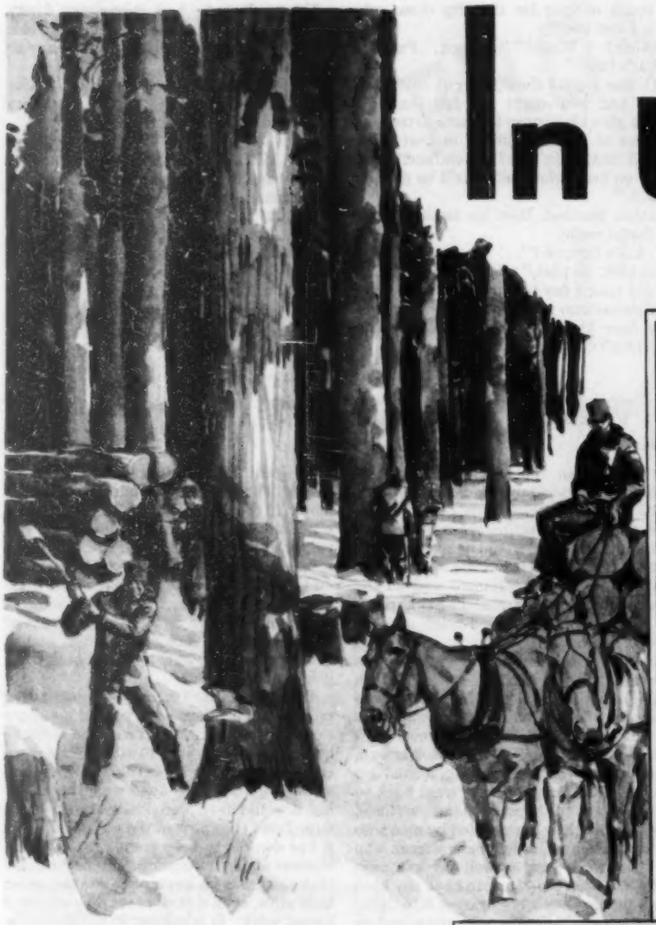
They passed without riots and bloodshed. What saved that unpleasantness was the much-abused dole and generous pensions for disabled men—with lamentable cases of injustice—and a pouring out of money in poor relief. The dole itself was called by a wrong name. It was a legal right given to workingmen temporarily unemployed, according to the scheme of unemployed insurance adopted by Lloyd George before the war and copied from Germany. The workman paid a small contribution out of his wages. The employer contributed his share. The government added something more. In ordinary normal times the scheme would not have been uneconomical. It was only in abnormal times after the war that it became a terror. So many men lived so long on the dole without finding work, and without a hope of work, that at last some of them settled down to it as their means of life and gave up looking for work, and at last, demoralized, wouldn't take work when it was offered.

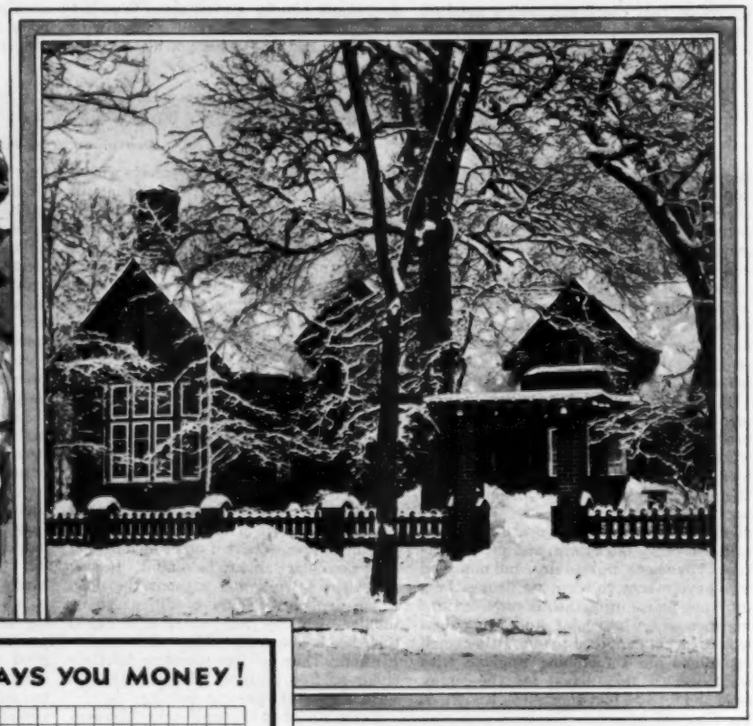
During the past ten years seven hundred million pounds have been poured into poor relief in Great Britain. That vast treasure has been utterly unproductive. If spent on creating new work, developing new resources, getting jobs done which want doing, it would have produced new wealth and stimulated the spirit of the nation. But all it has done is to keep people patient with idleness and to encourage them in the belief that they will be kept comfortable, or at least alive, even if they never do a stroke of honest work. It is helping to kill the initiative of the younger crowd. It is a policy of pauperizing a nation. It is producing a horde of scroungers—those who would rather be lazy on a little than earn a better living by sweat of body. The main mass of British workingmen still want work rather than charity. It is amazing and splendid that so many have kept their pride against all odds. But there are youths in England now, living at home with their parents—I had to do with one not long ago—who will lay off a job after a week or two because they are fed up with work, and will then take a holiday and draw the dole again for pocket money. That kind of thing is death and damnation to any nation.

The Conservative Government under Stanley Baldwin knew all that, but hadn't the courage to strangle this devil of the dole by a leadership which would insist upon some kind of work for any kind of pay. The Labor Government, prodigal in promises to the under dog, had no sooner come into office than they produced a bill to increase the benefits of the dole, especially to young persons, and to eliminate a clause in the old conditions which insisted that applicants should be "genuinely seeking work." They proposed to give unemployment pay of fourteen shillings a week to boys unemployed after school age—so that they should start life with free money. It was to add twelve million pounds to the annual budget, already intolerable, and that limit, insisted upon by Philip Snowden, Chancellor of the Exchequer, who had to provide this additional taxation, was fiercely contested by forty members of the left wing of the Labor Party, led by James Maxton, the mock-Marat of the social revolution, who were contemptuous of such paltry additions to their great ideal of full maintenance to workless folk. They are filled with admiration and envy for the conditions under a Labor Government in Australia, where men down tools with the cheerful prospect of getting from two pounds ten to four pounds

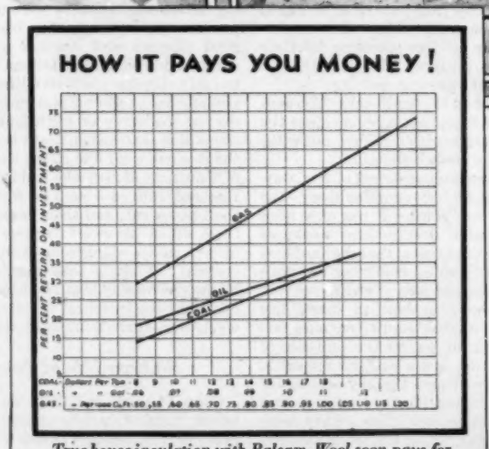
(Continued on Page 124)

In this unique





FROM WOOD. *Balsam-Wool is made from the long, tough fibres of Northern coniferous trees. These fibres contain millions of tiny cells of "dead" or "still" air—next to a vacuum the best insulation known. Balsam-Wool is 92 per cent "still" air. Its insulation value practically equals that of sheep's wool*



True house insulation with Balsam-Wool soon pays for itself in savings on heating equipment and fuel. With coal at $14, for example, the annual return on your investment in one inch Balsam-Wool is 25 per cent; with gas at 75 cents, the return is 44 per cent; etc. Within a few years Balsam-Wool pays you an annual dividend in fuel savings over and above its original cost

IT WON THE NORTH COUNTRY! *Balsam-Wool was first used as house insulation in Northern Minnesota eight years ago. Since then it has steadily become the most popular insulating material of the Northwest states. Here, where winters are cold, Balsam-Wool has become the overwhelming preference, both for new homes and attic insulation in old homes. Now Balsam-Wool is available to almost every section of the United States*

Wide World Photo

HE MADE "WOOL" FROM WOOD! *Balsam-Wool was developed during the Great War by Howard F. Weiss, Director of Research for the C. F. Burgess Laboratories and former Director of the United States Forest Products Laboratory. In Balsam-Wool science realized an ideal sought for years; a highly efficient, flexible house insulation*

FROM ADMIRAL BYRD. *"I wish to express our appreciation of Balsam-Wool," writes Rear Admiral R. E. Byrd (Ret.). "We found Balsam-Wool to be an exceedingly valuable insulator and particularly adaptable to usage in odd shaped places on account of its flexibility"*

"WOOL" from WOOD

Science has found the new, better way to warmer houses, smaller fuel bills

How an important war time discovery—this thick *flexible* insulation—has set new standards of comfort for new homes and old.

War time research gave it to the world. Eight years of use in the coldest section of the United States has made it the overwhelming preference of the North Country.

Now, perfected, it is offered to home builders and owners everywhere—science's great achievement in true house insulation.

Warm—and *flexible*

In Balsam-Wool the two *indispensable* features of true insulation, for new homes and attics of old homes, are ideally combined—great warmth and *flexibility*.

Balsam-Wool looks amazingly like sheep's wool. In the walls of a house it practically equals the *warmth* of sheep's wool!

It comes in thick, blanket-like strips, held firmly between strong, flexible liners. *Because* it is flexible, it fits snugly between the framing members in walls and roof, tucks into odd corners, cracks and crevices.

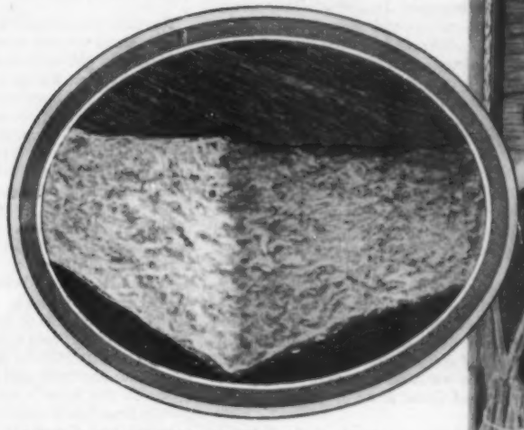
Thus, with Balsam-Wool, your house is tight and snug against cold, winds and drafts. It is heat-tight—a truly *modern* house, warm in winter, cool in summer. *Its resale value is protected.*

Balsam-Wool, and Balsam-Wool alone, offers the *triple* protection of 1. flexibility 2. full inch thickness 3. the highest insulating value ever attained in a practical house insulation.

It *saves you money* every winter

True insulation, with Balsam-Wool, is one of the few things you can build into your house that will actually save you money year after year.

The first cost of Balsam-Wool is small—only 1½ per cent, on the average, of the house cost.



A FULL INCH THICK. *This photograph shows Balsam-Wool in the recommended one inch thickness. Note the new patented creped Kraft liners, tough, heavy, flexible. They are waterproof, wind-proof and practically puncture-proof. Balsam-Wool itself is fire-resistant, vermin-proof, permanent*

You save the major part of this at once. A smaller heating plant is required in a Balsam-Wool house—a smaller, less expensive boiler, fewer or smaller radiators.

You save every winter on fuel bills—from 25 to 40 per cent. Balsam-Wool actually pays you dividends in fuel savings year after year.

In old homes, too, Balsam-Wool, used as attic insulation, cuts fuel bills, provides new year around comfort.

Send for sample and booklet

Let us send you the complete facts about insulation and Balsam-Wool. Examine for yourself a sample of the actual material. Mail the coupon.

Sold only by retail lumber dealers

WOOD CONVERSION COMPANY
Cloquet, Minnesota
Also makers of Nu-Wood—the All Wood Insulating Wall Board and Lath
Sales Offices in Principal Cities

It tucks in!

Balsam-Wool tucks in. *Not a crack or a cranny to let in cold or wind when your house is insulated with thick, flexible Balsam-Wool. In homes already built, Balsam-Wool is applied to attic floor or roof—a simple, easy way to make your present home warmer, your fuel bills smaller*

Wood Conversion Company
Dept A-1, Cloquet, Minn.

Please send me sample of Balsam-Wool and Free Booklet. I am interested in insulation for

☐ A new house ☐ Attic of present house

Name.....

Address.....

.....

WEYERHAEUSER FOREST PRODUCTS

A guaranteed Weyerhaeuser product

Balsam-Wool Blanket

THICK... FLEXIBLE INSULATION... EFFICIENT

EVERY line of the *smart* silhouette leads down to the foot! *Beauty begins at the foot!* Natural Bridge Arch Shoes provide a foot-note that lends grace, charm and poise to *le tout ensemble.*

"Good to the foot
"Good to the eye
"Good to the pocketbook"

Why pay more when so much can be had for so little? $5 to $6.

Write for name of nearest dealer.

NATURAL BRIDGE SHOEMAKERS
Lynchburg (Division of Craddock-Terry Company) Virginia

Natural Bridge Shoemakers entertain every Friday evening over WJZ and Associated Stations at 8:45 Eastern Standard Time with a delightfully *different* program. Listen in!

(Continued from Page 121)

ten a week as out-of-work pay, with the result that in 1929 a coal strike lasted ten months, involving many other trades, and the timber trade was practically at a standstill for seven months.

Something is wrong with the will power of England. It is lacking courageous leadership. The steel has gone out of its temper for a time. It is refusing to face facts and is playing with an easy-going optimism not justified by the relentless pressure of competition from peoples who work harder, think harder, and put tremendous energy into the job of life, with a surer basis on which to build, because they have the land under their feet. Since the war, France, Germany, Czecho-Slovakia and other nations have done marvelous things in building a new prosperity above their ruins. France has no unemployed at all. She imports foreign labor. Her peasantry is very prosperous. Her industries have been reorganized with the newest machinery after destruction in the war zone. Her manufacturers have linked up with Germany for the production of steel and iron. Germany, defeated in the war, is becoming victorious in peace, owing to one supreme power within herself—the genius of industry—which is intense in her national character. In spite of all the money the Germans have had to pay in indemnities and reparations, in spite of a time of financial bankruptcy—and partly because of it—that wiping out of internal debts by worthless paper—they have put full steam ahead into an industrial drive. Krupps changed over in a night from the making of guns to the making of plows and all other kinds of metal goods.

The government led the way in national trade by subsidies and bounties and direct assistance to new industries, such as civil aviation. German scientists, business experts, industrialists, collaborated with a cold-headed enthusiasm for efficiency which has lifted their nation out of despair to a new era of prosperity almost equal to the heavy burdens still imposed upon it by the cost of defeat. Her export trade, which before the war and afterward was far below that of Great Britain, has now drawn level.

England has not shown that efficiency. Since the war many of her people have been listless and indifferent to this new competition. They have been doped by politicians and press into the belief that all will come right very soon and that meanwhile sport is very jolly, and holidays are more amusing than work, and that the seaside girl or the little ladies on the Lido are having a very good time—so why worry?

The Coal Situation

England has not the security of other nations in Europe, where agriculture is the basis of life upon which all else is built. English agriculture is dying. Fields once plowed are turned to grass. Old farmsteads are being bought by week-end folk who turn the barns into dancing rooms and the stalls into garages. The old peasant stock in England has gone, and its blood, which once recruited the cities and the spirit of town dwellers, no longer gives strength to national character which owed its greatness to a country-living folk, simple, deeply rooted in tradition, healthy, close to the earth and trees and all natural things. It is useless for English farmers to grow wheat. They can't compete with the Canadian market. German oats are dumped into English ports. Even their potatoes don't pay for the labor of growing them. Nothing is done for the farming class by politicians, who don't care a damn for them, because their votes don't count very much. If one could get back an English peasantry of small proprietors, there would be less unemployment in England, and not the same desperate need of exporting manufactured goods to provide all but six weeks' food now coming from abroad; but there is not a chance of that under a system of free trade, which is demanded by an industrialized nation afraid of increased food prices.

England is dependent for life upon her export trade, and the basis of that is coal. That black devil, demanding the lives of men—more than a thousand are still killed in the mines every year—was the evil genius which created the wealth of the Victorian age and demanded the beauty of England here and there, and some qualities of her soul, in return for great riches. Cheap coal meant cheaply manufactured goods, and gave England a lead in the industrial race. It also meant a great shipping trade to all the ports of the world. Now this coal is not wanted to the same extent, and it is no longer so cheap that it can undersell foreign competitors. There is a glut of coal in the world's markets, and the cost of production has increased above that of foreign rivals by deeper workings, old-fashioned machinery, royalties to landowners, a lack of combination between mine owners, and a long hostility between owners and men, leading to constant strikes and lockouts which have been a drag on the wheel of English progress ever since the war. The greatest industry in Great Britain is its worst example of disorganization and lack of united efficiency. There is no settlement yet.

As the Prince of Wales Sees It

It is only one example of a national failure to reorganize for new conditions. Business methods are old-fashioned and slack. The Prince of Wales, who is a good commercial traveler for his country, complains that British merchants do not market their goods properly. They won't put their prices in foreign currencies. They adopt the old, arrogant attitude of "take it or leave it" which was their privilege when they had little competition. They won't take the trouble to find out the requirements, tastes and fancies of their customers. Their advertising is pitiful.

England is the middleman of the world—the exchange merchant. She has but little of the raw materials of industry in her own land, except that coal which is not so much wanted and is costly to produce. She buys wool from Australia and sends out woolen goods to the world's markets. She buys cotton from India and Egypt, and manufactures it in Lancashire. She buys steel from the United States and makes other kinds of wares. But India is manufacturing her own cotton goods and boycotting the British stuffs. The Dominions are building their own factories. Germany is a great competitor. The new nations made by the peace treaties are making their own plows, weapons, engines. Italy is getting industrialized. What has England to offer the world at a tempting price?

Her prices are high because of old-fashioned methods and old mentality. There is no coöperation of industrial effort, or not enough, because every Englishman is an individualist, suspicious of his rival. There is a deep-rooted hostility between capital and labor because of ancient history. The worker remembers his history from the times of serfdom. Under the feudal system he was treated as a chattel. He was the lowest of the castes. In the nineteenth century his children were the slaves of the factories. He has not forgotten. And today the mine owner and the great manufacturer can be brought only by political pressure to sit opposite the workmen to discuss the conditions of the business in which they are both engaged. There are attempts at profit sharing and partnership, but only here and there. The strike weapon on the one side, the lockout on the other, are used still as a means of argument. There is no Henry Ford in England to devise a system of high wages for big output and a short day's work, instead of making profits out of underpaid and overstrained workers. When faced with the task of reducing costs, the English manufacturer or mine owner has for years been limited in vision to one plan—cut down the wages, lengthen the hours. Only lately has it been forced upon his imagination that there might conceivably be other methods such as amalgamation, reduction of overhead charges, bigger trucks, labor-saving devices, and general reconstruction. Even now he treats government intervention as an insult and refuses to sit at the same table as the miners' representatives, unless he is cajoled or threatened by prime ministers and the public press.

On the other side, the trade unionist is sullen and suspicious. Because he sees no chance of earning high wages, he limits his output and is very leisurely. "No need to sweat yourself, mate." It is a warfare of class against class, and only here and there has a truce been declared by employers with a human vision and workers who respond to candor and confidence. How can England hope to cut down the cost of manufactured goods with this hostile spirit in her factories preventing national efficiency? A few voices call across this no man's land between the barbed wire of opposing forces—Labor and Capital. Now and again, in this trade or that, there is a little fraternizing. But the war goes on. And yet, unless England can offer cheaper wares in the markets of the world, the export trade upon which her national life mainly depends will dwindle with the fatal inevitability of a Greek tragedy. Do none of her leaders understand? Is there no one who can speak truth to the people with a passionate courage and inspired anger?

The game of golf has added to the life average of the middle classes, but reduced the business energy of the nation. Business men must have their week-ends, starting on Friday afternoon, ending on Monday morning at midday, in too many cases. Statesmen and politicians will get off for the week-end, though the sky falls. They were all week-ending when the world was challenged by the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse in 1914. The younger crowd in city offices and factories keep their eyes on the clock. They are taking their girls to the cinema. Flossie is going to ride pillion with them. What's that about working overtime? Man does not live by bread alone. The fun of life is much more important than a little more money.

There is something in that. I'm all for the fun of life myself, though I don't get much of it. But it has to be paid for, and at the present time there are many people in England who want all the fun without paying for it. It has never been done yet in the history of any nation. In this world today competition gets fiercer, and the struggle for life is going to be harder, I'm afraid, and even in England there must come a limit, as I have said, to the taxation of those who have made a bit of money by hard work for those who want a bit with less work.

The Man Who Speaks for England

It looks as though England had lost for a time its pioneer spirit. There is an underlying pessimism and anxiety among its more thoughtful minds; a restlessness, a frivolity and a discontent among the younger generation. Three-quarters of a million men, unemployed through no fault of their own, are becoming sullen and despairing, in spite of that dole which gives them a bare living. There is no vision of any great enterprise ahead. There is no leadership with any voice like a trumpet call to stir the blood of the people. In spite of the advance of democracy, it is a strange thing that the only man in England today who can speak for the whole nation is not one of the Labor leaders—although Philip Snowden became a hero for a week or two, when he refused to let his country be bled again financially for the sake of France and Italy—but the Prince of Wales, who has some quality in him which has made a legend of his personality.

I am not one of those who believe that the old spirit of England is dead. It may give the world more surprises yet. It may leap up again when it gets the chance, or when the next ordeal comes. These English boys and girls of today, so purposeless, so uncertain of their goal, so pleasure-loving, have the same stuff in them as their fathers or

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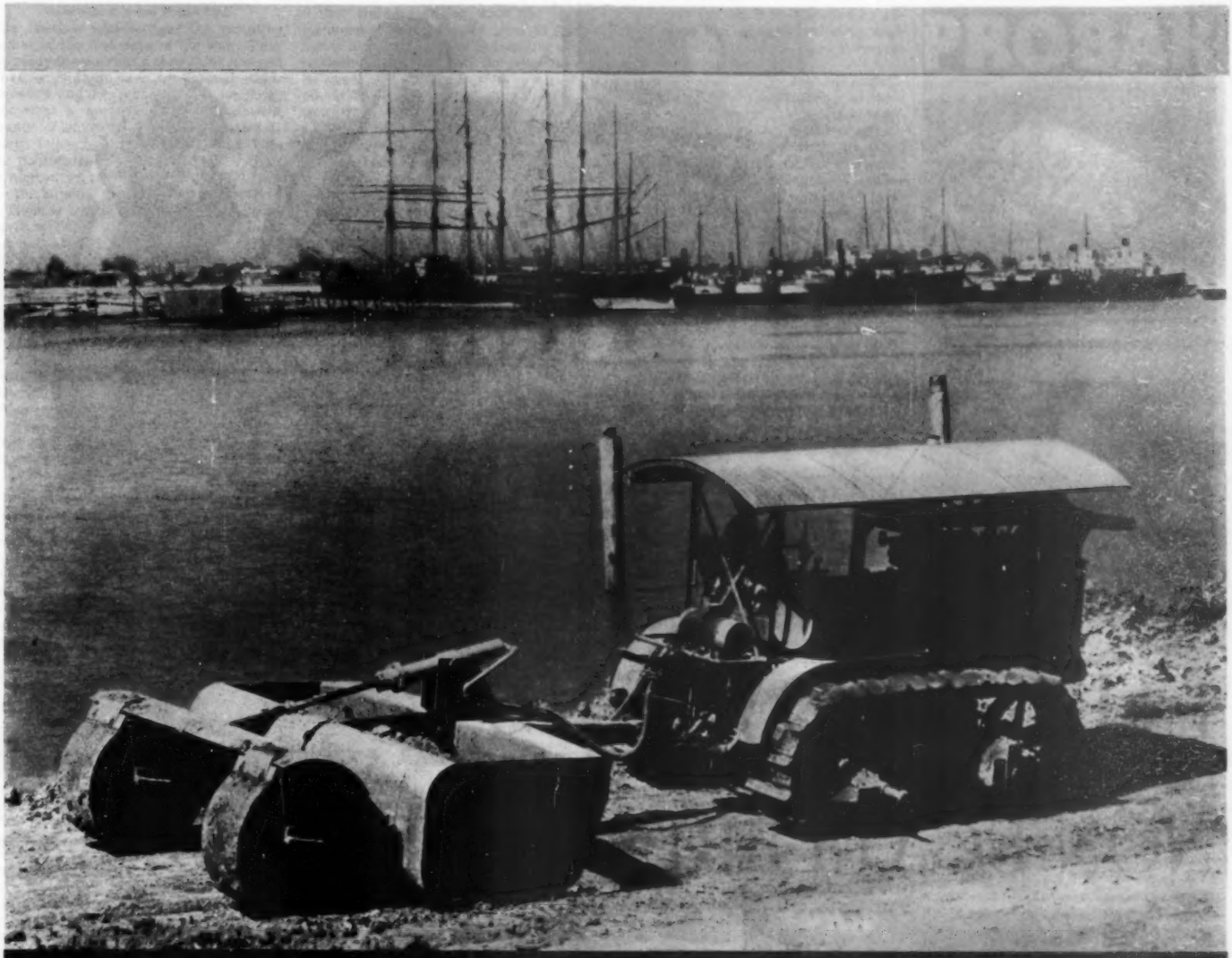

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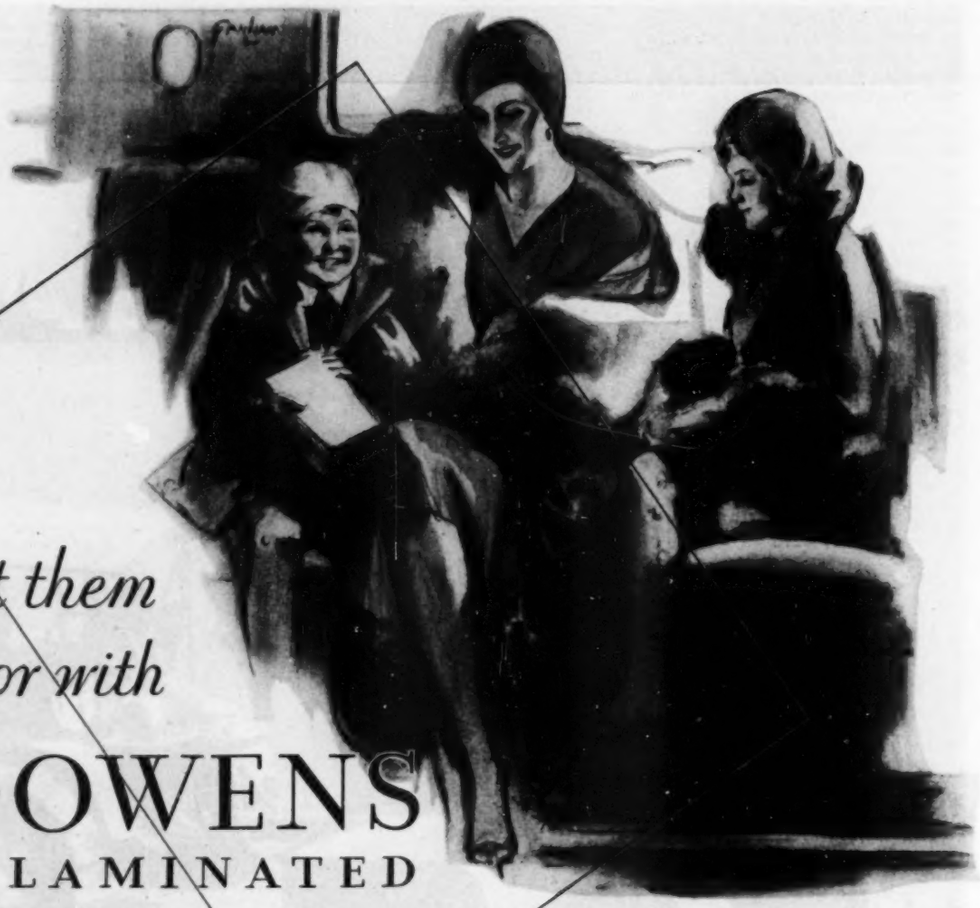

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SEND FOR OUR INTERESTING BOOKLET ON LAMINATED SAFETY GLASS

(Continued from Page 124)

elder brothers who besieged the recruiting booths in the first days of the war. They are ready to take risks if they think it worth while or if they have to, through sheer necessity, and they will take them laughing. But what is worth while? Where is the chance of adventure? Where is a leader worth following? They are fed up with the politicians. They are cynical of those gentlemen who ask for their votes. They see the humbug of it all. And why worry?

There is one adventure which might be worth while to unemployed men who are not satisfied with that miserable relief they get, and to a nation sick to death of political fumbling and futility. The idea of it came to me not long ago as a scheme, or a dream, which I still think is sound as a remedy for the social and industrial difficulties in England. It is the chance of adventure for a people who, under the right leadership, would, I am certain, answer to the call. It is the promise of a great enterprise which might get behind it a national enthusiasm, a loyalty, a spirit of courage and comradeship and service which inspired the nation in the time of war.

A Modern Crusade

It is a scheme for a new Empire settlement—and at first sight that sounds dull and difficult and deadly, as I am well aware. But in its leading idea and in its details it differs a good deal from other proposals of this kind, as I shall explain later. But in the first place, let me set it out briefly in its main arguments, as I submitted it to certain high powers who were favorably impressed by it, but found the time inopportune.

First of all, it is generally agreed in England, behind closed doors, that the country is overpopulated and unable to absorb something like half a million men into its industrial life in the present state of trade and industry. It is also agreed, off the political platform, by all except the extreme socialists, that all forms of charitable relief are of no permanent value as a remedy, and tend to demoralize the nation still more distressfully. Emigration to the Dominions, therefore, on a big scale, seems to be the only practical possibility. It is the only way of escape, if the population of Great Britain continues to grow and if its export trade continues to be forced back by foreign competition.

Unfortunately, as most people know, there are grave and almost insuperable difficulties. In the first place, the unemployed, including the younger crowd, are hostile to the idea of emigration, owing to the exile and the loneliness—no talkies, no dances; not a damn thing anywhere!—and the uncertainty of its prospects. Who can blame them?

Secondly, they are suspicious of politicians who propose this way of escape. Isn't that natural, looking at some of the politicians and their past history?

Thirdly, it must be admitted—and anyhow, it is a grim fact—that the Dominions, and especially Australia, do not encourage British immigrants on a big scale, owing to political hostilities, a narrow-minded outlook, and their own labor troubles. In Canada there is a prejudice against the British immigrant, who has not always held down his job and made good. In Australia the trade unions are jealous of imported labor, and forced a recent government to close down on assisted passages from England.

Those are formidable snags. They have frustrated many efforts. They seem difficult to overcome. But the plan I have in my mind has, I think, the merit of removing these obstacles, which are mainly psychological. They would break down if loyalty and enthusiasm could be substituted for hostility and suspicion, and if comradeship instead of loneliness could be promised to the exiles.

Briefly, it is my belief that a national and imperial enthusiasm for a big scheme of emigration to Canada or Australia could be aroused if the Prince of Wales were to lead a new crusade, calling upon the young manhood of the distressed areas to follow him in a great adventure by founding a new settlement overseas, with the promise that he would be their leader, that he would go out with them and would visit them from time to time. He would make a first call for a hundred thousand men with their womenfolk as crusaders in this new promise of life and as pioneers in this new land.

The Prince has won the favor of all classes by his courage, his sportsmanship and his sympathy. His appeal on behalf of the miners was deeply appreciated. His personal leadership would call to the spirit of the younger crowd in a way impossible to any other man. It would break down political suspicion not only in this country but in the Dominions, where every ex-soldier and very loyal populations would be greatly stirred.

It would give a new purpose, a stimulating idea, the chance of a big adventure to this younger generation of ours, and the older folk as well, who after the war have been without any inspiration to national service and depressed by lack of faith in the future. Above all, the nation and the Empire could not let the Prince down if he offered his leadership in this adventure, as I know he would, eagerly, if he were assured of the right support.

It would cost a lot of money, but it would be a good investment. Mr. Lloyd George proposed raising a national loan of two hundred million pounds for road mending, bridge building and other forms of work for the relief of unemployment. Practicable or not, this work would have had but temporary effects. It was not greatly productive. It would not have relieved the pressure of population in these islands or built up new sources of future wealth. But the same amount of money put into some new England overseas, fertilizing new fields, raising new harvests, building new homes and a new way of life for a pioneer stock, would before many years produce good returns.

With such a loan subscribed by rich and poor, it would be easily possible by enthusiastic organization and leadership to create a settlement overseas in some No Man's Land of Canada or Australia—if either of those Dominions would not cramp the scheme from the outset by pettifogging hostility—where there would be at first little townships of wooden huts linked together by light railways, and providing the amusements and resources of civilization to the agricultural workers. There would be cinemas, entertainments, reading rooms, dance halls, within reach of the farmsteads. There would have to be churches and schools and hospitals.

Such things were done in the war behind the lines on an enormous scale. They could be done just as well for a hundred thousand settlers, increasing perhaps to two hundred and fifty thousand, if there were the same national drive, the same spirit of service, the same gayety of enthusiasm for an adventure of peace. Why not?

A Dream of a New Colony

There is only one reason against it, and that is the will to do it. The money could be found, for there is plenty of money for high-class loans. The men and women could be found, for there are thousands who would volunteer if they were assured that it was not a political dodge, or a bogus job, or a scheme for shifting them out of the old country into some frightful desolation where they would be exiled from all social life. The land could be found, for in Canada and Australia there is room for an enormous increase of population. To insure success three things are necessary, and they all belong to the mind and not to material resources. They are leadership, organization and enthusiasm.

In my scheme, or my dream, this new colony would have to be organized very much on the same lines as the Expeditionary Force in France and Flanders, applied to the purposes of life instead of death, and construction instead of destruction. There would have to be a G.H.Q. staffed by administrators and experts, including engineers, agricultural officials, and surveyors and social organizers.

They would have to appoint their intelligence officers for each district, and these men would be instructors in charge of training centers, with local knowledge of agricultural conditions. There would be camp commandants and town majors, who would be responsible for the elementary discipline required for the smooth working of these community settlements. There would be pioneer battalions of single young men who would prepare the hutments for the families to follow them. Carpenters, road makers, railway men, engineers would make ready for the farmers and foresters. It is an essential part of the plan that light railways should link up the small townships so that there could be centers of social life easily accessible from the farmsteads. Agricultural machinery and general coöperation would relieve the settlers from much of that slow, back-breaking, individual labor which had to be faced by pioneers of an earlier age who fought nature with their hands and finger nails.

When one thinks of the seven hundred million pounds that were spent during the past ten years in poor relief, getting nothing in return, and when one envisages the next ten years, with an increasing population of young workers and no rosy prospect of greater opportunity in a congested country, the financial side of a scheme like this does not seem fantastic or unprofitable. It would be substituting productive work for wasteful charity, and an adventure of hope for stagnation and despair.

The Spirit of Adventure

It must be on a large-scale plan. One hundred thousand settlers seems to me the minimum that should be proposed as the founders of the new colony. The bigger the plan the easier will it be to achieve, because the spirit of the whole British Empire would respond by offers of money and service, by combined effort, by the old comradeship for a common purpose, which was the one inspiration of the war, if the idea is big and bold enough to stir the imagination of the race and to appeal to its old spirit of adventure and enterprise.

One could count on the women as well as on the men. They would like to take a hand in the building of that new England overseas. They would go out as farm girls, as milkmaids, as lorry drivers, and as housewives, to those young men who had the pluck to take this chance instead of lounging round street corners, outside of labor exchanges, waiting for the dole. There would be volunteers from thousands of middle-aged men who did a good job in the old war and would step out again to serve the country in this adventure of peace. There would be concert parties, theatrical companies, entertainers of all kinds, eager to keep up the spirit of the pioneers. Girls who find themselves without much purpose in the social round would rally up for work in canteens as their elder sisters did fourteen years ago. I honestly believe that there is more than a dream in this. I believe that with the leadership of the Prince of Wales it might be the way of escape from that despondency and doubt which lately have been creeping over England and saddening many of our minds.

I stress the value of the Prince as the leader of this adventure for many reasons. If he went down into the distressed areas and said "Follow me," they would go with him. They believe him to be on their side, to be deeply sympathetic with their distress, to be keen to help them. They like his courage and his sense of humor. They like the way he puts things. He has, even now, a supreme position in the mind of the world's youth. But apart from that, the Prince is the only man who could break down the political opposition of the Dominions and rally them up to a new ideal of service on behalf of the mother country.

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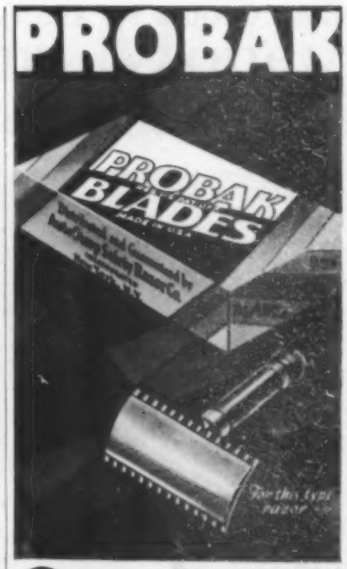

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By Theodore F. MacManus

GRAHAM

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In manufacturing Graham cars, they calculate that the one thing above all others which the buyer wants is complete reliability of performance.

Their first duty, therefore, is to see to it that Graham cars are good enough to go around the world if need be.

The next requirement is that they shall not only be good enough to go around the world but to travel endlessly with every-minute ease and comfort—and that the cost of each minute and mile shall be held down to the minimum.

Graham cars *are* very good cars as anyone who knows them will tell you; they *are* eminently reliable; they *are* cars of ease and comfort; they *are* low in price and high in value; and Graham miles and minutes *are* very economical miles and minutes.

The very great and unusual growth of Graham sales has been earned a car at a time and a buyer at a time—by so building and selling each car that each and every Graham buyer is bound to become another Graham friend.

Graham cars will give you value and performance—reasons in plenty for preferring them. Their crowning appeal is the safety of the shatter-proof plate glass doors, windows and windshields. The more you study that one factor of protection for yourself and your family from an all too frequent and dreadful danger, the more surely it will lead you to the conclusion that it renders all the other attractions of Graham cars irresistible

(Continued from Page 127)

No one can ask him to give that lead unless he is utterly assured of national support and the practical possibility of any plan with which he is willing to associate himself.

But I dare to believe that if any British Government were to adopt some such scheme as this, putting it forward with an imaginative and emotional appeal, they would stir a tidal wave of enthusiasm among all classes, including their political opponents, and get the support of the best brains and the best hearts in their country for something which would be bigger than any party catchword or any class interest. Then the Prince of Wales could call for the pioneers, or the new crusaders, who would not, I am certain, hesitate. The heart of England and of Scotland would leap up to this chance of service.

Or is this scheme just a dream which has no reality because the city streets have choked the spirit of the younger men and the dole is good enough, and adventure no longer calls to English youth?

England is at the crossroads of fate. One way leads to a powerful confederacy of nations under the same chieftainship, with just and strong governance over peoples not yet ready, not nearly ready, for self-government. The other leads to a little England, divorced from old possessions, with a voluntary surrender of former power, a quiet retreat from restless races, but with a socialized democracy, without rich or poor, and with perhaps a fair general prosperity, living a good deal on foreign tourists, exhibiting its historical antiquities, proud of its past, unambitious, resigned to a lack of influence in world affairs. At the present time it is this way which is being taken, by the turning away of public opinion from the other and harder road, by the weakness and vacillation of political leaders, and by a new mentality which is hostile to authority by force of arms.

There are few young men in England today who would volunteer to fight in any war to maintain British authority over alien races or tribes. Why should England boss it over peoples who want to be left alone to rule themselves? Why shouldn't they govern themselves according to their own ideas, even if they are wrong ideas or contrary to the Western code of civilization? Why can't we mind our own business? Those are plausible arguments. I have some sympathy with them. But I see that if they are carried out too fully or too fast they will result in the loss of India, a withdrawal from Egypt, a retreat from Mesopotamia, a surrender of the mandate in Palestine, the relinquishment of many spheres of influence, the abandonment of South Africa. "Why not?" ask the advanced young men in the Labor Party, which has as its central creed the self-government of races freed from British rule by force of arms or British rule by political dictation. Why not give Dominion Home Rule to India? Why not Egypt for the Egyptians?

The Hard or the Easy Road

The answer to that "Why not" would be written in letters of fire above burning cities in India, which must be governed by a dominant race or fight its way through anarchy and bloody war between princes and races and castes to some tyranny less beneficial than the British rule, and based upon the starvation of millions, upon plague-stricken provinces, and upon the corruption of native officials at present held in check by the British administrators, judges, engineers and doctors. If England withdraws from Egypt, the Egyptian fellah in the fields will not get his water so freely. His taxes will be increased until he is squeezed dry. If England withdraws from Egypt, some other power will go in and rule, after anarchy or bankruptcy. If England shifts its burden of Empire from tired shoulders and takes the easy road of irresponsibility in the name of liberty or some other fine-sounding phrase like "the self-determination of peoples" not yet ready for such ideals, defenseless against their own tyrants or devils, there will be great disorder in the world, many massacres, and no high destiny for an island race which has surrendered its heritage because of heart failure. I find it hard to write these things, because I have always been on the side of democracy, and my mind is steeped in the liberal tradition which detests the arrogance of a ruling caste and the intolerance of the Jingo mind. But I see the signposts ahead. England is hesitating at the crossroads now, uncertain which way to take, lured by the easy road, tempted that way by her present rulers and her present mood.

The sister nations of the Empire are very independent. They admit no direction from Whitehall. The link that binds them to the mother country is a lingering sentiment, still strong here and there, but not allowed to stand in the way of their own trade interests or national development. What has England to offer them? How can she bind them closer to her in a community of interests which it is worth their while to maintain and defend? That is a problem of vital importance to the future of England. If things are allowed to drift, they will drift away. If there is weakness, indifference, lack of leadership and lack of vision in the mother country, this confederacy of nations will dissolve partnership, and England will be a little island with a great history, but no big future.

Free Trade in the Commonwealth

It is by some such scheme as mine, not today but tomorrow, not under this Prince of Wales, perhaps, but some other leader, that a new enthusiasm could be aroused and a new brotherhood formed. There must be some imperial economic union—a pooling of resources and industries—led, inspired and supported by the spirit of the English people, as a means to the revival of British trade and industry, and as an outlet for the energy of the coming generation.

Lord Beaverbrook, who was once Max Aitken, of Canada, and is now the proprietor of the London Daily Express, has started a campaign for Empire free trade which seems to me sound in many of its arguments. He points out that England's colonial possessions, apart from the great Dominions, buy each year two hundred and fifty million pounds' worth of merchandise, only one-quarter of which is ordered from Great Britain. Canada, as he points out again, is buying from the United States about one thousand million dollars' worth of goods and only about two hundred million dollars' worth from Great Britain. Australia is buying from foreign countries about sixty-five million pounds' worth of manufactured goods, most of which should come from British factories. By a system of imperial preference Great Britain might restore her industries, do away with unemployment, and intensify the production and exchange of her vast resources within the Empire itself. The chief danger would be that such a system might antagonize friendly nations. It is doubtful also whether the Dominions would support this scheme even for the sake of obtaining greater markets in Great Britain for their grain and raw materials. The difficulties of Empire free trade are great, but the advantages that would be reaped by the British Empire even by some modified form of economic unity would be enormous.

But the politicians are playing the party game, so small and mean. The Dominions are busy with their own politics and trade disputes. The English people are turning away from the old traditions, and the younger crowd are without any guidance, intolerant of the old ideas, groping their way to some new philosophy of life which is an old kind of paganism, very free in their way of speech, out for a good time and be hanged to Mother Grundy, very alert to all those new vibrations which come into their minds from all sides, realists in their quest of truth, rebellious to discipline, a little nervy, extremely charming and amusing. Something is a little wrong with England.

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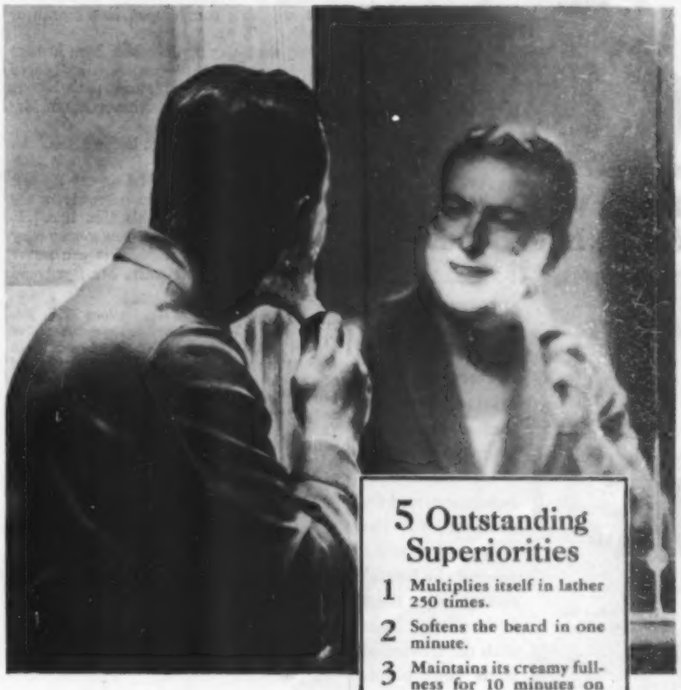

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So we ask you to mail the convenient coupon for your test. Even if you usually do not send coupons, please mail this one. We promise you great things. And *we* take the risk. Clip coupon now.

5159

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., Eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over station WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Co.

7 SHAVES FREE

and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Palmolive, Dept. M-804, P. O. Box 375, Grand Central Post Office, New York City.

Please print your name and address

The WINCHESTER HEADLIGHT

Lights Where You Look Leaves Both Hands Free

When your chauffeur changes tires

Useful when the doctor comes

Of great value in aviation

For dark corners of the cellar

A helpful friend in the attic

For a one-man change of tires and all other jobs around a car—for doctors, dentists, aviators, campers, farmers, mechanics, plumbers, and electricians—for bandsmen, and for firemen—for the "handy man around the house" and wherever there is need for light with the free use of both your hands—the Winchester Headlight meets a need no other portable light can fill.

This new and unique type of flashlight fits comfortably around your head or hatband, tilts at any desired angle and throws its light wherever you look. The battery case slips conveniently into your pocket or clips to your belt and leaves you both hands free.

Made in four styles:

3- and 5-cell Focusing

3- and 5-cell Diffusing

The 3-cell Focusing gives 360 ft. range.

The 5-cell Focusing gives 1200 ft. range.

There's a Winchester Flashlight or Electric Lantern for every modern need. And long-service brilliant batteries to fit them. Ask your dealer or write for our FREE booklets describing Winchester Flashlights and Batteries, Guns and Ammunition, Fishing Tackle, Ice and Roller Skates, Cutlery and Tools.

DEPT. S

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS COMPANY

NEW HAVEN, CONN., U. S. A.

WET SMACKS

(Continued from Page 19)

For a moment T. Tattersal Byrd lost his customary blandness. "Neither can I," he snapped, "but go ahead and prepare the copy. Stall for time. He knows this sort of thing is prepared months in advance. And anything can happen in a month or two."

The next day a detached Mr. Mudge placed a group of photographs, several pages of typewritten copy and an artist's layout of the completed advertisement on Mr. Byrd's desk.

"The big, black object is the horse," he explained coldly.

T. Tattersal Byrd picked up the layout. Mr. Mudge watched him narrowly, a sly smile of triumph upon his thin lips. It seemed to suggest that whereas money may trample upon many things, it can never tread upon true creative art. Mr. Byrd read aloud:

"Where Chic Holds Rendezvous With Romance. . . . Where Ponce de Leon dreamed of eternal youth. . . . Where friendships made in Europe are renewed under the magic spell of the tropic night. . . . La Belle Cliquette brings the fabled Fountain of Eternal Youth to smart American Woman. . . . Riding. . . . Dancing. . . . Lounging. There you will find women like Lady Harcourt-Tidd, Mrs. Birdie Bullfinch, Mrs. Dorrance Levering 3d, and the lovely bud, Miss Fifi Herbelcourt of Charlestown, depending upon the *odeurs* of La Belle Cliquette for the charming sophistication of their toilettes.

"Priced beyond the reach of any but the discriminating few. . . .

"Very well done, my dear Alvin. Clever." Mr. Byrd smiled. "As you say, the horse makes very good art. Too bad, for our sake, that it must waste its sweetness on the desert air. The ad, I mean—not the horse."

Mr. Mudge nodded slightly in acceptance of his chief's pride in his art; then he, too, smiled.

"It won't. I have arranged with Petrie to have Miss Whelan"—Mr. Mudge reddened slightly at the name—"make two layouts. This is one of them. The other—the one that really will be used—contains the name of the Dowager Countess of Warthing in the place of that of our mutual friend. This one we will mail to Mr. Bullfinch tonight. The other we will send out at the same time to Anderson, at La Belle, for his approval."

"If we could only settle the whole question as easily," sighed his chief gloomily.

IV

THE bimonthly creative conferences of the Atlas Advertising Agency are designed to get to the bottom of things. It was to one of these meetings, held about a week following the preparation of the twin La Belle Cliquette advertisements, that William Alexander Brodie came, twenty minutes late, his mouth set in a grim line and a general air of trouble enveloping him.

T. Tattersal Byrd, in the midst of a weighty discussion instituted by a junior contact man who wanted Mr. Byrd's opinion on the best method of handling clients who thought that they knew more about advertising than the agency, suddenly found a brown arm thrust before him—a piece of heather suiting ending in a hand which clenched, until the white of the knuckles showed, a one-page letter.

"See here, chief! What does this little nitwit Mudge mean? I thought this was all arranged—at least for the time being. Read—read this letter."

T. Tattersal Byrd eyed his associate sternly: "We are in the middle of our meeting, William. Your letter can wait."

But Mr. Brodie was not to be cowed: "This is important, Mr. Byrd. Read it."

With a tolerant little smile for a young man's sense of values, T. Tattersal Byrd took the outthrust letter. As he adjusted his heavy glasses with their long, black silk ribbon, he quoted from his recent article, Looking Forward for Forty.

"William," he said lightly, "there is nothing so important as importance."

But Mr. Brodie only waited, grimly.

T. Tattersal Byrd read the letter aloud:

"*Dear Mr. Brodie:* Somebody from your place has just sent me a proof which I have before me. It is about La Belle Cliquette, but it has nothing in it about Mrs. Bullfinch or even her picture.

"Is this your idea of coöperation or is it a joke? In either case, I don't think much of it and will act accordingly.

"Yours truly,

"S. BULLFINCH."

"I suppose you know what he means by that last line, chief? But what does he mean by saying there was nothing in the copy about Mrs. Bullfinch? I distinctly understood that ——"

"I—I ——"

"I'll tell you what it means!" A small figure arose at the other end of the table—a small figure that held up its right hand dramatically. "I'll tell you what it means," it repeated wildly. "It means that we have had more incompetence! More bungling! It means that the proof which should have gone to Anderson at La Belle Cliquette went to your friend Mr. Bullfinch, and the proof with that—that—that woman—that person in it went to Anderson."

"In ——"

"But ——"

The excited treble rose hysterically: "I'll tell you what that means! It means that all my work has gone for nothing. All the pains! All the art! All the creative effort I have lavished, hour upon hour, to create an atmosphere of smartness and chic and charm is gone. Gone because a silly, obese p-p-person —— And what has gone with it?" Higher still rose the treble. "I'll tell you! A million dollars of business! A hundred and fifty thousand dollars of income!"

"Just a minute, Alvin. You ——"

Alvin Ashley Mudge swept the words aside. "I'll tell you what it means!" he shouted shrilly. "It means that I am through. Now. At once. To think that I have labored as I have, only to have my accomplishments ruined by a p-person. I resign. I won't ——"

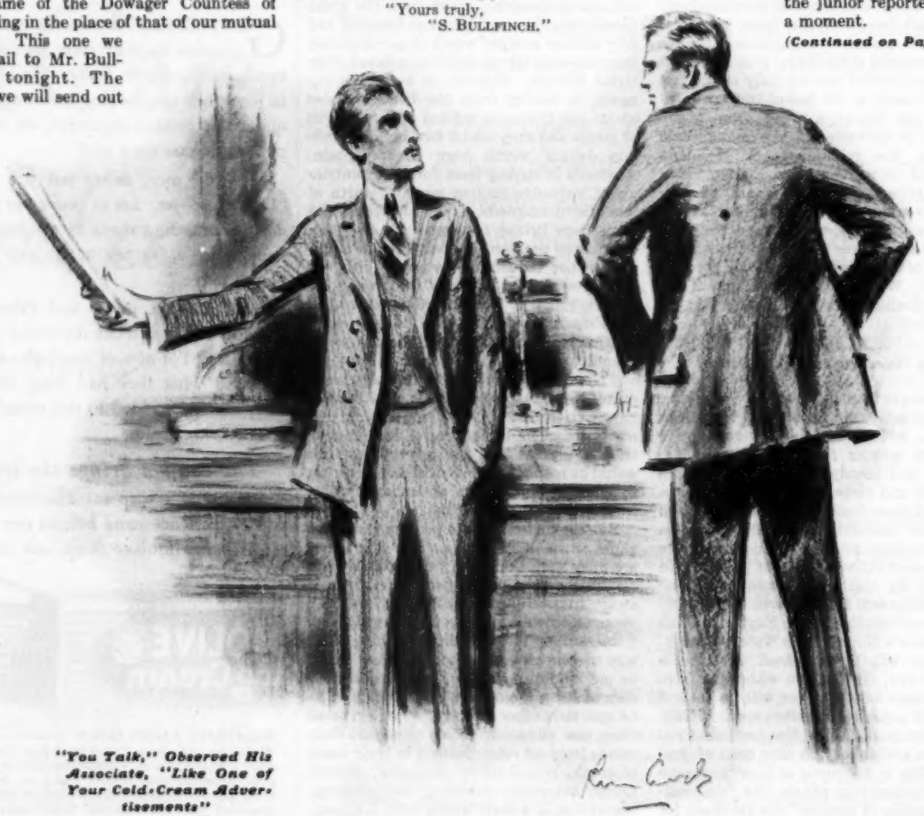
The telephone in the corner tinkled commandingly. Alvin Ashley Mudge dropped to his chair and buried his pompadour in his twitching hands. A junior picked up the receiver.

"It's Mr. Anderson," he announced. "He wants to speak to Mr. Mudge."

"Tell him Mr. Mudge is indisposed," T. Tattersal Byrd cut in quickly, "and will call him up later."

"He wants to know if Mr. Mudge got his letter," the junior reported after a moment.

(Continued on Page 133)



"You Talk," Observed His Associate, "Like One of Your Cold-Cream Advertisements"

PRESENTING

LADY · ELGIN · WATCHES

FOR THE MODERN AMERICAN GIRL

The world looks at her. Gasps. And applauds.

Her type is new. She's independent. Unafraid. Not contented to play woman's former rôle. She does things. Does them well.

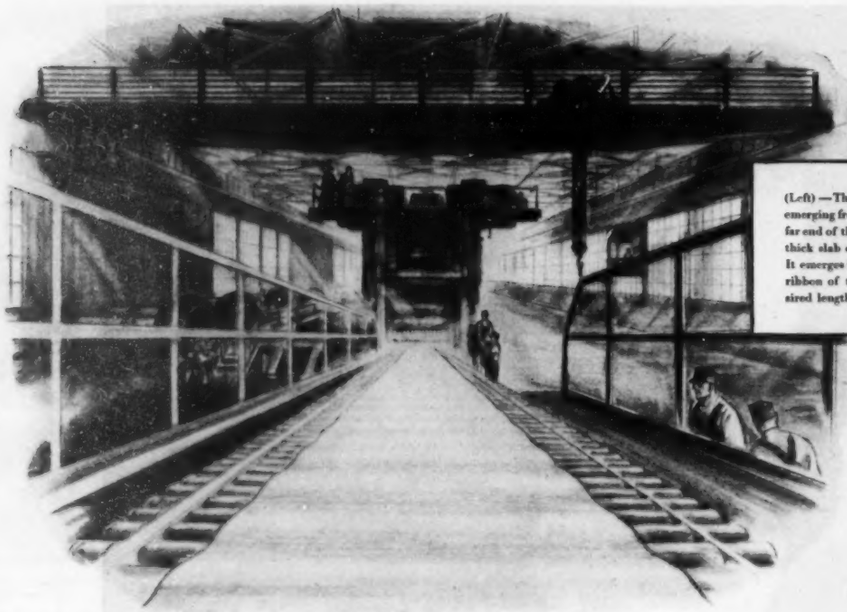
She may find business a thrill and adventure, being a secretary close to the throne. Maybe a young matron with two exciting babies to be reared "on schedule" ... the modern way.

She may write, act, paint, run a shop, play golf ... in addition to her social life.

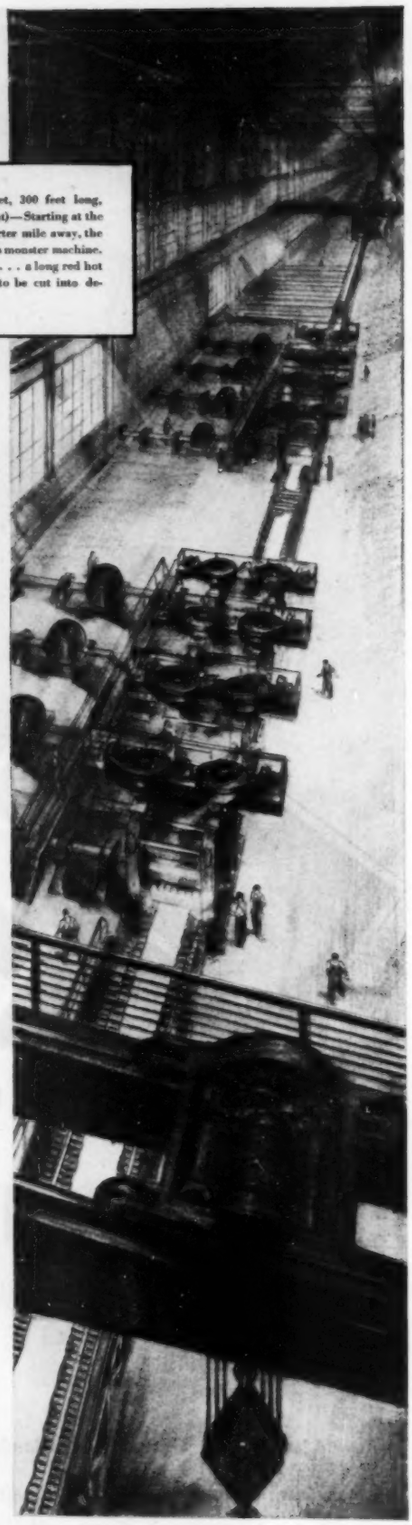
25
DOLLARS
[With Grosgrain Ribbon, $25 . . . With Filigree Bracelet or Mesh Band, $27.50]

These watches were made for her. Tailored, smart, crisp-looking. Because, oftentimes, she earns money, she knows its value. So she will keenly appreciate the $25 price. For never has Elgin offered so fine a wrist-watch for so finely-figured a price—down to the last final penny, costs were calculated to give you the greatest value at the lowest price.

Guaranteed ... with the same guarantee you'd get on a $500 Elgin. And so stylish, modern, smart that the price seems to be a delightful surprise.



(Left)—The continuous sheet, 300 feet long, emerging from the mill. (Right)—Starting at the far end of this building, a quarter mile away, the thick slab of metal enters this monster machine. It emerges in the foreground . . . a long red hot ribbon of thin metal, ready to be cut into desired lengths.



A 200 year old dream of the steel industry COMES TRUE!

A CONTINUOUS MILL... taking huge blocks of white hot metal through one set of rolls after another . . . reducing them to long, thin ribbons...cutting them into sheets of required size...

For almost 200 years this has been the dream of America's iron and steel industry.

And now this dream has come true . . . it stands as another contribution by *Armco* to the nation's industrial progress.

Up to a few years ago, the method of rolling metal sheets was the one introduced in this country in 1749. Millions had been spent in trying to roll sheets by a more direct method without so many intermediate steps, so many reheatings and handlings. But failure met every attempt.

Finally, after years of building and rebuilding machinery, of rolling and discarding metal, *Armco perfected the first successful continuous mill process!*

Editors and technical men have hailed it as the greatest contribution to iron and steel making practice in recent years.

And today, leading mills throughout the world are either making sheets by this new process or are adapting their equipment to do so.

Armco was also the first to produce a low cost rust-resisting metal (Armco INGOT IRON.) Armco was the first to develop a sheet base that would *take* and *hold* a porcelain enamel surface.

Every Armco sheet is of special analysis... special finish . . . or special degree of hardness or softness. Each sheet is metallurgically adapted to best serve its special purpose.

WHENEVER you see this Triangle upon a product made of sheet metal, it means that the manufacturer of that product has gone to the expense of using special sheets designed to best serve that particular use.

ARMCO

THE AMERICAN ROLLING MILL COMPANY

Executive Offices: Middletown, Ohio

Export: The Armco International Corp. *Cable Address:* "Armco—Middletown"

PRODUCERS OF

ARMCO IRON AND STEEL SHEETS
FOR EXACTING PURPOSES

TO MANUFACTURERS:—In your plants and equipment, or in the products you make, sheet metal of special analysis finish or temper will frequently reduce your depreciation or your costs of manufacture, and at the same time make a better, more salable product. Whether it is a problem of rust resistance, electrical properties, forming, finishing or special processing . . . our development engineers will gladly consult with you without obligation. Your inquiries are invited.

(Continued from Page 130)

Mr. Mudge shuddered. "Tell him you don't know," commanded T. Tattersal.

Presently the receiver was back on its hook. "He—he wants Mr. Mudge to call him as soon as he can—after he has read his letter."

Mr. Mudge shuddered again.

"Go out and see if the letter has arrived, Brodie. If it has, bring it here."

Only the ticking of the wall clock broke the deathlike silence of the next few minutes. The room waited on William Alexander Brodie. He held a letter in his hand as he came back through the door. A dozen pairs of eyes focused on the white sheet as the president of the Atlas Agency adjusted his glasses and began to read. Then the silence was broken by a hearty laugh. T. Tattersal Byrd's glasses dropped to the end of their ribbon.

"Listen to this," he commanded:

"*Dear Mr. Mudge:* Your letter and layout received. Please let me compliment you on the splendid treatment you have given this advertisement. You are at your very best in this quick, colorful picture of the important part La Belle Cliquette is playing in our Southern resorts.

"If I might suggest a slight change in so perfect a masterpiece it would be to eliminate the picture and name of Lady Harcourt-Tidd—though the name is good, the story of her life now running in the Sunday supplements reminds too many people that she began life as a member of the chorus of the burlesque show, Baby Dolls, in 1912—and giving more space to Mrs. Birdie Bullfinch, who is more representative of American women.

"I shall call you up early tomorrow morning to see if this slight change meets with your approval.

"With my kindest personal regards,

"I am sincerely yours,

"J. I. ANDERSON.

"P. S. You will be interested to know that one of our new directors was present when your copy and layout arrived. He is a member of the banking firm who is handling our new stock issue, so we can expand in 1930. By a singular coincidence, he is a brother of the Mrs. Bullfinch in our advertisement."

OUT-OF-DOORS

Stream-Naturalized Trout

THERE are few fish who now achieve their ambition—if they have such—of reaching old age, for the isolated lake and stream do not exist today where they can swim freely and not be suspicious of each bite of food. Where there was perhaps one or two fishermen from the neighborhood on the streams or lakes twenty years ago, there are fifty now who have come many miles by auto in search of a day's fishing.

This being more or less true, it is not surprising that every state in the United States which can boast of fishable waters finds that one of its biggest problems today is to keep its lakes and streams relatively full of fish. Hatcheries have been built to grow fish in order to keep the fishermen not only of its own state but of many others contented. For example, the Michigan State Park Board reported last year that tourists from all but one or two states visited its parks during the year—over five million tourists, to be exact. Each tourist party has at least one or two ardent fishermen in the crowd who want to catch fish. They are not always content to do like the old fisherman, sitting in the shade of a bumper on the end of the pier, who said when asked if he was catching anything, "No, I'm just fishing."

While it is fairly easy to produce millions of fish eggs in the modern fish hatchery and develop them into tiny fry, it is a great task to turn these fry into fish of a size that will not break the game laws when caught. There is an enormous loss of life between the fish egg and the frying pan, when one isn't talking about caviar or shad roe, for example.

Michigan in the last two years has introduced something new, not in principle, but in practice, toward solving the problem of maturing trout fry to a point where they can go out into the streams and fight for themselves. The little fellows make the best sort of food for the big fish until they are large enough to scamper out of the way or scrap back. The result is that many of the fry planted each year in streams never reach a size where you aren't ashamed to catch them, or afraid, when the warden comes along, that you might have stretched the measurement a bit.

Trout fishermen had a sort of surprise last spring when they drove up to the big bend in the Platte River below the sawmill pond. This, by the way, is another Platte River, and not the one in Nebraska that is a mile wide and an inch deep. During the fall and early winter, while the trout fishermen were tying new flies, telling stories of last year's catch and planning next year's trip, the state conservation department had changed the old bend into a feeding pool. A new main channel of the stream had been cut connecting the two ends of the U of the bend and the flow regulated by a small dam. The bend itself was then divided into two big pools separated by what one might call concrete fences, in which were large openings covered by fine-mesh screen. With this arrangement the water can flow uninterruptedly through the pools in a certain amount, the excess going through the new main channel.

Into these two pools were placed a large number of young trout fry, tiny fellows which would ordinarily have furnished many meals for the larger fish in the stream. Along the shore of the stream a small cabin has been built for a caretaker, who lives there the year round. Incidentally, he's a real sportsman, one who will lend his boots when another's leak. His duties consist mainly of keeping the screens clean and throwing handfuls of ground liver to the tiny trout several times a day.

The fry grow rapidly on this healthful diet. Growing, as they do, under stream conditions, in water which is the temperature of the stream, and water subject to all the conditions that the rest of the river is subjected to, they grow under ideal methods. At the same time, being protected from larger fish, and a good daily diet being assured, there is very little loss of life. It might be said that they grow under idealized natural conditions.

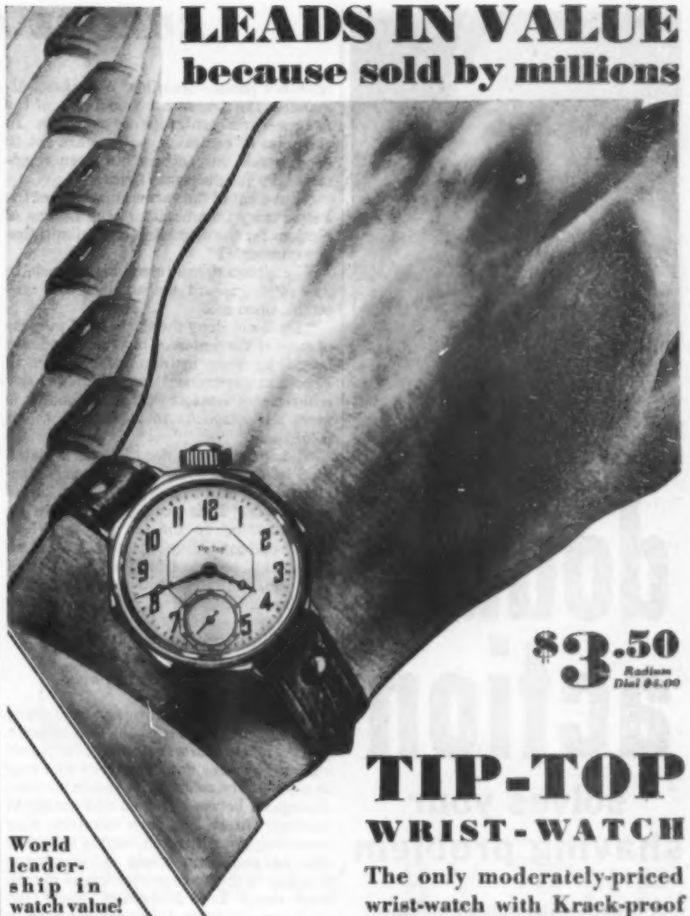
This experiment in what might be called naturalizing the trout evidently has proved a great success, for the state conservation department is building two more feeding pools this year in the upper peninsula of Michigan. The larger of these is being built on the east branch of the Taquamenaw River in Chippewa County. The Taquamenaw River is perhaps not so well known as it might be, because it flows through the wildest part of Michigan's lands. Its great falls, where it leaps into Lake Superior, were made famous years ago in Longfellow's Hiawatha, but they are still little known, for they cannot be reached by road.

Another feeding pool is being constructed on the Ontonagon River at Watersmeet. Those names alone make the fisherman long to get out his bamboo and a few flies and try his luck. Two more sites haven't been selected, but will be found eventually where they will do the most good.

Such feeding pools as these, producing matured fish under natural conditions, are going to make it possible to cut down the great death loss of baby fish; or, in other words, make it more economical to produce the individual fish which reaches the fisherman's creel.

The eight hundred thousand fry that the upper peninsular pools will feed and bring up ought to mean nearly that many trout turning golden brown in the camp frying pan some of these days.

—DON C. LYONS.



LEADS IN VALUE
because sold by millions

$3.50
Radium Dial $4.00

TIP-TOP
WRIST-WATCH

The only moderately-priced wrist-watch with Krack-proof Krystal and silver dial—and with the strap at an angle, keeping the dial straight with the eye for quick time telling.

World leadership in watch value! —Tip-Top Wrist-Watch got there, because it's the "*most* watch for the *least* money." Neat, smart octagon case gives Tip-Top distinction. Silver face and artistic hands give it beauty. Krack-proof Krystal, sunk second dial, clear-cut numerals spell durability and service. And the strap-at-an-angle keeps the dial straight with the eye and makes the time easier to read. All this is yours in Tip-Top—with dust-proof case, detachable genuine pigskin strap and timekeeping qualities you never thought possible for $3.50. Tip-Top Watches, made in America, are all backed by a service pledge. At your dealer's.

$1.50

(Right) Tip-Top Pocket Watch, octagon design, with silver dial. Krack-proof Krystal and all its other refinements, costs only fifty cents more than the ordinary dollar watch; $1.50. Radium dial $2.25.

(Below) Tip-Top Quintet with silver face, full *chromium-plated* case, raised numerals and Krack-proof Krystal is the handsomest pocket watch at anywhere near its price; $2.00. Radium dial $2.50.

$2

Copr. 1930, N. H. C. Co.
Lic. Ingraham Pat. 14458

Prices slightly higher in Canada

THE NEW HAVEN CLOCK CO.
NEW HAVEN, CONN.

Makers of good clocks and watches for more than five generations

TIP-TOP
POCKET WATCHES

The world's greatest values, with slim-trim octagon case, silver dial, Krack-proof Krystal and fine timekeeping qualities.

double action

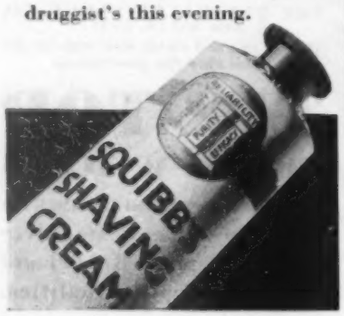
solves your shaving problem

A SHAVE with Squibb's Shaving Cream is different. It's smoother—faster—more comfortable. Because a Squibb shave is a *double-action* shave.

Squibb's does double duty. First it shields your face with a coat of balm. Makes your razor glide swiftly, smoothly.

Then it replaces the delicate oils essential to the skin's comfort and health. Squibb's contains a special ingredient which keeps your face fine and fit—*naturally*. Gives you all-day-long comfort. The extra comfort of health!

You'll never know how spruced-up and pepped-up your face can feel till you try the double-action shave. Get a tube of Squibb's at your druggist's this evening.



EUROPE ARMS FOR THE NEXT WAR

(Continued from Page 21)

reference books—Nautilus, Whitaker's Almanack, the Armament Year Book, of the League—print contradictory estimates. In this mess of confusion, nations are apt to deceive not only others but even themselves, by juggling with figures."

"But what of the various meetings of the Preparatory Commission of the League of Nations for the discussion of the limitation of armaments?"

The diplomat readjusted his monocle to fix a pitying regard, not unmixed with contempt, upon me.

"I will not deny the sincerity of purpose of some of the conferees, but their hands are bound by their instructions. So far, no European government has sanctioned any reduction of arms except upon conditions more advantageous to itself than to its neighbors.

"I hope that the negotiations initiated by President Hoover and Ramsay MacDonald will lead to a general limitation of armaments. It is possible that even an understanding on the sea may not lead to an understanding on land, but if no agreement is reached for the limitation of navalism, militarism will run riot on the Continent. If the Five Power Parley fails, Europe will continue to arm with feverish speed on land and sea for the next war."

France's Fighting Force

In order to visualize European militarism, we must make a clear distinction between peace strength and war strength, the standing army and the number of men who may be called to the colors. Here again we must distinguish between trained and untrained reserves. Most European countries cling to conscription. England, relying primarily upon her squadrons aflight and afloat, has returned to the pre-war principle of a small peace army. Lord Middleton asserts that the army has fallen below the strength in 1895, when 148,000 men were constantly under arms in England, and 73,000 in India. Only 140,000 in England, and 60,000 in India, Lord Middleton declares, constitute the British army today. Even the Labor Government is not likely to reduce the British forces still further, unless the rest of the world shows an inclination to follow. England has war equipment for an army of 3,000,000. In the World War, the British Empire called to the colors more than 7,000,000 men. France can have 2,000,000 men under arms in a week. England, in the same period, could rally only 300,000. Her war strength is 530,000.

France is reorganizing her forces with the object of creating a standing army of nearly war strength which can be quickly hurled against any foe. She employs the principle of universal service to create enormous reserves. By diminishing the time of military service, she is able to train all men capable of bearing arms. This was not possible under the old system. Finally, she employs a large number of volunteers for a prolonged period of time, as a foil to General Seeckt's reorganized German army.

All great powers, especially France, have increased the size and weight of their heavy batteries, machine guns, tanks and their air forces. France today possesses twenty times as many heavy machine guns as in 1914. The field army, which before the war had hardly any heavy batteries, now has several hundred. Tanks and armored cars, which did not exist before the war, have reached a total of 5800. The new French army law provides for the complete mobilization of the entire nation in case of war, including agriculture, business and finance. It provides, under the heading of Press and Propaganda, for a department to secure every measure necessary to school the nation intellectually and spiritually, to increase its self-confidence and to safeguard its moral resistance.

France claims to have taken the first step among the Allies in the diminution of her standing army, but if her Central European critics are right, it is difficult to take this assertion seriously. Her peace strength was 700,000 in 1912. It will be 654,000 in 1930. France lopped off almost 260,000 men from her army estimate with one stroke of the pen. But they reappeared in an estimate for the overseas troops! The budget cleverly distributes military expenses among various subdivisions, where they escape scrutiny. Who would look for military expenses in the budget of the Minister of Finance, the Minister of Labor, the Minister of Public Works and in the special budgets for Morocco, Algiers, Syria and the city of Paris?

The new army law authorizes the Minister of War to call several reserves without mobilization. The reorganization of the French army increases its shock power. The period of service of the Colonial army is not reduced at all. No reduction in war strength, estimated at from 4,250,000 to 4,500,000, takes place. The total of trained reserves is not reduced by one man. The trained reserves remain the backbone of the army. Material and equipment are in no way reduced. The new army contains fewer conscripts, but it will have 106,000 professional soldiers, besides 35,000—according to other estimates 85,000—civilians for routine duty. Recruits will be trained to fight without wasting their time on kitchen duty. The saving in routine labor adds four months to their actual war training. Although smaller, the army will cost 5 per cent more in 1930 than it did in 1929, according to the figures of the French Government. The expense for the army—I am indebted for this information mainly to German sources—constitutes approximately 30 per cent of the entire budget as against 23 per cent in 1927.

The obligation to military service begins at the age of twenty-one and ends at the forty-ninth year. In case of war, both laborers and managers in industrial concerns are subject to special service under military law. The new French army law envisages a nation in arms. It makes the state supreme and draws upon every resource of the nation. A supreme council of defense, in which the naval and military authorities and the various governmental departments are represented, assigns to every ministry a special task in case of war, for which it must make preparations in time of peace. Thus, every ministry has its own mobilizing department.

The present law provides for the physical training of all children, irrespective of sex, at the age of six. The youth undergoes a preparatory military course before he enters the army. The supervision of the state, which is exercised almost from babyhood, continues until the citizen ceases to be capable of bearing arms. Every child receives a control book, in which its physical status and education are carefully noted. The young man presents this control book on entering the army. It remains his inseparable companion for life. He must present it at all the maneuvers to which he is called after he joins the reserves. Beginning almost with babyhood, every French citizen remains in contact with the army for the rest of his life. War duty extends to women behind the front, and provides for their war activity even in their own homes.

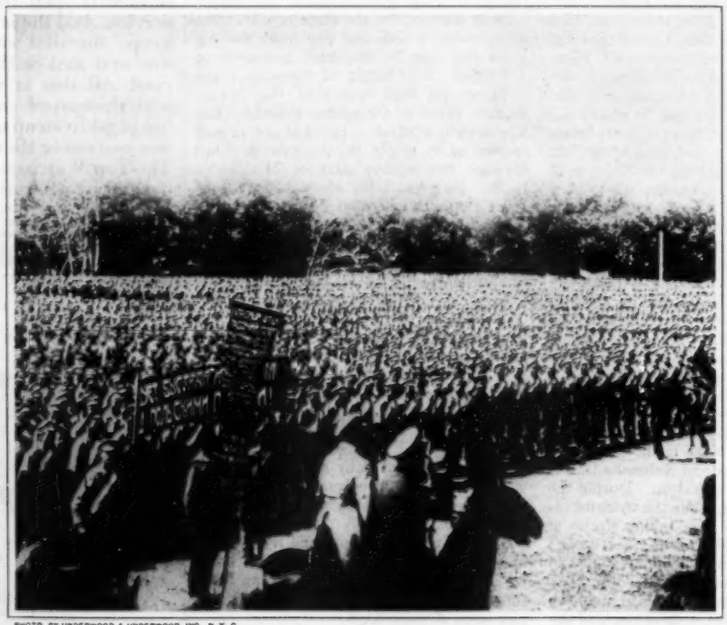
As Germany Sees Her Neighbor

The Germans claim that 17 per cent of the expenses of the French army, not to speak of material furnished for building fortifications, are paid out of German reparations. An increase of 1,300,000,000 francs in 1928 was concealed by using 1,000,000,000 francs of German reparation payments for the ordinary budget and by saddling Germany with the cost of the French army of occupation, amounting to 508,000,000 francs in cash and 209,000,000 francs in kind.

German experts also assert that the French budget for 1930 represents an increase of 760,000,000 francs over the previous year. The expenditures provided for include 153,000,000 francs for strengthening the eastern fortifications, 113,000,000 francs for improvement of the home troops, 197,000,000 francs for the navy, and 180,000,000 francs for the air force.

Defending the French army against these strictures, a former French Minister of War—M. Painlevé—retorts that the German

(Continued on Page 137)



PHOTO, BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD, INC., N. Y. C.

Members of the Kazan Reserve Army of Russia

THE ONLY ROUTE BETWEEN CHICAGO AND THE EAST

SAFEGUARDED ALL THE WAY BY THE AUTOMATIC TRAIN STOP

WHEN you travel between Chicago and New York or Boston on the *20th Century Limited*, or any other New York Central train, you are safeguarded by the most modern system of Automatic Electric Block Signals and the still newer Automatic Electric Train Stop.

No other route between Chicago and the Atlantic Seaboard has this double protection—all the way.

The Automatic Electric Train Stop makes it impossible for an engineman to drive his train into a danger zone. If he fails to stop his train in response to the Electric Block Signal, this new automatic device stops it for him.

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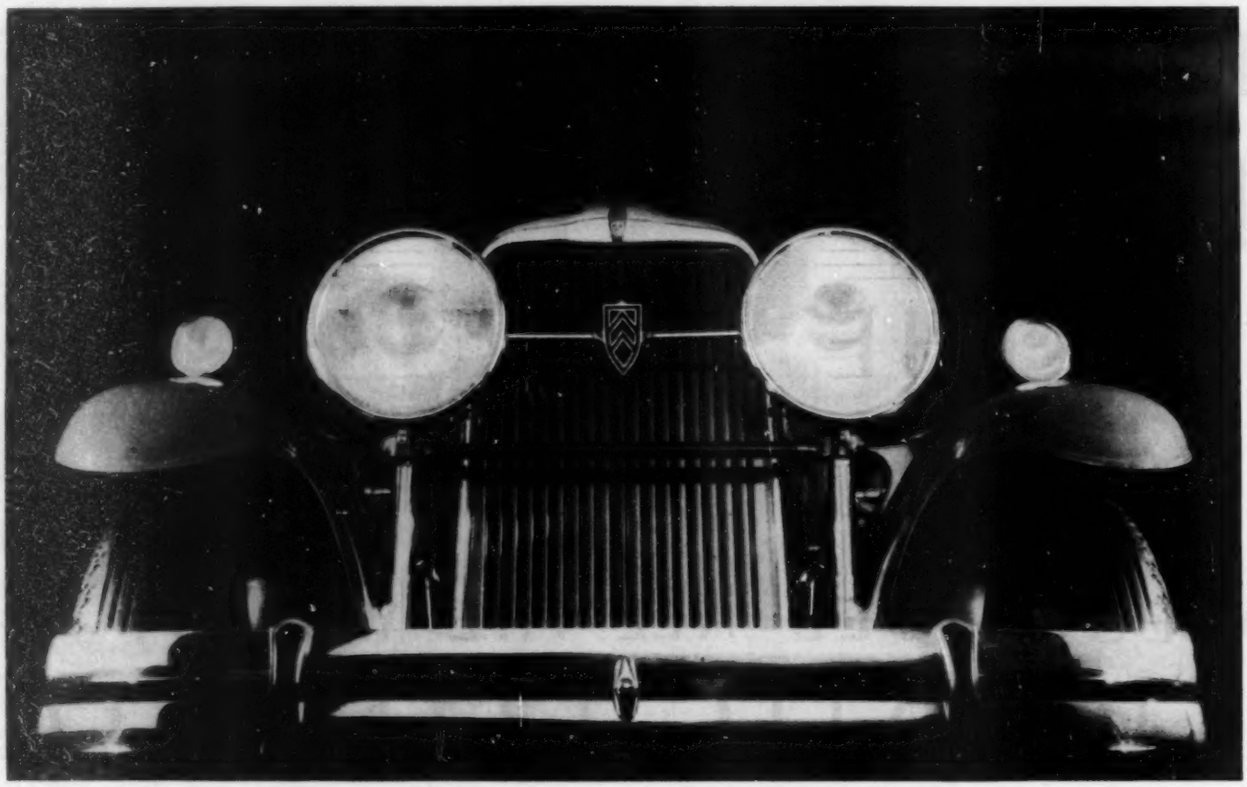

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Peerless Custom Eight under $3000; Master Eight under $2000 (at factory, Cleveland, Ohio)

NOW MORE EMPHATICALLY THAN EVER—"ALL THAT THE NAME IMPLIES"

(Continued from Page 134)

calculations are wrong. He accuses the critics of France of juggling figures and of getting their data mixed up. He admits an increase in the French budget, but attributes it partly to the increased cost of living, partly to the development of the air forces. He explains the increase in the professional army by the greater number of native troops, indispensable for the protection of the French colonies and Northern Africa, and for the tasks devolving upon France in China, Syria and Morocco. He emphasizes the increasing military obligation of France in the Mediterranean. Finally, he calls attention to the fact that 165,000,000 francs of the French army budget were obtained from the sale of military buildings, and 508,000,000 francs for the maintenance of the Army of Occupation on the Rhine from the Germans. The last-named figure tallies with the estimate obtained from the Germans, but Painlevé omits the reference to German payments in kind. Painlevé adds that the critics of France persistently and perversely underestimate her military expenditures in 1913. Making all these allowances, he insists that the French taxpayer will pay less in 1930 than in 1913. From the point of view of estimating the military expenditures of Europe today, it is of little importance whether France or Germany pays the piper.

The motorization of the French army consumes a large part of her prodigious military appropriation. Tanks, automobiles, motorcycles and airplanes take the place of the horse in the French army. Marshal Foch looked askance at this tendency. General Rampont admonished his colleagues to recall the achievement of cavalry in all great battles of history, from Alexander, Hannibal and Cæsar, to Napoleon. Cavalry played a conspicuous part in the War of 1870, but it was relegated to the rear in the World War. The conviction that cavalry was obsolete accounts for the disproportionately large cavalry force allowed to Germany by the Allies. The Germans make a virtue of necessity. General Seeckt, the man who created the new German army, insists that cavalry, aided by motors and airplanes, is a necessity in mobile warfare.

An Army of Experts

The Peace Treaty of Versailles limits Germany to an army of 100,000 men, including 4000 officers; it denies her fighting planes, tanks, heavy artillery; it disbanded the General Staff; it dismantled her fortresses, except one on the Polish border; it created a demilitarized zone in the Rhineland; it proscribes the military training of youth; and it forbids any preparation for chemical warfare or the creation of any apparatus to facilitate mobilization. Conscription is abolished. Anyone entering the army must serve twelve years. Officers must pledge themselves to remain in the service twenty-five years. The long term of service imposed makes it impossible for the Germans to evade the peace treaty by training a new army every few years. The Germans, thus handicapped, exercise their ingenuity by making their army an army of experts, equally skilled in every branch of the service. A German statesman admitted to me that Germany would not return to the old system even if the Allies consented to relax their restrictions. Within its limitations the German army is regarded by Allied experts as the most perfect in Europe.

Theoretically, the German army has no war strength and no reserves. There are, of course, in all Central European countries semimilitary organizations, more or less secret in character. But these organizations, being unequipped with heavy artillery, tanks or military airplanes, cannot successfully take up arms against any foe with modern equipment, unless the witches' caldron of modern chemistry supplies them with a new means of warfare that takes their enemies by surprise.

I have already stated that professional soldiers are more expensive than conscripts. France and Poland allow their soldiers one cent a day. Germany is compelled to pay a remuneration of 41½ cents a day. It costs France 20¼ cents to feed a white soldier; the culinary demands of her colored troops are even more modest. Poland pays 14¼ cents, Germany 34 cents a day. Compared with the French and the Poles, the appetite of the Germans must be enormous. For some reason, even German horses seem to need more food than French or Polish horses! At any rate, the cost of maintenance is higher.

German military experts are reconciled to the principle of a professional army. They prefer the small mobile army to the armed mob of the World War. Mobility, adaptability—these are the fundamental principles enunciated by General Seeckt. Looked upon for a time as the Mussolini of Germany, Seeckt disappointed the German Fascists without gaining the confidence of the Democrats. He was forced out of office when he permitted the oldest son of the Crown Prince to participate in a German maneuver.

General Seeckt's Ideas

Seeckt, in appearance as well as in manner, is a product of the old General Staff. His thoughts are as clear and incisive as his profile. His monocle lends a certain piquancy to his features without making him seem ridiculous. Ingenious enough to adapt himself to any exigency, he inspired the German army with new confidence in itself. There are only three things Seeckt fears—stupidity, bureaucracy and stereotyped slogans. It is to stupidity and to bureaucracy that he attributes his own fall from power. Seeckt looks like a soldier and talks like an ambassador.

Clausewitz, the father of modern strategy, is sometimes quoted as saying that war is the continuation of politics by other means. Seeckt insists that Clausewitz is misquoted. What he really says is that war is nothing except the continuation of political intercourse with the addition of other means. Policy influences war, and war influences policy. The statesman must shape the policy of a country. The soldier must carry out his instructions.

When I first met Seeckt, he would not talk for publication. Since his retirement, he has even written a book, Gedanken eines Soldaten, to expound his principles. Seeckt always held, and still holds, that the great wars of history were fought by professional soldiers. What Seeckt has in mind is not an army of mercenaries but professional soldiers who, being sons of the country for which they fight, are inspired by patriotism. The Greek people fought at Salamis and Thermopylæ, but Alexander the Great instituted the beginning of a professional national army. Rome's popular armies subjugated Italy, but her rule of the world was secured by professional Roman soldiers. From the East, century after century, nations in arms rolled against the West. But the West was protected by its organized armies and by its knights. The knights were professional soldiers. The professional soldier saved Western Europe from being a satrapy of the East.

What, Seeckt asks, is the trend of military evolution today? Are armies still necessary? How will they look? How conduct themselves? Delving into recent history, he maintains that Germany before the war did not fully exploit her military resources. She did not enforce universal service to the limit and failed to store up sufficient material reserves. France fully utilized her man power, but her material preparations were incomplete. Russia lacked equipment, but her reservoir of man power was inexhaustible. Austria was least prepared in personnel and material for the conflict. England was not prepared fully for the military offensive; it was Lord Kitchener's supreme achievement that he recognized the necessity of organizing the production of war materials. America occupied a peculiar position owing to her geographical isolation. No nation was fully prepared for war. The military results of the World War were not, Seeckt insists, in proportion to the sacrifice.

Must, he asks, whenever war is inevitable, entire nations be hurled against one another? Is it still possible to seek a decision with mass formations? Can such armies still be led or must every war between masses end in paralysis? He suggests that the principle of militarizing the masses, the idea of a nation at war, the madness of mere numbers, has overreached itself. The mass becomes immovable. It can no longer maneuver. It can no longer win. It can only crush. Seeckt trained his army to move and to win.

France incorporated Seeckt's idea into her system by increasing the nucleus of professional soldiers to a point where her professional army is larger than Germany's. In addition to that, she employs without stint or limit the principle of universal service to create strong reserves. Seeckt stresses the importance of economic mobilization, the necessity of contacts, already established in peace, between industry and the army. The French army law provides for such contacts. It is not known if and to what extent Germany has clandestinely taken steps in the same direction. Seeckt regards large standing armies not only as a menace to peace but an economic crime, because universal service diverts enormous aggregations of man power into unproductive channels.

Moreover, the prohibitive cost involved makes it impossible to equip so vast an army with modern weapons. Accepting with good grace the restrictions imposed upon Germany by the peace treaty, Seeckt organized an army of *cadres*.

Seeckt's principles still prevail under his successor. The German army is a skeleton army. Every soldier is capable of acting as an officer and of training raw recruits. He can switch from cavalry to infantry, from artillery to the motorcycle. He knows duty on land, and can do service as a marine. The Germans, while taking pride in the miracle wrought by Seeckt, claim that their army is condemned to impotence in case of war with any enemy equipped with fighting airplanes and heavy artillery. These, German military men point out to me, cannot be improvised overnight. They cite our own figures to prove how long it took before American shells, American poison gas and American airplanes actually reached the front, in spite of the intensive energy, the vast means of production and the inexhaustible material strength of the American people.

A Nation of Gymnasts

To nip in the bud any revival of German military power through the same means which led to the downfall of Napoleon, France incorporated into the peace treaty divers clauses to prevent military formations and military drill in German schools. She fears that artillery turned into dumbbells may some day be reconverted into machine guns. However, the ingenuity of the Allies was not sufficient to banish sports and gymnastics from Central Europe. That Faithful Eckhardt of the German people, President Hindenburg, himself pointed out to me the advance made by the Germans in developing physical culture on a national scale. He made clear to me, however, that Germany encouraged the physical-culture movement to prevent the nation from growing soft, not with a view of raising a secret army, condemned to annihilation by any enemy with modern artillery. The French, on the other hand, look upon every German doing his daily dozen as a potential menace to France.

I discussed the German army with several high French officers who have access to exceptional sources of information. One of them, who was in the confidence of Marshal Foch and who is closely attached to another marshal of France, divides Germany's forces into official and unofficial, authorized and unauthorized groups. He insists that the police force of 100,000 is an army in disguise.

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"It includes," he said, "35,000 men who are armed and live in barracks."

"But," I objected, "these men have no modern arms."

"Ah," he replied, smiling a very superior smile, "we know that they receive instructions in the use of forbidden weapons, even if they do not have the weapon itself."

France, too, it may be added, has substantially increased its police force.

"And don't you forget," my French informant continued, "the river police—Strom Polizei—a separate unit recruited from former soldiers."

"The numbers involved are trifling," I interjected.

"But what of Germany's private armies, secret organizations, hiding their military character under social, athletic and political mummeries?"

"What," I asked, "are the most important of these?"

"There is the Tannenberg Bund and the Wiking organization, with some 10,000 military adherents and excellent military discipline; the Wehrwolf, consisting of 100,000 men; the Stahlhelm with 900,000 members; finally there is the Jungdo, with 600,000 members. This organization took part in the Ruhr resistance and is composed partly of war veterans and partly of young men who are instructed by their elders in the secrets of military formations. These organizations," the Frenchman continued, "mainly represent the parties of the right. The parties of the left are represented by the Reichsbanner, with two or three million men. All these groups are trained to fight. Many have arms."

"These organizations," I interjected, remembering some things I had learned in Germany, "are more likely to fight one another than to take arms against a foreign foe."

"We do not know," the Frenchman replied, "how much of their antagonism is camouflaged. I have a high opinion of their military valor and I am convinced that they will sink their party differences in an emergency. Remember how even the Socialists rallied to the colors when the Kaiser called them in 1914. We may be unduly suspicious, but the Germans themselves cannot deny the potential military strength of the Stahlhelm and similar organizations. I was in Hamburg in June, 1928, with a neutral observer, when 100,000 members of the Stahlhelm paraded before one of the sons of the Kaiser. My neutral companion looked at me. I looked at him. 'Why,' he whispered, 'there is more infantry here than in the entire German army.'"

Ready for the Call

"Nor is this all," the Frenchman continued, gesticulating emphatically. "We must not omit from our calculations the 10,000,000 members of physical-culture associations, organizations of hunters and horsemen with 400,000 and 60,000 members respectively, technical organizations, unions of aviators and various associations of war veterans grouped according to their regions or their regimental colors. In spite of our protests, the Union of German Officers keeps the old traditions alive, and the Bund Schlieffen unites the members of the dissolved old General Staff. Every one of these men will be ready if the Fatherland calls. The German army, well organized, well instructed and well commanded, forms the nucleus for a great national army."

"But," I said, "an army without arms ——"

"Tut-tut," he replied. "Arms may be secreted."

"Such arms as have been found now and then," I remarked, "were usually obsolete."

"True," he admitted, "but the horizontal concentration of German industry favors mobilization. German factories can be quickly diverted from their peaceful pursuits. German air forces are being trained in other countries where the Treaty of Versailles is a dead letter."

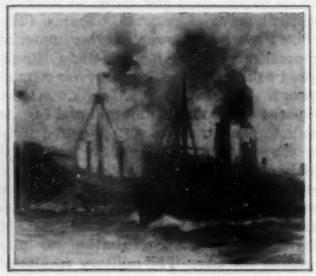
The French are equally suspicious of Austria. The Austrian army is limited to 30,000 men, including officers. Austria does not avail herself of the full number, contenting herself with an army of 20,000. But, as Briand asserts, the Republican Schutzbund, the Republican Protective Alliance, and the Heimwehr, or Home Defense, have a membership of two or three hundred thousand. I discussed this phase of the question with an Austrian military expert.

"The Schutzbund," he remarked, "was created to assure the dictatorship of the proletariat. The Heimwehr is the answer of the middle class to this threat. The two organizations hate each other like poison. Neither organization is capable of warfare against an external enemy. Neither can hold its own even against the small Austrian army or against the police."

Germany's Argument

The Germans point out that they must face as potential enemies, not only France but her allies, Belgium, Poland, Czecho-Slovakia and Jugo-Slavia. Greece and Rumania, too, fall more or less into the circle of French influence. The Germans like to illustrate graphically the preponderance of military weight against them. They have devised ingenious charts in which two or three thin lines of German troops with inadequate equipment are confronted on every border by huge fighting masses, armed to the teeth. Belgium has a peace strength of 70,000. In war, Belgium, according to German figures, can contribute 1,200,000 to the forces of her French ally. A chain of fortresses from Belfort to the sea involves huge expenditures not allowed for in the regular budget. A treaty with France compels Belgium to maintain her fortifications. Belgium collects 7.81 Belgian francs per head to pay the expense of her army. Every Rumanian pays annually 15.7 lei for the army. The peace strength of the Balkan state is 266,500 if we include the state police and the border patrol. Her war strength is 1,700,000. Greece has a standing army of 79,676. Czecho-Slovakia is supplied by France with machine guns and tanks. Her peace strength varies between 100,000 and 140,000; her total military man power is 2,114,000. She is a member of the Little Entente. Her army is fashioned after the French model. She is proceeding rapidly with motorization. Both Poland and Czecho-Slovakia espouse conscription. Both devote considerable attention to the study of gas warfare. Both, like all successor states, are weakened somewhat by the fact that their populations are not homogeneous. In that respect they resemble the old Austro-Hungarian Empire. No one can predicate the loyalty of various racial groups held largely by compulsion to new flags and states.

Poland, resurrected by the Germans, and increased by the Allies at Germany's expense, spends proportionately more on her army than France. The expenditure per head of the population jumped from 22.4 zlotys in 1928 to 32.4 in 1929. The Polish budget for 1929 provided 960,000,000 zlotys for armaments. Poland has 151 generals, 500 colonels, 17,000 officers, and 37,000 noncommissioned officers. Poland's peace strength, including military police and border patrol, is 330,000; in war she can summon to the colors 2,000,000 men, ready to join her French ally. Situated precariously between Germany and Russia,



Poland may argue, with more justification than some other states, that she is compelled to arm to safeguard her territory. The creation of the Polish Corridor, the annexation of Upper Silesia in defiance of the plebiscite, and the neutralization of Dantzic stand in the way of an honest reconciliation between Germany and Poland. Stresemann surrendered the German claims to Alsace Lorraine, but no German Government has ever accepted the settlement on the eastern border as final.

Like France, Poland conceals or disguises her military expenses. The Polish Government is a veiled military dictatorship. Pilsudski chooses his ministers and his emissaries by preference from army circles. The head of the State Bank and the Minister of the Interior are, or were—things change constantly in Europe—generals in active service. The Polish state police is military in character. There is also a border patrol constituted on military lines. There is a society of riflemen with 300,000 members. When I was in Warsaw I was very much reminded of Berlin before the war. Everywhere uniforms. Everywhere evidence of militarism. In as much as most of Poland's munition plants are situated near the German border, the government called into life, by heavy subsidies, ammunition plants in other parts of the country. Legislation gives the state far-reaching powers to change immediately from peace to war production. Factories are subjected to frequent government inspections of all supplies, and they are compelled to install whatever machinery the government considers necessary for the production of military supplies. One hears many rumors of graft. Much money is spent on fortifications, east and west. The military training of youth before the age of conscription is an essential part of Polish policy. Military drillmasters are attached to the schools. Girls are trained for sanitary work. An auxiliary service law under contemplation will make it possible for Poland to demand the services of all her sons from the sixteenth to the sixtieth year.

Italy Under Fascism

Italy counts upon the Fascist Militia to enhance her professional army. She pays 125 lire per head to support the army. Her peace strength, not counting the colonial army, is from 250,000 to 390,000; in war she can muster four to five million men. Her airplanes, motors, torpedoes, mines, constitute a serious problem even for a superior opponent, but her geographical situation makes her vulnerable to any blockade. Active service in the Italian army is eight months. Italy's picturesque police guard, the *carabinieri*, numbering 60,000, and the customs guard of 23,000, are military in character. Fostered by Mussolini, the munitions industry can supply the needs of the army. Mussolini, like Hindenburg, ardently espouses physical culture. He himself engages in every sport from flying to mountain climbing. Unlike Hindenburg, he frankly concedes the military character of the organizations preparing the young Fascist for his civic duties. The Balilla embraces all boys between eight and fourteen, the Avanguardia, boys from fourteen to eighteen. Men are subject to conscription from the twentieth to the thirty-ninth year. The Italian army makes the French Government nervous. Italian maneuvers near the border perturb the placidity of the Swiss. Occasionally the Italian saber rattles at the Brenner Pass. Now and then, Mussolini makes a fighting gesture in the direction of Jugo-Slavia. Mussolini is forging an iron ring around Jugo-Slavia. In pursuit of this policy, Italy concluded a treaty of alliance with Albania. Albania is now motorizing her forces under Italian auspices. The Italian dictator cultivates intimate relations with Spain, Hungary, Bulgaria, Greece and Turkey.

The various states created by the collapse of Russia are arming, some against Russia, some against Poland. Their war strength

(Continued on Page 140)

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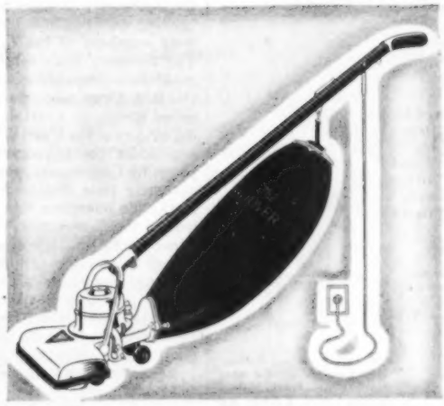

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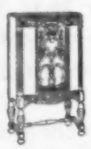

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(Continued from Page 138)

is considerable in proportion to their population, and they spend from one-seventh to one-fifth of their income to prepare themselves for war. The Russian army is the mystery of Europe. Russia has both a standing army and a militia. She imposes universal service upon both sexes in times of war. In peace, women may voluntarily enter the army under the same conditions as male volunteers. The period of service is from the twenty-first to the thirtieth year. All men capable of bearing arms who are not called into actual service receive military training for a total period of six months. The six months are distributed over five years. The right to bear arms is a privilege of the workers. Scions of the bourgeoisie are treated like convicts. They are not allowed to bear arms and are put in workmen's columns behind the front during hostilities. In peacetime they must pay a special tax to the Bolshevist Government.

Russian industry can take care of the need of the army in peace, but it is not sufficiently strong to supply ammunition and equipment for a long war. The complete control of all factories by the state facilitates industrial mobilization. The army expenditures for 1928–1929 were, according to official Russian figures, only 5.6 rubles a head. It must be remembered that Russia has the largest population of any European state and that the Russian soldier receives less than a penny a day. Even an officer commanding a military district, equal in rank to a general, must be content with 200 rubles a month. The peace strength of the Russian army is officially 563,000, but counting territorials and including men who are receiving their six months' training over a period of five years, Russia is in the position to summon immediately 1,200,000. Definite figures of her war strength are unknown. It may reach 12,000,000. However, only 7,200,000 of this vast horde have received military instruction.

Officially the Red Army recognizes no officers, only leaders—a distinction without difference. There are three grades of leaders—the younger leaders, leaders of the medium grade, and older leaders. "Old leader" is the Russian equivalent for general. The youngest group is Bolshevist for "sergeant" or "noncommissioned officer."

The Oath of the Red Army

In September, 1929, Russia trained 5000 new officers. Seventy-seven per cent of these officers were workmen, twenty-three per cent were peasants. Nearly 80 per cent were members of the Communist Party. The tendency is to confine all important positions to simon-pure Communists. When the Red Army was organized it was compelled to rely to a certain extent upon the old officers of the Czar. These officers were kept under constant surveillance and supervision by Communist groups. The divided authority thus created led to many conflicts. To overcome this condition, members of the Communist Youth Party were admitted to military academies and subjected to a quick and intensive military training. Sometimes six months were considered sufficient to train an officer. By 1924 the Soviet Government had trained enough young officers to dismiss the old guard and to retire the political supervisors.

Recruits of the Red Army must take the following oath:

1. I, a son of the working people, enter the ranks of the army of workers and peasants as a fighter.
2. I pledge myself to preserve the strictest revolutionary discipline, and to obey without contradiction the orders of my superiors.
3. I pledge myself to avoid anything that is likely to lower or to degrade my dignity as a citizen of the Soviet Republic, and to concentrate all my deeds and thoughts upon the great goal of liberating all workers.
4. I vow to spare neither my strength nor my life in the battle for Socialism and the fraternity of all nations.
5. If I intentionally violate this oath, may the avenging arm of the revolutionary law punish me.

The discipline in the Red Army is rigid. The extreme penalty is imposed more readily than in Western countries. The pay of the professional soldier in Russia is small, but various privileges with regard to fuel, living expenses and lodgings make service in the army attractive. The Red Army is comparatively well fed and equipped. Anyone having served in the army for twenty years is entitled to a pension equal to 100 per cent of his pay.

Soviet Russia has established seven military academies and numerous military schools. Much stress is laid on physical education. Physical culture is obligatory. It is combined with cultural political training. Lectures on army organization, marches, shooting exercises and instructions in hygiene constitute part of the regular schedule. From the sixteenth to the nineteenth year the physical training of pupils is intrusted by the state primarily to communal authorities. Children are familiarized with the use of hand grenades and of gas masks. Numerous athletic organizations coöperate in the military education of Red Russia. There is a large organization called the Osoaviachim which devotes itself to aerial and chemical warfare. It is credited with 3,000,000 members. Another organization—the Awtodor—makes a special study of transportation.

If Disarmament Fails

In addition to the Red Army, the Kremlin controls, first, a border guard; second, a host of convoy troops, whose function is to transport political prisoners to Siberia and Turkestan; and, third, the secret-service army. This group, generally known as the G. P. U., is independent of the regular army. According to some foreign observers, this mystery army numbers 250,000 men. According to others, 50,000 is more nearly correct. The exact number is wrapped in mystery. Like everything in Russia, this army is vast and shadowy. Despite her immense military preparation, it is Russia that urges the most drastic reductions in armaments.

The problem of disarmament is essentially political. Exaggerated demands of one sort or another are likely to frustrate any agreement. The French advocate the control of disarmament by a supervising international body. The United States rejects this demand. England likewise refuses to countenance any interference with her domestic affairs. In the present state of political evolution, no self-respecting state willingly submits to supra-national supervision.

If the incubus of excessive armaments is not lifted from Europe, the Central Powers will insist upon their right to arm. The weakness of a neighbor, they hold, is the greatest inducement to war. If the right to arm is denied them, they will probably find a loophole somewhere to escape the limitations imposed upon them at the point of the sword. Even if they abide by the treaty, their neighbors, uneasy in their own consciences, will suspect their intentions. Debts will increase. Military expenditures will eat like a cancer into every budget. The race in armaments, already bankrupting some states, will threaten the solvency of all Europe. Militarism, far from ending, will reign supreme. The situation is so complex, the currents and cross currents of national hatreds and fears are so many, that we may thank our stars for placing a stretch of 3000 miles between ourselves and Europe.

We may show the way to Europe if we arrive at a model understanding for the limitation of the armadas of the great naval powers. We shall then be in the position to throw our moral weight effectively into the balance in favor of a sane program for the universal reduction of armament. We can enforce our moral suasion by refusing to assist with our money any country which devotes an unreasonable percentage of its resources to preparations for war. Our influence will be most powerful if we take our stand on broad principles, and refuse to be drawn into European broils or to split hairs at Geneva.

No Wonder . . .

Valetor pressing is better

pressed longer. No wonder the Valetor's pressing is beyond comparison! Your suits come back from the Valetor soft, shapely, well-fitting—looking like new!

How to Judge Pressing Service

Examine each suit when it comes back. When a suit has been pressed correctly, the Valetor way, the answer to these 12 questions will be "YES":

1. Are the shoulders of the coat well shaped; free from wrinkles?
2. Are the lapels pressed to "roll" —not creased?
3. Is the collar reshaped to fit the neck correctly?
4. Are both coat fronts shaped to the chest?
5. Are pockets free from sag; flaps pressed without leaving marks on the coat?
6. Does the coat back hang smoothly?
7. Are the sleeves free from wrinkles, with or without crease, as the wearer desires?
8. Is the lining well pressed; free from wrinkles?
9. Is bagginess at the knees removed; does a firm, sharp crease run the length of the trouser-leg from mid-pocket to cuff?
10. Are trouser-tops pressed and wrinkles removed?
11. Are perspiration odors removed?
12. Is the cloth soft and lustrous; the nap raised?

No wonder

the Valetor method of pressing is better! It has been developed by men who have devoted their lives to the science of pressing. These men have produced the efficient pressing equipment that enables the Valetor to *reshape* garments—to make them look like new.

The Valetor's Manual makes their knowledge and experience available to every Valetor. In this manual are complete directions covering every pressing operation. The Valetor keeps the manual at his elbow. In it is the answer to every question. It adds to his own experience the sum-total of the knowledge and experience of leading pressing experts.

The Valetor restores the softness and lustre of cloth, raising the nap and making it look new again. He reshapes garments so they fit perfectly. He removes all wrinkles. He "sets" the creases—suits stay

Because the Valetor's up-to-date equipment and method save his time—because he has adopted modern business practices—you obtain the prompt, dependable service of the Valetor for no more than you would pay for ordinary pressing. Valetor equipment is manufactured by the U.S. Hoffman Machinery Corporation, 105 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

THE VALETOR'S MANUAL
Above—Back of Coat
The wrinkles and breaks in the back across the shoulders are the result of bending forward or sitting down, causing the coat to climb at the neck.
Below—Back of Coat Reshaped
Note the difference after surplus material has been properly shrunk and solidly pressed. The back is smooth. The collar sets in its proper place and conforms with the designer's lines.
Sack Coat—Operation 10
PLACE the center seam of the coat in the center of the buck. See that the bottom edge of the under-collar is placed evenly with the edge of buck. Gather or shorten the fullness in the back at the center seam, beginning two inches below the under-collar and ending at about eight to ten inches below.
You can "prove" the fullness to be shrunk in, in all lays except this one. However, it is very important that surplus material herein be shrunken in for a coat naturally stretches at this point. Garments vary in the amount of fullness, depending upon their grade. Whatever the amount, shrink in all that you can—even from one inch to one and a half inch—for when the garment is placed on the customer's back it quickly conforms to his body.
If the coat has a vent, watch to see that the bottoms are even. If the upper vent is longer than the lower, shrink in upper vent in preference to pulling lower vent or vice-versa.
Do not attempt to smooth out fullness or surplus material by pulling, spreading or stretching it. Surplus material should be shrunk in. Do it even if it requires time. A properly shrunk garment is the difference between good and poor pressing.

HOFFMAN
VALETOR
DEPENDABLE
PRESSING
SERVICE

HAVE YOUR CLOTHES PRESSED WHERE YOU SEE THIS SIGN . . .

How two hundred "washwomen" *from* Cincinnati *rode up into the Andes Mountains*

At Rosario, high up in the Andes of the Argentine, is a hospital to which patients are sent for the benefit of the keen, clean mountain air. But hospital patients need many things besides clean air. For example, clean linen . . .

So it came that the Rosario Hospital, intent on getting the most modern laundry equipment procurable, wrote a letter to Cincinnati.

Speedily, a complete laundry unit was assembled—machines that wash basketfuls of soiled linens whiter than the snow on Andean peaks—other machines that wring, dry, iron. A unit equal in working power to two hundred broad-backed, brawny-armed washwomen.

No railroad—not even a wagon-route—runs up the steep heights to Rosario. The final lap of the 6,000-mile journey had to be made on the backs of sure-footed burros and hardy native porters. But, finally, these "American" machines*, some of the most amazing developments of a highly civilized age, reached their destination high in the Andean wilds.

It is a real tribute to the efficiency of "American" laundry machinery—and to "American" engineers—that, after its hazardous journey, this unit functioned perfectly. No wonder "American" laundry machines are used in every State in the Union and by every nation of the world.

* *The American Eagle Press, used for the ironing of finished family work, delivers "hand-ironed" quality—presses three times as much as a good hand ironer can do in the same length of time.*

THE AMERICAN LAUNDRY MACHINERY COMPANY
Executive Offices, Cincinnati, Ohio

SUPREMACY
AMERICAN

In the Cause of World Cleanliness

© 1930, The A. L. M. Co.

"GET A HORSE"

(Continued from Page 42)

and did not return until after supper. During the afternoon he had me drive to a dozen places where friends of his were working, and from each he sought advice. After each stop he had a new set of questions, but apparently I answered them satisfactorily, for when we returned to the factory he asked:

"How much do you want for this carriage?"

"One thousand dollars."

"I'll buy it."

Within a short time we sold the other three machines, getting $1000 apiece. Our profit on each was $400. By the end of 1898 we had built and sold twenty-five carriages, and this was such an amazing production that no one believed it. I had to publish a statement telling the names of the owners and when their machines had been delivered.

We were beginning to show a return on the original investment, to build a business, and to start a gigantic industry.

Those were vastly different days in manufacturing to what we now have. We had no long lines of broaching machines, multiple drills, cylinder grinders; no endless chains moving along parts to points needed. There was little of the time-saving of modern manufacturing methods. We had to develop to meet those demands, and in starting off, our tools consisted of the standard drills and lathes, plus good mechanics. Every workman we had in those days was a good mechanic. He could not hold a job unless he was. He didn't spend his days or his years putting on a nut here or a screw there. If we needed spark plugs, he had to jump in and make them. He had to know how to ream out a cylinder. All argument to the contrary, I believe American life has lost something in the passing of the good mechanic and the widespread adoption of the automatic machine. For one thing, men have lost much of their usefulness to themselves. But that is beside the point.

Open Trade Secrets

We used foundry castings for cylinder blocks and, usually, the castings came to us with holes in them. Such a thing as rejecting the castings never occurred to us; we were too glad to get them, because foundry men weren't entirely sold on the idea of making them. We plugged the holes with cast iron and said nothing. We made our own spark plugs—first out of mica, and then out of porcelain. Steering wheels were individualized ideas, not standardized equipment. One day Henry Ford came to Cleveland with a racing car. He had a steering wheel he had made himself and which spun around a number of times before he could get the car going in the desired direction.

"Ford," I told him, "you are going to kill yourself with that thing."

"Why?" he asked.

"Because you can't control your car with it."

He allowed as though I might be right.

"You know I'm right," I told him, and added I would send him blue prints of the wheel and gear I was using.

He thanked me, but instead of sending him the blue prints, I boxed up a complete outfit and shipped it to Detroit. He found plenty of use for it. The steering wheel was one of my early patents, and it was the same wheel that came into later and general use. It is but one of more than a hundred patents I hold on different parts for automobiles.

I believe I am entitled to say I have never collected a cent in royalties from them. Nor will I. Lawyers have tried to argue me into bringing suits for infringements, but it so happened we pioneers always worked together. We loaned ideas. We loaned tools. We loaned patents. If we worked out a good idea, we loaned that. You see, some twenty years ago there was a man named George Baldwin Selden, a lawyer and inventor living in Rochester, New York, who caused a lot of trouble and expense to the automobile industry by bringing suit against all of us for the infringement of a patent that had been granted him on May 8, 1879. His patent covered a machine containing the essential principles of an automobile.

He tried to interest various persons in his idea, failed for years, and then entered into an agreement with William C. Whitney, an Eastern capitalist, on November 4, 1899, under which he turned over exclusive rights to his idea. Whitney purchased control of the Electric Vehicle Company and then began a vigorous enforcement of his claims. The Winton company was the first to be attacked—because it was the largest—and though we put up a vigorous defense, we lost the first court fight. We appealed the case and, while waiting to be again heard, entered into an agreement with other manufacturers to pay certain royalties to Selden and Whitney.

Servicing in the Early Days

For years Selden was in the courts, until, in January, 1911, in the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, the validity of the Selden patent was upheld, but the defendant—the Ford Motor Company—was held to be not liable, because it was manufacturing a motor of a type known as the Otto engine, whereas Selden's claims described one known as the Brayton type.

All of us were following the Otto principles, so that decision relieved us of further contributions to Selden and his backers. But the unpleasantness of all those suits brought together the manufacturers for an exchange of ideas and mutual protection. I am still old-fashioned and believe it was a good thing.

We made our own radiators. These cooling devices were nothing more than banks of tubes through which water could flow. During summer months, on Saturdays and after school hours, we used to have boys come in and string square tin washers, with a jagged hole punched in the center of each, on the tubes. When the washers were all in place we would dip the tubes in solder so as to make them one part.

We made our own carburetors. The first device used was a tube which went down nearly to the bottom of the gasoline tank. Air went through it, was forced into the gasoline, and when the impregnated mixture reached the top, it was suctioned off and passed through a valve between the tank and the engine, so the mixture would be leaned down to combustible proportions.

That contrivance didn't work any too well, so we made a mixer which was an ordinary valve and pipe through which the gasoline could pass on its way to the motor. Out of the mixer came the present carburetor. In the one we built I had a hole punched in the bottom so the air could reach the gasoline. One day I received a frantic letter from a Brooklyn doctor who had purchased one of my cars.

A few days later I was standing in his barn, looking at the machine, which, he said, wouldn't run.

I examined the gas tank. It was all right. I looked over the spark plugs. Tested the batteries. Got down under the car and stared up underneath. Everything seemed all right, so I went around in front and spun the motor. It was dead. Finally I ran my fingers under the mixer.

Then I broke in on the physician's sarcastic twitterings with this question: "Why did you plug the hole in the bottom of the mixer?"

"To keep the gasoline from leaking."

"Have you ever studied chemistry?"

"Certainly."

"I see. But you never learned that an explosion is impossible without a mixture of some sort. In this case it happens that gasoline has to be mixed with air before results can be obtained." It was my turn to be sarcastic. I punched another hole in the mixer, drained off the gasoline which had flooded the cylinders, put the fluid back in the tank, turned the crank and started the motor.

That was one thing we pioneers in automobiles had to do that presidents of companies miss today. We had to give personal service to our customers. Many times I have piled out of bed on a winter's night to aid a stranded driver. A good many times, too, I left my telephone receiver off the hook so I could get some sleep.

Batteries, so dependable now, were practically useless as they then made them. The battery was nothing but a receptacle holding containers, or cups, filled with the active acid fluid. These cups were made of carbon, and after a car had traveled a couple of blocks the cups were almost sure to break, spilling their contents and rendering them useless.

A man named Nungesser was building ours, and they were causing me so much trouble that I refused to put them in the cars. I went to Nungesser and said to him:

"I want you to tell me the truth. For weeks you have been promising a dependable battery and you haven't delivered. What's wrong? Can't you make one?"

His face flushed as he admitted: "I can't, Mr. Winton. I've tried everything and can find nothing."

That was bad news for me. I went into his plant, looked over various experiments and finally suggested:

"Why don't you use a wire gauze for your cup instead of carbon?"

"A wire gauze?"

"Yes. Use copper. It is flexible and will not deteriorate in the acid solution."

He tried it and it worked. Worked so well that he offered me a half interest in his business. I declined, although it would not have cost me a cent. I told him I was having troubles enough in the automobile business. That suggestion solved battery difficulties for a good many years and was really the beginning of the present storage battery. Nungesser later sold out to one of the big battery companies for an appreciable sum of money.

The Start of the Self-Starter

We made our own fans, our own differentials, transmissions, frames, brakes. I built the first two-braking system, and a Winton car was first to be equipped with internal and external brakes on the one drum. This was another of my patents, and it is only in the last few years that four-wheel brakes have taken the place of those I worked out.

We built our own starters. We had an air starter that took the pressure from the cylinders, stored it in a tank and kept it ready for use. This air starter was the forerunner, in a sense, of the present electric starter.

It came about in a simple way. I was looking at a car one day when one of my men came along and began cranking it. The motor was cold and it was hard work.

"Next year we are going to equip our cars with starters," I told an associate, standing with me.

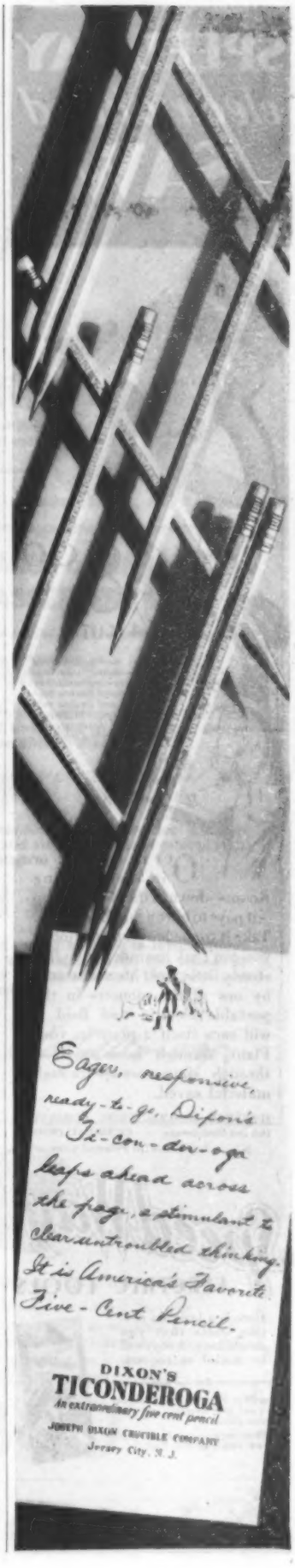
"You mean so cars won't have to be cranked?"

"Yes."

"How can you do that?" There was doubt in his voice.

"That's what I'm thinking about." I went inside, made a drawing of the idea that had come, built a mechanism that could be operated by pressing down a foot, and we had the starter.

There was confusion but at the same time orderliness in the automobile shops. Other companies were very similar in their practices to ours. I guess, looking back, our most important tools were cold chisels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An extraordinary five cent pencil
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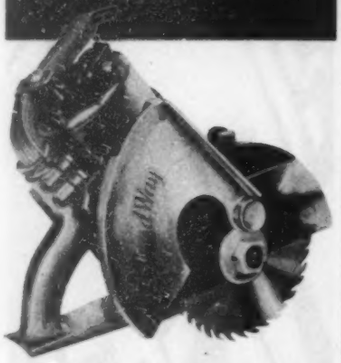

$48.00
1¾" CUT

SpeedWay electric drills and hammers—electric saws and screw drivers—are handled by Graybar, General Electric Supply Houses and leading mill supply jobbers. In foreign countries by International General Electric Company.

OUT in the Yard or in the Shipping Room—down in the Repair Shop—it pays to have a SpeedWay Saw. Take it to the job—any old job—you can't ask too much from this sturdy little tool. Manufactured by one of the pioneers in the portable electric tool field it will earn itself a place in your Plant through labor saved—through time saved—through material saved.

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Here is a book on cutting costs that you should have. A copy will be mailed on request.

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Please send me your booklet, "How to Save with SpeedWay Tools."

Name .....
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and hammers. In the beginning nearly everything we made was handmade. Even the engine blocks that came from the foundry had to be worked on by hand. They were so crude that we had to chip off the rough spots so as to give them a presentable appearance. As we progressed and as more business came, we had to build tools that would speed up the job.

Not only did we have to fight all the time to get things done but after we had them finished we had to pitch in and fight the wildcat automobile companies on the outside. It was difficult for the public to distinguish between the genuine and the ephemeral, and there are towns that can still point to windowless factories that were built from the stock sold by glib promoters, but which never manufactured more than two or three cars. Orphan cars were numerous and always were a 100 per cent liability, because it was impossible to get replacements for broken parts. The big accessory companies that now help the industry did not exist.

Dishonest practices did much harm during years when support was most needed. The orphan-car situation became so serious that The White Company—another of the pioneers—gave publication to this advertisement:

"In a reserved and guarded way we have several times spoken of the desirability of purchasing a car made by a substantial firm possessing ample capital. In the last few months many concerns which have embarked in the manufacture of automobiles have discontinued, while others have withdrawn from actual business and their organizations have been scattered.

"The man who has bought a car from such a concern learns too late that he has a car on his hands which is the next best thing to useless and worthless simply because duplicate parts cannot be obtained. It is of utmost importance that the purchaser should inquire very thoroughly into the stability of the concern from which he buys, and that the offer of a car at a special price is apt to be an incident of a closing-out sale."

The Dashboard Problem

We advertised this way:

"The erroneous impression on the part of the public as to the proper price to pay for a substantial road vehicle is further strengthened by the mistakes of certain manufacturers who rush into the production of a mechanical article without previous manufacturing experience to guide them.

"Only after the mischief is done and a ruinous balance is on the wrong side of the ledger does realization of the folly come. It is then too late to mend matters. This is the history of every industry that is new, and it will continue to be the history so long as there are inexperienced and impulsive individuals who jump into a new business without knowledge of its difficulties or requirements."

When you know that more than 500 automobile companies came in and went out in those first few years, you will better understand some of the forces working against those of us who were honestly trying to succeed. We pioneers had to be conservative.

I remember that back in 1899 a bus line was announced to operate between Chicago and St. Louis. All of us believed bus lines would come some day, but we knew the public was not ready to accept such a dream, so there were those among us who inspired this widely printed editorial expression:

"The notion that electric vehicles, or vehicles of any other kind, will be able to compete with railroad trains for long-distance traffic is visionary to the point of lunacy," wrote E. P. Ingersoll, a writer on automobile topics. "The juvenile Munchausen who hatched out this latest motor canard was conscience-stricken enough to add that the whole matter was still in an exceedingly hazy state.

"If it ever emerges from the nebulous state, it will be in a world where natural laws are all turned topsy-turvy, and time and space are no more. Were it not for the surprising persistence of this delusion, the yarn would not be worthy of notice."

We were trying to keep public interest, suddenly aroused, within reasonable boundaries.

Aside from making cautious predictions, we had other diversions. There were many arguments as to the necessity for the dashboard. The public wanted protection against wind and rain; manufacturers wanted lessened costs. After years of argument, the thing was settled by putting the motor in front, with a hood over it.

The hood brought arguments. Learned editorials were written emphasizing the pride of yacht owners in displaying the propelling machinery to their guests, and it was insisted that a similar interest should prevail in automobiles. Then the hood was forgotten and stirring word battles were fought in the greatest wilderness of all—the wilderness of terminology.

Some wanted "horseless carriage" as a standard description; others recommended "polycycle," "syke," "motor wagon," "motocycle," "horseless-carriage bicycle," "road locomotive"—I guess there were a hundred names, but "automobile," because of its easy rhythm, won out.

Another thing we had to do which no president or executive of an automobile company of today would think of doing was to compete against each other on race tracks. Duryea, Walter C. White, Ford—we all used to race. That is how we attracted attention to our products. The public looked upon racing as a test of an automobile's worth, and to a great extent it guided its buying habits by the results of the contests.

Which reminds me. Ford got his first big reputation when he raced me at the Grosse Pointe track, in Detroit. The day was October 10, 1901.

Prior to that time Ford was little known. The first mention of him in connection with the motor industry, so far as I have been able to find, was in a small item in an issue of The Horseless Age, printed in 1898. It read:

"Henry Ford, of Detroit, Michigan, chief engineer of the Edison Electric Company of that city, has built a number of gasoline vehicles which are said to have been successfully operated. He is reported to be financially supported by several prominent men of the city who intend to manufacture the Ford vehicle. From Mr. Ford himself no information can be gleaned regarding his vehicle or his plans for manufacture."

The Ford-Winton Race

For some time prior to 1901 I had been the dirt-track champion driver, and when I received a challenge to race Ford in Detroit I accepted. In that race Ford did not drive his famous 999 car against me. The car he used was one he made immediately preceding the building of the 999. A number of cars started, but the event soon narrowed into a test between my car and Ford's. The Detroit News, on the day following the race, described the event:

"Winton took the lead at the start and held it easily for five miles. Then the Detroit car began to creep up, and right in front of the grand stand, on the seventh lap, Ford forged ahead. Winton seemed to lose his power. His great car began to smoke and he was out of the race."

Ford won, of course, and in winning, attracted national attention. Afterward he said, "Put Winton in my car and he'll beat anything in this country."

I told him I'd put myself back in my own car and beat him any time he came on the track.

The following day he announced: "I will never again be seen in a race."

Nor was he.

Those were great days. Lots of hardships. Lots of quarreling. Lots of satisfaction too. No paved highways for automobiles to shoot along at sixty and seventy miles an hour; just country roads, filled with ruts, sand and mud, over which no one wanted to drive at the maximum speed of passenger cars, which was about thirty miles an hour. But every trip was a different adventure.

DRAWN BY DONALD McKEE

Twenty Years Later—"Casey Would Waltz With the Strawberry Blonde"

The *three* COMMANDMENTS *that Guide our Engineers*

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company

Office of Vice-President
Operation and Maintenance

Baltimore, Md., July 1, 1929

FOR THE GUIDANCE OF ENGINEERS HANDLING PASSENGER TRAINS

SAFETY

1. The safety of the train and passengers should have first consideration at all times and in all places. Everything should be subordinated thereto.

COMFORT

2. The train should be handled at all times, and particularly when starting and stopping, so as to promote the comfort of the passengers.

ON TIME

3. Every practicable effort should be made to reduce delays and keep the train on time, but even this should be subordinated always to the safety of the train and comfort of the passengers.

A. H. Galloway
Vice-President

EVERY mile of our railroad has been scientifically studied, and we know the maximum speed at which a train can be run safely and with comfort around every curve.

But B & O engineers have instructions not to exceed certain fixed speeds.

Posted in every engine cab is this general order. The engineer must first deliver his passengers in safety. He must deliver them in comfort. Speed must always be subordinate to safety and to comfort.

A recording device is connected with the engine wheels—locked at the start of each run, and examined at headquarters when the run is over. It shows exactly how fast the train has traveled at every point. If the engineer breaks the commandments, even for a single mile, the record shows it and he is asked to explain.

Our running time compares favorably with that of other roads. But you have the feeling always—at least we try to have you have it—that you are moving smoothly, quietly, seemingly without haste and with a little extra attention all the way.

This is the purpose of our engineers and of the rest of the 70,000 men and women who operate the B & O.

Forty per cent of our passengers are women

They like the Southern cooking in our diners. They like the smooth, quiet movement of the trains, which enables them to read comfortably in the day, and sleep soundly at night. We appreciate the loyalty of our women patrons and we try to show that we appreciate it.

The B&O

BALTIMORE & OHIO

Rid *your* home of these discomforts—*Now*

Why let another winter chill your home and levy "fuel bill tribute" on the family budget? Building *new* or modernizing *now*, with Masonite Structural Insulation in the roof and walls, will make your home quiet and snug and warm, will cut your next year's fuel bill substantially and will protect you from spring's dampness and summer's heat.

Masonite homes cost very little more than those of ordinary construction, for the big sturdy boards both build *and insulate*. Masonite replaces other materials, is moderate in price, and gives homes such added sale, rental and loan values that Masonite itself becomes a real dividend-paying investment.

For plastered surfaces that are permanently beautiful, and highly resistant to cracking, there is nothing like Masonite Insulating Lath. Its smooth even surface prevents the formation of dust streaks on ceilings. Its tough wood fibres hold plaster with a bond of 1000 pounds or more per square foot. Its millions of dead air cells guard each room from temperature extremes and deaden sound between adjacent rooms or apartments.

Home mechanics use Masonite for partitioning off extra rooms in cellar or attic. Good lumber dealers can supply you with it; carpenters can quickly apply it in either new buildings or old. The illustrations in the Masonite booklet show you where Masonite will go in the walls, roof or floors of your home. The booklet is sent Free to anyone interested in building or remodeling.

Your copy will be mailed on receipt of the coupon.

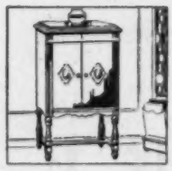
MASONITE CORPORATION
111 West Washington Street, Chicago, Illinois

Masonite

STRUCTURAL INSULATION · INSULATING LATH · PRESDWOOD

Masonite Presdwood—*grainless wood which takes any finish*

Here is a remarkable material which takes any finish so beautifully that even experts often mistake a cabinet of Masonite Presdwood for one of natural wood. This grainless wood is used in the home and the factory for its beauty, its workability and its hard, smooth surface. It does not crack or splinter, is highly resistive to moisture, and never warps when properly handled. It is a material of vital interest to home owners, builders and industrial executives—described fully in the Presdwood booklet. A check mark on the coupon brings your copy of this booklet, FREE.



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VOTES

(Continued from Page 35)

It so happened that the butler was entering the room as he spoke, and the seeming immediate result of Old Tim's summons left the boss without anything to complain about. He set his lips and looked surprised, then, dynamically, he swung again toward Fennister.

"See that!" he cried exultantly. "Already you've had a good effect on this household. For the first time in thirty years I've found Morton when I wanted him!"

The butler gave no evidence of perturbation. He waited until Old Tim's ire seemed sufficiently to have cooled, then said, "What was it you wanted?"

"I've forgotten now," Old Tim snapped. "Whatever it was, you surprised me right out of it. . . . Get out of here." Morton vanished through the door. "I know what it was!" Old Tim shouted after him. "Come back here!" Morton reappeared. "I want Miss Pat to see me before she goes out," Old Tim directed. "Is she up yet?"

Morton did not answer. He swung around on his heel and went out to the hall, and Old Tim went to the library table and took from it the morning paper. He fussed around considerably again in search of his spectacles, then he whirled and demanded of Miss Toland their whereabouts.

"I haven't the faintest idea, Mr. Callahan," the girl answered. "I've never even seen your spectacles."

"Well," Old Tim returned irritably, "if I ever do find them, you take a good look at them. Understand me?"

She nodded and Fennister went to the cellaret and once again got the glasses and handed them to Old Tim. As he did so he winked slyly, and with amusement, at the girl. A faint smile wreathed her lips, but she bowed her head above her notebook and Fennister rounded the table and went to her desk to resume the dictation.

For several moments Old Tim was busy with his newspaper. He rattled the pages viciously and scanned them as might a buzzard the terrain beneath it.

Of the letters which had arrived in the morning, only half a dozen needed answering, and Fennister had finished these and the girl was again sorting the cards before Old Tim had anything further to offer. Then he suddenly burst forth with his favorite expression.

"Hell's bells and gingerbread!" he bellowed. "Jim Booley's beat me to the newspapers!"

He literally snatched free one of the sheets and let the rest of the newspaper drop unheeded at his feet. He strode around the table and glared at Fennister.

"Read it," he commanded. "Read what that old hellion put in the newspaper."

Fennister accepted the crumpled sheet and a brief perusal of it showed him that Booley had rushed to the papers and so succeeded in firing the opening shot of the war between the two bosses. The article which he read was a mild but direct attack upon Hector Sparr. It was replete with veiled references to a supposed attempt on the part of dissatisfied preference seekers to discredit Booley and the regular party organization. It undeniably put Sparr in the light of an ambitious opportunist now ready to bite the hand which had fed him. And what enraged Old Tim most was the caption. This stated that he was apt to return to politics, and the last line of the item repeated the same thing. With deliberate cunning Booley had seen to it that no particular importance was attached to the possibility. Cleverly the implied thought was that Old Tim had motivated a weakling in turning against his benefactors.

When Fennister had finished the reading Old Tim snatched the sheet from him, cast it in the general direction of the library table and faced Miss Toland.

"You get on the telephone right now," he ordered her. "Get the city editor of every newspaper in this town. Tell them that Old Tim Callahan is giving out an important interview at two o'clock today. That's in time for their late editions. If they want the story they've got to have a responsible reporter here at that hour."

Before he had finished speaking Miss Toland had the telephone in one hand and was reaching with the other for the directory. Old Tim turned to Fennister.

"You've picked a girl with some action," he snapped. "Now let's see you travel. I want to make a statement to the newspapers at two o'clock. In it, I want to announce that Hector Sparr offers the only hope the voters have of liberation from Jim Booley and his gang. I want to add that the underworld fears no candidate for chief magistrate except Norman Trago; and that the only man whose ability and experience qualify him to crush and close the dens of vice and gambling that have flourished under the Gilhooley administration is John Cato. When that's done I want to put into the statement the assertion that Senator Harrison Boden is the one man in whom the voters can have complete confidence for comptroller."

He paused again and caught a deep breath.

"All those things I want to say," he shouted emphatically, "but it's up to you to say 'em so that I can't be sued for libel. . . . I'll leave you alone here for an hour. When I come back I want to read the statement. . . . Here's a chance to show what kind of a lawyer you are!"

In the hall outside the library he met Miss Pat. He stopped short and the girl came to him and kissed him. "You look frightfully worked up, daddy," she said. "I wish you wouldn't get so excited over things. It's not good for you."

He patted her shoulder and said, "I haven't got a thing to do for an hour. Why don't you take me for a ride through the park?"

"I've just finished breakfast," Pat agreed. "You get ready and I'll be at the door with the roadster in ten minutes."

As they rode through the park Old Tim lapsed into silence. The conversational burden lay upon the girl. "I hope you enjoyed the dinner last night, daddy," she ventured. "It was a lovely dinner, beautifully served."

"For what it was," Old Tim grunted, "I enjoyed it." Then he turned slightly and faced her. "By the way," he asked casually, "what do you think of Hector Sparr?"

"He's an amazing man," Pat admitted readily. "He has a remarkable flow of English. Everything he says seems sort of oratorical. There's a magnificence about him."

Old Tim smiled faintly and tipped his head back that he might gaze again through the windshield.

"He's a fine man," he grunted, and his tones might have implied a very deep inner satisfaction.

"Where did you find Mr. Fennister?" Pat asked by and by.

"Norman Trago got him. He's reading law down in Trago's office. He's a decent enough kid, but he'll never be a Hector Sparr. As I remember it, he comes from nothing. Norman keeps his father alive and is now giving the son a start."

"He seems very nice," Pat said slowly.

"I'll know more about him in a week," Old Tim countered.

"He has a lovely smile," Pat said, "and his eyes are perfectly wonderful. It seems a shame to waste such eyelashes on a man!"

Old Tim grunted. "If he don't have that interview ready for me in an hour," he avowed, "you'll have nothing to worry about. I'll snatch his eyelashes out, one by one!"

"Is he taking his meals at the house?" Pat inquired.

"He is if he eats," Old Tim growled. "With the things I've got to do, he won't get a chance to go out for them."

"I should think," the girl suggested, "that it might pay to have him live at the house." Old Tim glanced up at her suddenly and she added quickly, "With you so busy and everything, daddy. You see, I know how you are. Very soon you'll be working a lot evenings."

"You just be a good girl," the old man snapped, "and don't start running your father's business affairs."

Pat flushed slightly and gave her attention to the driving. After that they traveled a considerable distance in silence.

VIII

WHEN Old Tim reëntered the library following his ride with Patricia, the soft hum of a silent typewriter filled the room. Miss Toland's nimble fingers were darting over the keyboard while her eyes scanned her notebook, caught in a special rack above the machine. At his own desk, Fennister was busy sorting the cards from the little red boxes. He rose when Old Tim entered, and from Miss Toland's desk gathered some papers.

"This is the statement, Mr. Callahan," he said. "You can begin reading it now. By the time you've finished these pages Miss Toland will have the whole thing typed."

Old Tim rubbed his scrawny hands together briskly. "It's done, is it?" he cackled. "You called them everything I said to call 'em?"

Fennister smiled. "Even a flea has a Latin name," he remarked. "Read the statement and see what you think. I can make any changes you wish."

"Read it to me," the boss snapped. "I probably wouldn't know what it meant if I read it myself."

"I'm afraid we'll delay the work if we read aloud here," Fennister pointed out. "Miss Toland must have quiet."

"Hell's bells and gingerbread!" Old Tim cried querulously. "Is that girl going to start telling me what I can do in my own house?"

Fennister shrugged his shoulders. "You want the statement finished," he said. Then, through a smile: "Isn't there some way we could blame Morton for this?"

The remark seemed lost on Old Tim. He glanced quickly about the library. "We'll go into the drawing-room," he announced. He led the way through the hall and Fennister paused only to ask Miss Toland to bring the remaining part of the statement to them there.

On their way down the hall they came upon Miss Pat, who was halfway up the grand staircase. Her cheeks were still pink from the ride with her father. Pat paused when she saw her father, but when she saw that Fennister accompanied him, she turned and came down the stairway.

"Good morning, Mr. Fennister," she said cordially, her right hand extended. "I see you're already in harness."

"I am, indeed," Fennister acknowledged. And he added, "I like it immensely. I hope our presence here in the house will not interfere with your routine."

"Indeed not," the girl proclaimed vehemently. "I think it's perfectly thrilling. The house is so big and usually so quiet."

"You'd better go upstairs," Old Tim cut in. "Come in here, Fennister. Maybe you don't realize it, but we're a busy team."

Laughingly Fennister released the girl's hand and followed Old Tim into the drawing-room. For a long moment Pat stood there on the stairway, her gaze alternating between the blank, closed door of the drawing-room and the fingers of her right hand which Fennister had held.

"Now read," Old Tim instructed as the two stood alone in the vast room. "Try and read it just like you'd read it from a newspaper—not too fast and not too slow."

He listened attentively while Fennister read. Though he did not at any time interrupt the young man, he now and then chuckled as some particularly adroit phrase conveyed a perfectly clear meaning without making a definite statement.

The single interruption to the reading was the silent approach of Miss Toland with the balance of the statement. "All told," she said softly to Fennister, "there are seven papers in the city. I'll make eight copies of this statement?" Fennister nodded and the girl left.

"Tell Morton to bring me my pipe," Old Tim rapped at her as she went out.

Fennister went on with the reading and shortly it was done. The retentive powers of Old Tim's amazing mind never were better displayed than by the three or four comments he had to make at the conclusion of the reading.

He did not ask for any repetition. He merely pointed out what had been said at various points in the ten typewritten pages and then suggested the changes he thought advisable. Fennister made notes of these changes.

"I presume you'll want to hand a copy to each of the newspapermen at two o'clock," he said.

"Yes," Old Tim grunted. "And see that whoever gets a copy attests our file copy by signing his name to it." Fennister turned toward the door and Old Tim consulted his watch. "You'd best arrange to take your meals here in the house, Fennister," he suggested. "I never know when I'm going to want something. Morton will take care of you. I suppose you'll give Miss Toland a regular lunch hour?"

"Of course," Fennister nodded.

Old Tim stood silent a moment, gazing at the younger man speculatively. "Have you got any idea," he demanded suddenly, "why I'm sorting out those cards by occupation?"

Fennister smiled vaguely. "I notice that there are a good many cards," he answered slowly, "and only six or eight occupations."

Old Tim cackled mirthfully. "You'll have to size up a lot of those fellows as they come to the house here," he said. "I want to warn you now never to believe anything they say. They're a bad lot, but we can use 'em." Fennister nodded without response.

"I won't have this man Glench on my ticket," Old Tim went on irritably. "He's a blasted redhead with a pompadour." Fennister nodded again, but his smile widened. "I want to center part of our fight against Booley down in Glench's ward. Just as soon as Booley comes out with a statement against my candidates, I want to be able to prove that his candidate wasn't good enough for our ticket. Understand me?"

Fennister nodded again. "I want you to see to it," Old Tim instructed, "that the district leaders in Glench's ward call here at eight o'clock tonight. You'd better get the captain of police, the man in charge of the detective bureau in that precinct, and the owner of every good speak-easy the ward boasts. Get them all here tonight at eight o'clock. You understand me?"

Fennister had been making notes again as Old Tim talked. "I understand," he returned quietly.

"Morton!" Old Tim shrilled as though he might have been calling his shadow. Fennister stepped to the door and threw it open so that the man's voice might penetrate the walls of the room. There was a bell cord hanging beside a hall tapestry and this the young man pulled gently. He stood by until Morton responded.

"I'll have fifteen or twenty men here at eight o'clock tonight," Old Tim informed the butler. "See to it that these rugs are moved out of harm's way. Move the furniture back against the walls too. Maybe you'd better get a couple of sawhorses and planks and stand them over in the corner. Cover them over with a cheap tablecloth

(Continued on Page 150)

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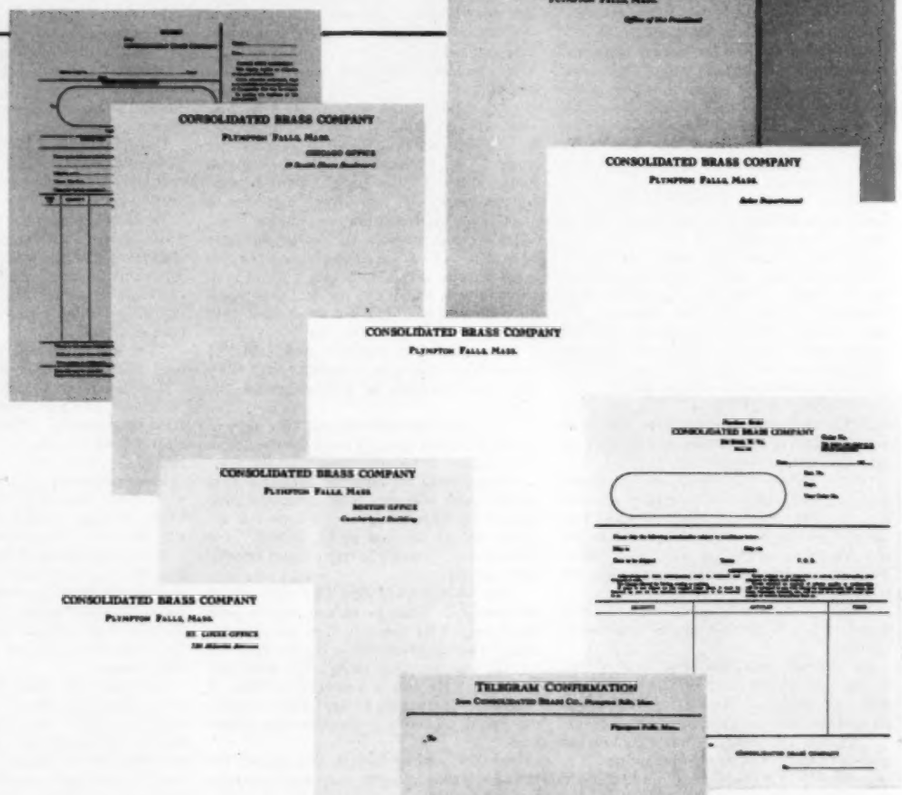

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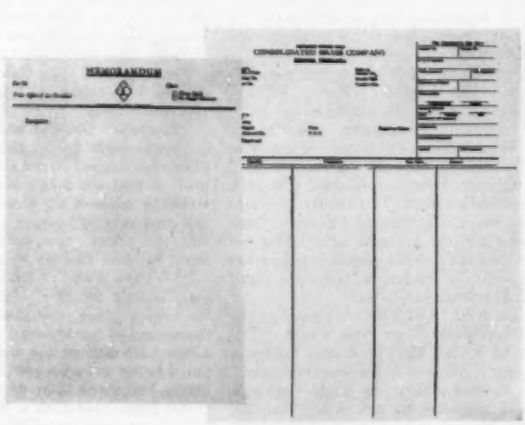

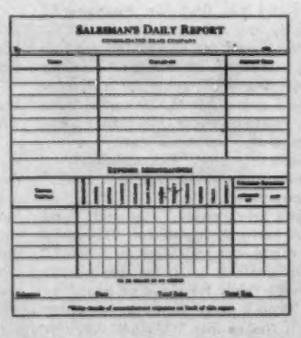

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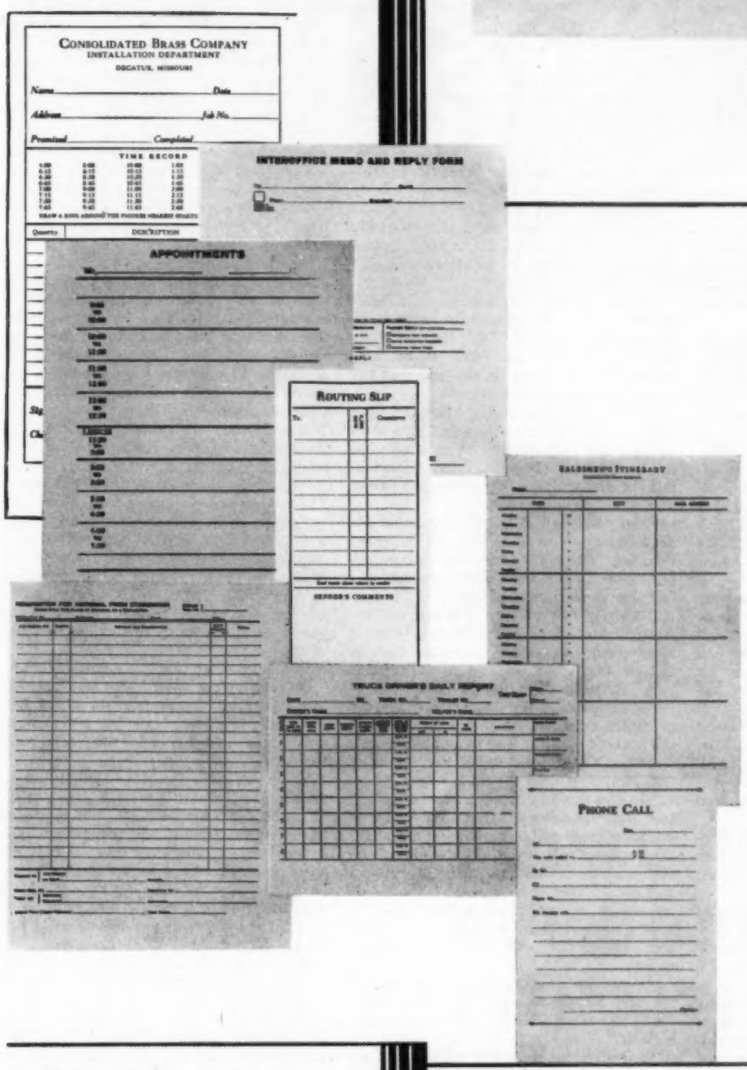

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(Continued from Page 147)

and see that we have sandwiches and beer and a few bottles of Scotch."

"I'll see to it," Morton answered.

"See that you do," Old Tim growled.

He led Fennister down the hall to the library again. "Get Hector Sparr on the telephone," he directed Miss Toland. "After I talk with him, I'll speak with Norman Trago and John Cato. If you haven't got the telephone numbers, you can get 'em from Trago's office."

As he waited for the call to mature, Old Tim paced the room, chuckling to himself. Sparr answered readily enough.

"I won't stand for that red-headed upstart Glench," Old Tim barked into the telephone. "He can't run on my ticket. I'll stand for Spurgeon and Boden, and I want Cato, but Glench is out."

Apparently Sparr attempted some answer, but it was short-lived. "I don't care a whoop what you think!" Old Tim shouted into the transmitter. "I say he don't run on my ticket. Even Booley wouldn't dare run him for chairman of the board. Therefore he'll have to run for alderman again in his own ward. And we've got to beat him. You rack what brains you've got until you come across a good name in Glench's ward. When you get a good one I'll make him alderman there. Understand now, I don't want a politician. I want a man that runs a store or a real-estate business or a greenhouse—some fellow that's known favorably and is more or less of a sap. You scratch around and dig me up a man like that. I want him here at my house at eight o'clock tonight too."

Without giving Sparr opportunity to answer, he slammed the receiver onto the hook. "Now get Norman Trago," he snapped at Miss Toland.

Once again he paced the floor while he waited for this call. When Trago was ready to speak Old Tim knew just what he wanted to say.

"Hello, Norman," he grunted. "How's it feel to be a politician?" He cackled mirthlessly at Trago's response. Then: "I'm giving a statement to the newspapers at two o'clock today. I'm also talking with the reporters. I'm going to announce you as a candidate for chief magistrate, Sparr for mayor, Boden for comptroller, Spurgeon for city treasurer and Cato for district attorney. Just as soon as I'm through with these fellows, they'll be after you like a darky after watermelon. When they get to you, Norman, tell them nothing but the truth: You're going to run because you have my pledge that as chief magistrate you won't owe a political obligation to any man alive. After you've told them that, you'll know better what to say about your motives than anybody else. I'm in a hurry now. Good-by."

Once again he slammed the receiver back onto the hook.

"Get John Cato," he directed Miss Toland. "When he's ready to speak, Fennister," he went on, "you tell him that I want him here at eight sharp." He consulted his watch again, turned toward the girl. "You'd better go to lunch. I want you back here by two o'clock in case we need you . . . . Morton!"

When the butler responded, Old Tim glared at him. "Where's my pipe?" he demanded. "Didn't she tell you I wanted my pipe?"

"She told me," Morton nodded. "I was busy."

"Busy?" Old Tim shouted in a rising inflection. "What have you to do but take care of me?"

Morton turned stolidly toward the man. "I had to tell the police that it was all right to let young Timmy out of jail," he answered flatly.

"Hell's bells and gingerbread!" Old Tim thundered. "It ain't all right to let him out! A week in jail would do that whippersnapper more good than typhoid fever."

"Yes," Morton mumbled, turning toward the celiaret for the pipe, "it would do the newspapers a lot of good, too, just to know that he was in jail. Put there at your own direction. Even Booley might show an interest in that."

Old Tim went white and his fingers jerked convulsively. A dead silence fell upon the room, except for the faint commotion made by the butler as he filled Old Tim's pipe, conveyed it to him and held a match while he puffed it to life.

Through a ring of smoke clouds, Old Tim muttered in a strange voice, "See that we get lunch. Serve it in the dining room. There'll be Fennister and me." He paused briefly, then: "Ask Miss Pat if she won't join us. I—I like to have her near me."

He withdrew the pipe from his mouth and regarded it with dissatisfaction. He handed it back to Morton. "Take it away," he said. "It don't taste right. You, Fennister," he snapped, "get busy with those cards and see to it that the people I want are here at eight o'clock. . . . I'm going to my room."

He paused in the doorway and rested his clawlike hand against the jamb. "I'll have a bottle of ale before lunch," he told the butler. "Bring it up to my room right away. And don't be dumb about it, Morton. Get me a cold bottle. One that's been right on the ice." Then he vanished down the hall.

Miss Toland glanced at Fennister. "You'd better get your lunch," the young man suggested. He glanced at his watch and saw that it was a quarter before one. "Any time before two will serve the purpose," he said.

"What a weird old man he is," the girl ventured. Then she added thoughtfully, "But he has his troubles." Fennister did not make answer. The girl went to the corner of the room where hung her hat and coat. Fennister put in the telephone call for John Cato, and as he waited for a reply Miss Patricia came into the room.

"I heard daddy go upstairs," she explained smilingly. "It occurred to me that I might be helpful to the young lady."

"You've met Miss Toland?" Fennister inquired. The two had not met and he introduced them.

"Father's bark is apt to be worse than his bite," Pat explained. "But at times he's frightfully unreasonable. I wouldn't be surprised if he'd scold you because you couldn't immediately lay your finger on something you'd never heard of." The secretary and stenographer joined understandingly in her smile. Pat took Miss Toland by the arm. "You'd really ought to know something about the house," she explained. "My father will have you running all over it in a day or two. Let me show you around."

So they left Fennister suddenly to himself, and Cato's office had spoken to him twice over the telephone before he roused from thoughts of Patricia.

By mention of Old Tim's name he had little trouble in getting Cato on the telephone. He delivered the boss' message. "Sure," Cato grunted, "I'll be there. I'll be there right on the dot."

Then Fennister told the man something of the problem he had in reaching the others Old Tim wanted, and in this Cato was able to help him without end. He told the young man whom to call first and how it would be possible for him to have his messages relayed. Fennister's next half hour was a busy one. So instantaneous was each response to the mention of Old Tim's name that the young man quickly learned to cut conversational corners. By the time he had made five or six telephone calls, his words had passed through the range of invitation, information and into definite direction.

"Is this the captain?" he inquired on his call to the police station.

"This is the captain," a gruff voice answered.

"I'm speaking for Tim Callahan," Fennister said. "He wants you here at his house at eight o'clock tonight, sharp. . . . You're sure this is the captain in person?"

"Old Tim, eh?" the captain grunted. "Something's going on all right! Tell him I'll be there."

It was a quarter past one when Pat entered the library again and spoke to Fennister. "Luncheon is served," she said. "Morton has gone upstairs to call daddy. I'm so glad you have arranged to take your meals in the house."

Fennister beamed upon the girl and quite deliberately caught her hands in his own. It was a gesture the spontaneity of which pleased her.

"It's very lovely," he said, "to find that I'm going to be here with you. Your father may be pretty sharp at times, Miss Pat, but already he's arranged some very delightful things for me."

They walked together through the hall and across to the dining room. Morton stood by to serve them, and when Fennister had seated the girl, he looked up at the butler.

"Mr. Callahan will join us at once?" he inquired.

"He's changed his mind, sir," Morton announced. "I'm serving his lunch upstairs. He says he wants to think about those newspapermen."

"Perhaps I'd better see if I can be of help to him," Fennister said, disappointment in his tone.

Pat reached out and caught him by the wrist. "Nobody was ever a help to daddy when he wanted to think." She laughed. "Take my word for it. Sit down and we'll have luncheon together."

During the meal Morton gave the most careful service. Gone was the attitude he displayed toward Old Tim. He took a delight in hovering at Pat's elbow. So marked was the change in the man that Pat made comment upon it.

To Fennister she said, "Morton's been with us since before I was born." To Morton she said beguilingly, "You're on your most excellent behavior today, Morton, but I'm sure if daddy were here, the two of you would be quarreling."

Fennister laughed, but the servant made no answer. Now and then he regarded Fennister with a distinctly appraising look, but never at any time did his complacent features show dissatisfaction.

"It's perfectly killing," Pat said to Fennister, "the understanding there is between Morton and my father. I notice that he always addresses you and Mr. Trago as 'sir.' He never says that to daddy."

Showing a rare discretion, Morton promptly occupied himself with duties in the butler's pantry. The two young people remained at the table until interrupted by Old Tim.

"In five minutes it will be two o'clock," the boss announced irritably. "Those newspapermen will be here. You'd best get those statements ready. . . . Pat," he said, turning toward the girl, "Morton's a jackass. I told him to receive the newspapermen in the drawing-room and he hasn't made a single preparation." Morton entered the room and heard the remark.

"You said nothing about preparations for the newspapermen," he said flatly. "I'll be ready for the others at eight o'clock."

Fennister had risen and walked now toward the hall. "You meet these fellows when they get here," Old Tim directed him. "Take them right into the drawing-room and entertain 'em until they all arrive. Then call me." Fennister bowed, nodded to Pat and left the room.

"Morton," the girl said quietly, "there's a letter on the writing desk in my room. Would you mind getting it and bringing it to me here?" The butler started out, but Old Tim irritably interrupted.

"We've got only five minutes," he complained. "I want Morton to put some whisky and soda and ice in the drawing-room and be there to serve these men what they want."

"This won't take but a minute, daddy," Pat said. "I'm anxious to have you explain this letter."

Morton returned with the envelope. The girl handed it to her father, who promptly called for his reading glasses. Morton journeyed to the library and fetched them. Impatiently Old Tim adjusted them and, with shaking fingers, spread the envelope and withdrew its contents.

As he did so, a fifty-dollar bill fluttered to his feet and lay there unnoticed by him. He read the letter. It was a terse note from the gentle young lady in Jim Booley's outer office. Addressed to Miss Patricia, it pointed out that her father was a boor and a cad, and that decent people were not interested in the fifty-dollar bills his politics had made so plentiful.

As Old Tim finished reading, his jaw set and his lips trembled angrily. Pat stooped and picked up the fifty-dollar bill. She laid it in her father's hand. Without a word, Old Tim crumpled the letter and the bill and cast them viciously onto the table.

In the hall outside, the doorbell clanged and the boss slipped quickly from the dining room and mounted the stairs again, there to await Fennister's summons. Miss Pat stood for a long moment alone.

IX

OLD TIM was always news. His new political aims constituted a front-page story, but the mere mention of his name created other newspaper values. In this respect he handicapped every other man in public life. He was picturesque, unique and consequently interesting.

He handled matters in a characteristically brusque way. With a keen insight, he managed his appearance for the interview theatrically. Morton had set out what Callahan considered the requisites of the occasion. Fennister had occupied the minds of the earlier arrivals until the gathering was complete. Upon this scene Old Tim appeared. He walked briskly through the open door and promptly directed Morton to close it behind him.

"Good afternoon, gentlemen," he greeted. The newspapermen present answered him variously. One of them—an elderly fellow with white hair and a dandruff-covered coat collar—separated himself from the rest and extended his hand toward the boss.

"It seems natural, Mr. Callahan, to be interviewing you," he said. "Takes me back quite a bit. None of us get any younger as we go along."

Old Tim cackled his well-known laugh. "To stay young would be life's greatest tragedy," he snapped philosophically. "What would we know of the mellow, musty flavor of the cup if we drank only the foam?"

"It's all over town, Mr. Callahan," a reporter said, "that you're back in the ring."

"I got you together here," Old Tim said to them, "for a definite purpose. I am back in politics. Understand me? I'm back with both feet. My secretary has a prepared statement and he'll give you each a copy of it. I don't want any changes. Just as I always have, I give all of you a fair shake. So long as you all get exactly the same thing, there can't be any criticism."

The newspapermen nodded agreement with that sentiment and Morton seized upon the momentary silence which followed to circulate among them with cigars. Shortly the room was filled with smoke.

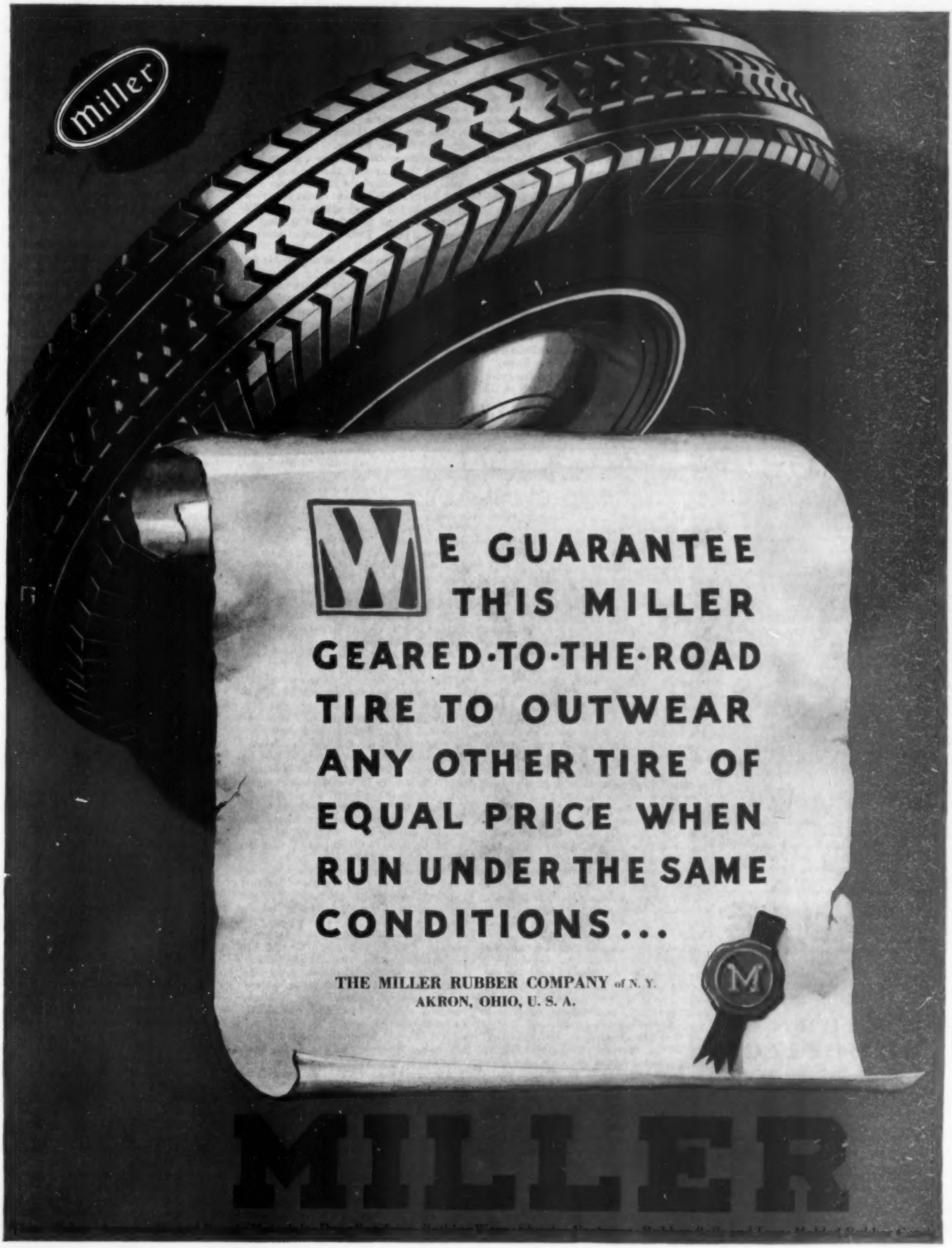
"Get my pipe, Morton," Old Tim instructed when the butler was free. "Fill it fresh and bring some matches." Then he turned his attention again to the reporters.

"You fellows print that statement just as it is. I'll tear the hide off anybody that changes a word in it." The men laughed good-naturedly. Old Tim glared at them under his shaggy brows. "But you'll want to be printing more than the mere statement. First I'm going to tell you a few things, then you can ask any questions you want. If I don't want to answer them, I won't."

Once again the men nodded. It was evident that Old Tim purposed to interview himself.

They listened while he continued: "I don't have any trouble getting my clothes fitted over wings," he sneered. "I've got to admit I'm not proud of my record in the

(Continued on Page 152)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(Continued from Page 150)

church. There's probably as much about me to criticize as there is about any average man. So I'm no reformer. Everybody in this town knows I've gone through the mill. I organized my party in this town; put it on its feet and saw it start on the road to public service. Then I quit. As soon as I realized that the child of my own brain was ready to stand upon its own feet, I turned it loose. This ought to prove that I have no selfish motives; it does prove it. I stepped aside voluntarily and gave others I believed in opportunity to serve the public. For ten years I've sat back and watched my own creation suffer from the battering and pollution of men whose scruples vanished as power came to them.

"I'm an old man now. I've seen my three score and ten, and I've about drained my cup. I can have no greater monument than the one I'm about to build—that is, to be the man who cast out of the body politic a parasite like Jim Booley. I charge his organization with corruption, deceit, malfeasance and treachery, and I pledge myself to lead a fight against him that will break his power and purge the party of the most evil influence a municipality ever knew."

He paused and glanced about the room, his glittering eyes embracing each of the men present.

"There's no better evidence," he went on after a moment, "of my sincerity of purpose and the justice of my charges than that Norman Trago has agreed to run independently, with my backing, for chief magistrate. Our citizens are victimized by an oligarchy more impudent and more powerful than any monarchy that ever hampered the development of man. The underworld fears Norman Trago, just as the upper world respects him. With that man on the bench, gentlemen, justice will hold sway and political influence will disappear.

"Hector Sparr is our candidate for mayor. His character and his record speak for themselves. I mean to throw every ounce of my influence behind his candidacy. The man and his record are above reproach. He joins hands with me in an honest endeavor to clean our political house. We'll run John Cato for district attorney. He's honest, sincere and a worker. He was selected because of these traits, coupled with first-hand experience in dealing with crooks. The great issue before the people is law enforcement, and an incorruptible district attorney like Cato and an honorable justice like Norman Trago will clip the wings of the underworld, force corruption out of the police department and quickly restore law and order.

"That is the biggest promise we can make the people. As for the rest of our ticket, it speaks for itself. Harrison Boden has shown the financial ability that promises to wipe the slate clean in the comptroller's office. Spurgeon is a man of high qualifications and ideals. He will guide skillfully the finances of our city. Around these men we build our campaign. That's the story in full, gentlemen. At this time I have nothing more to say."

During the discourse Morton had stood at Old Tim's elbow, his favorite pipe in readiness. As the boss finished, he presented the pipe and struck a match, with which he lit it. Old Tim nodded and his withered hands trembled noticeably as he clutched the pipe.

"We're to understand, Mr. Callahan," one of the reporters asked, "that the one thing which brought you back into active politics is your aversion to the corruption which has crept in under the Booley régime?"

"Right," Old Tim snapped. "Whether Booley has a hand in it or whether he hasn't does not interest me. As leader of the party he could have stopped it. I hold him responsible and I want to run him out of power. It's the only way to clean up this town."

He puffed again at his pipe, and Fennister stood back against the wall and regarded the aged man in frank amazement. His flow of English had been good; his presentation of ideas seemed to the young man to have been in perfect sequence; his expressions were forceful and dramatic. In short, as he faced those newspapermen Old Tim Callahan was a definite being with a definite purpose.

Others of the reporters asked questions, some of which Old Tim answered, some of which he declined to consider. Adroitly, it seemed to Fennister, the old man planted in their minds the things he most wanted expressed in their papers.

It was three o'clock before the men left. Each of them avowed that he had completely lost track of the flight of time and must hurry so his account of the interview could make the closing editions. Old Tim stood in the hall and watched the last of them disappear. Then he turned sharply to Fennister.

"You've made all the arrangements for this evening?" he asked.

Fennister outlined what he had done and Old Tim grunted something under his breath which might have been approval, but obviously was not disapproval. By and by he turned toward the staircase.

"I'm going to my room," he announced. "You'll probably be here pretty late tonight, Fennister. You'd better go out and get some air. For a couple of hours I'll be busy writing out my plans for tonight, just as I wrote out and memorized that business I had with the reporters."

In spite of himself Fennister laughed outright. "I was just waiting for a chance, Mr. Callahan," he admitted, "to tell you that that was a masterful piece of work."

"Your opinion isn't worth a damn," Old Tim snapped. "You're too young to know." He turned and started up the stairs. When he was near the top he called over his shoulder, "I'm telling you, you'll be here late tonight. If you expect to get any fresh air today you'd better take a couple of hours now."

Fennister had turned and was walking down the hall toward the library. "Thank you," he called. "Perhaps I will." As he entered the library Miss Toland was answering the telephone.

"It's Mr. Trago," she apprised Fennister. "He's calling for you."

The young man took the instrument and spoke into it. Shortly Norman Trago was on the line.

"I want you to tell Old Tim, Walter," he explained, "that I'm giving a dinner tomorrow night at the Pillar Club. By that time I will be known as a candidate for public office. Though the notice is short, I expect to arrange for the presence of about fifty men of importance. Please tell Mr. Callahan that these men will represent the very highest type of bankers, merchants, lawyers, and the like. I will appreciate it if Mr. Callahan will make every effort to be there."

"He's just gone upstairs," Fennister answered. "If you wish it I'll see him and give you an immediate answer. You say the dinner is at the Pillar Club? And the hour?"

"I'm setting the hour at 7:30," Trago explained. "That will give us half an hour to circulate and get acquainted before dinner."

Fennister set the telephone on the desk and stepped briskly through the hall and up the stairs to Old Tim's door. There he knocked softly. Old Tim querulously called to him to enter.

"Oh, it's you," the boss grunted in surprise when Fennister had opened the door. "I thought it was Morton with my ale." Fennister explained Trago's message and Old Tim nodded agreeably. "Tell Norman I'll be there," he promised. "Tell him he'd better ask Boden too. But warn him not to let those big men get a private load of John Cato!"

Fennister closed the door softly behind him and started down the upper hall. As he reached the head of the staircase Pat came from her room to meet him.

"I heard daddy tell you to go out for a few hours," she explained. "I was going up to the country club myself. Perhaps you'd like to go?"

"I'll be in the library whenever you are ready," Fennister assured her enthusiastically. And he added: "I think you're a peach to give me the chance."

Pat blushed slightly and laughed.

When Fennister advised Trago that Old Tim was glad to accept his invitation, there was a light-heartedness in his voice which surprised the older man.

"Your voice indicates that you are finding the new job satisfactory, Walter," he said.

"I am," Fennister assured him. "There are some things about it, Mr. Trago, that I think I'll grow to like."

"I wouldn't be surprised," Trago agreed. "I wouldn't in the least."

x

AT EIGHT o'clock that evening Fennister's plunge into commercial politics brought him to the point of unbelief. The men who gathered at Callahan's home were of a type hitherto unknown to the young secretary.

The police captain proved to be a bullying sort with a florid face, a thunderous voice and ponderous mental processes. His junior, the detective, was a deliberately soft-spoken individual who stood about contemplating people and maintaining an ostentatious silence. The district leader was of the typical ward-heeler type. He spoke confidentially but openly of the idiosyncrasies of men great in the city's politics. All these men apparently were his close friends and followed religiously his slightest advice.

In addition to these there were present some outright criminals. One man, slight of stature and stooped of shoulder, continuously kept his back against the wall and darted his eyes about the room. This fellow wore a ghastly diamond on the little finger of his left hand. His clothes were vehemently of the best. His white, soft shirt was of silk and was caught together by studs wrought in an intricate design of tiny sapphires and diamonds.

He continuously carried a cigarette between the first and second fingers of his left hand, and he had a habit of jamming it close against their roots. He spoke quite openly of his bootlegging and mentioned sums of money which were difficult for Fennister to compute.

Most of the others wore diamonds, but these were not so large or so plenteous as the slight one affected. Fennister found himself more or less at a loss in talking with these men. Their words were in a jargon strange to him, and he noticed that they made a point of whispering to one another; or when they did speak out, of calling one another names which, but for their ostentatious friendship, must undoubtedly have precipitated violence. They never spoke of their friends; it was always their pals.

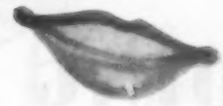
Morton had arranged to bring into the house a caterer. By these arrangements Fennister sensed that the butler had been able to cast aside the mantle of ten years' inactivity and resume about where Old Tim had left off. Recollection served him well.

The sawhorses and planks had been placed. A wide canvas was stretched under them to protect the floor. In the center of the crude table there was a metal washtub filled with ice and bottled beer. Sandwiches were plentiful, and for those desiring the stronger drink, whisky and siphon were ready to hand. The contrast of this gross buffet with the beautiful walls, the crystal chandelier, the atmosphere and splendor of the room was appalling. Involuntarily Fennister lifted his eyes toward the quarters of Patricia. It was hard for him to realize that such a girl could live in such a home.

But among these men Old Tim was dominant. He appeared for the occasion dressed once more in his cutaway coat and striped trousers. He cursed as the others cursed, answered them in their own slang and made each and every one of them feel that here was a man rich in this world's

(Continued on Page 154)

Isn't the mouth of youth worth the price of the finest dentifrice?



THERE can be only one answer to such a question. To protect, to keep the mouth of youth—the gleaming teeth, the firm and healthy gums—is worth far more than any dentifrice will cost you.

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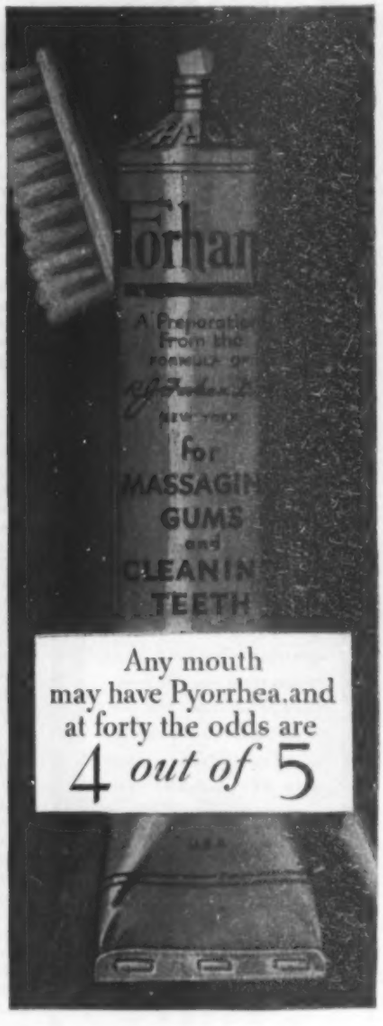

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New Hotel
Jefferson
The ARISTOCRAT *of* ST. LOUIS

RATES
400 rooms
from $3.00 to $4.00
400 rooms
from $4.50 to $7.00
Suites
$8.00 to $15.00

(Continued from Page 152)

goods, but still possessed of a fine sense of values and unfaltering loyalty to old friends.

When each of the group had been provided with refreshments, Old Tim appeared suddenly at Fennister's side. "Step into the library," he directed, "and wait for me." Fennister complied at once, and shortly he was joined by Old Tim and John Cato.

"Now you listen to me, Cato," Old Tim began after closing the library door. "You've got to look to these fellows, and thousands more like 'em, for plenty of money. Every speak-easy in this town has gotta pay. Understand me?"

Cato's thick lips spread in a grin and he nodded his head.

"I'll get the dough all right," he avowed. "After tonight everybody'll know you're behind me. That'll make it a cinch."

"I want at least five hundred thousand dollars from you for the campaign fund," Old Tim snapped. Fennister caught his breath at the size of the sum mentioned, and he held it when the boss continued: "That's letting you off pretty easy, but I may have to come back for more."

Cato slid his hands into his trousers pockets and rocked back and forth on his heels. "We ought to make the grade all right," he said. "I'd like to get a promise from you, Mr. Callahan, that we can appoint some one man police commissioner in case Sparr wins. Get me straight now," he added quickly, "I'm not trying to name the man. I'd just like to know who'll suit you, so we can start to work on him right away. All we got to worry about is the primary. Once we win that, the rest is a cinch."

Old Tim nodded. "I'll let you know when I make up my mind," he said. "I'll work that end through the police captains. I've got other things in my mind for you to do."

"Whatever you say," Cato nodded.

"Get a pencil, Fennister," Old Tim instructed curtly. "Mark down these figures." He turned then to Cato. "How many professional bondsmen are doing business through your office?" he demanded.

"Twenty or thirty," Cato grunted.

"You find out for me before noon tomorrow," Old Tim instructed, "just how much forfeited bail remains uncollected."

A worried look swept across Cato's fat face. "Well," he allowed, "it'll run into plenty of money, boss." Then speculatively, "But ain't that kind of dangerous ground? If we stir those guys up they'll be afraid to play with us."

Old Tim flew into a rage. His clawlike hand shook under Cato's face with such rapidity that Cato backed away a step or two. "You do as I tell you," Old Tim shrilled at him. "You get every professional bondsman to make a fat contribution to this campaign fund. You list every forfeited bond still uncollected, and the name of the commissioner who accepted it. Get them to me before noon tomorrow. Then it'll be up to you to get the help of every commissioner we can show up."

"I'm in court in the morning," Cato complained. "I'm prosecuting ——"

"Get out of court!" Old Tim thundered. "Turn the case over to somebody else. Start tomorrow morning and put it up to them straight from the shoulder. Either they pay and play with us, or we'll broadcast their record and run 'em into jail. I want to know every bond that has been accepted on affidavit only, and every professional bondsman that's put up a funeral bond. I want the name of every lamister that's taken it on the loop out of this town since Gilhooley's been in office. Through the police captains I want the address of every gambling house, pool room and speak-easy in town. Just as soon as we get those, it will be your job to put the finger on them. Those that don't play with us will find an iron curtain on their door within thirty days. Hell's bells and gingerbread, Cato! Get moving. You'll have nothing to do tomorrow anyway. Just as soon as Gilhooley learns you're tied in with me he'll fire you!"

Cato was a very much worried man. Concern was stamped all over his fat face, and as he pondered this new situation he lifted to the corner of his mouth the inevitable dead cigar. Scarcely had he sunk his teeth into its moist end when Old Tim snatched it out of his mouth and handed it to Fennister.

"Throw that thing out of the window!" he howled. "Well, what do you say, Cato? Do you, or don't you, run for district attorney?"

"Oh, sure," Cato said emphatically. "Sure thing, I run. It's quite a job, but I'll dig out this dope for you all right."

"Good," Old Tim snapped. "Now go on in and entertain that scum in there. . . . If Hector Sparr, or the man he sent to see me, is there, have him come in here."

Obediently Cato went into the hall and so to the drawing-room. Somewhat embarrassed by the task last given him, Fennister returned to the library. As he did so he encountered Cato.

"Has Sparr shown up yet?" the politician inquired.

"Not to my knowledge," Fennister answered. The young man had no liking for this gross individual and found it difficult to converse with him and conceal his feelings. Cato passed on to the drawing-room and Fennister stepped into the library.

"How are those fellows coming along in there?" Old Tim inquired. "I want to catch them when they've had just enough to drink, not too much."

After the fashion set by Morton, Fennister turned silently and went to the drawing-room. When he opened the door he found the beautiful room thick with smoke, the air heavy with the raucous conversation. A glance sufficed him. He returned to the library.

"I think perhaps they're ready for you," he reported to Old Tim.

"Cato's a fool," the old man muttered. "But he's got sense enough to know that he ought to have had some figures ready for you to write down. Like a lazy horse, he'll bear whipping all around the track."

The two returned to the drawing-room together and as Old Tim entered there was an outburst of greeting and two or three of the men went so far as to cheer. The boss met this dubious acclaim without visible emotion.

The canvas under the sawhorses was wet. Crusts of bread were on it, and the foam from carelessly opened ale. But Old Tim's presence quieted the group considerably. He looked about him quickly, sensed the temper of the gathering and promptly launched into his campaign. In effect he told the men present just what he had told Cato. Nothing was glossed over. He spoke plainly, resorting frequently to slang and just as frequently to profanity. Once, when his emotions were at high pitch and his voice cracked and wavered under strain, he flung his finger out and pointed at the furtive man of the many diamonds.

"You," he charged. "Who are you to be living on the fat of the land? Prohibition fixed you. You stand there covered with diamonds like a porcupine is covered with quills. You glisten like a fresh-caught trout in the sunshine and you carry more money than you can count. With it all, you haven't got a brain in your head. In place of a brain you use a pistol. Without protection, where would you be?" He cackled a high laugh. "God knows," he amplified. "You're too small to drive a truck. When I raise money through you chiselers," he rasped at the others, "I'm not asking for contributions. I'm selling you insurance! I'm not claiming to be your friend; I'm warning you that if you don't play my game I'll be your enemy. I've got enough on every man in this room to send him to prison, and I'll break you like a lot of rats if you don't play my way.

"Some of you are thinking that Booley'll do the same thing. Well, mark my words, and mark them well: In nine weeks Booley'll be out. He won't have power enough to drag a thief out of the choir. In fact," he cackled, "it wouldn't surprise me if he's out in three weeks. I'm the man that built the party organization. I'm the man with the connections." He leaned over, clenched his fist and shook it in their faces. "And I'm the man," he shouted, "for you fellows to play with!

"I know prohibition is a farce, except for the dough it throws your way, but I also know that I can use it as a weapon to run you birds ragged. Booley don't control prohibition enforcement. With me it's different. I can pull strings. Whether I pull them right or wrong is up to you. Ask John Cato who's got the power." He paused to let the weight of his words sink in, and the talkative police captain took it upon himself to interrupt.

"Iguess," he said boisterously, "everybody in the room knows all about you, Tim. I never knew until today there was a fight on between you and Booley. But you can mark me down on your side and you can mark down everybody else the same way. That is," he sneered, "you can if they've got a brain in their head. Right now the boys are gettin' the breaks, an' they'd be nutty not to keep things goin' that way."

Fennister leaned against the door aghast at all this. Old Tim cackled his laugh again, and there was confidence in it.

"I just want to make it clear to you all," he said. "Hector Sparr is the next mayor of this town. John Cato is the next district attorney. After election we'll appoint our own police commissioner. Those that play with us before election will get a reasonable break. Those that don't, we'll run ragged. Every one of you men have got to kick in with some money. On election day every one of you fellows has gotta do what drifting may be necessary. You'll vote when and where you're told to vote, and you'll have plenty of strong-arm guys around to see that only the right ones vote."

"You bet," somebody called. "We're for you, Tim."

The old man shook his fist again and his voice rasped as he called, "Every man in this room is listed along with thousands of others. I don't want any claptrap about how strong you are for me. I'll know how strong you are by the money you turn over. You got a week to work in. When you turn in your collections, hand them to Cato, and be mighty sure you get credit for them on the books. The details of this thing I'm leaving to Cato. He'll tell you fellows what to do. When you get it done report to him. Cato'll keep me in touch with all that goes on. I'm your friend as long as you're my friend. Work with me and you've got this thing sewed up. Work with Booley and you'll wind up without a dime."

Someone tapped gently on the door at Fennister's back. He turned and opened it to peer through. Hector Sparr smiled at him. With Sparr was a somewhat vacuous-looking individual with a long, blond mustache and light hair that was too long over his ears. The black suit the man wore was baggy at the knees and wrinkled at the elbows. A huge ivory charm hung from a gold watch chain stretched across his ample stomach.

"Who's that?" Old Tim called from behind Fennister.

Fennister smiled briefly at Sparr and closed the door. He stepped to the boss and whispered, "It's Hector Sparr and the man he brought to see you."

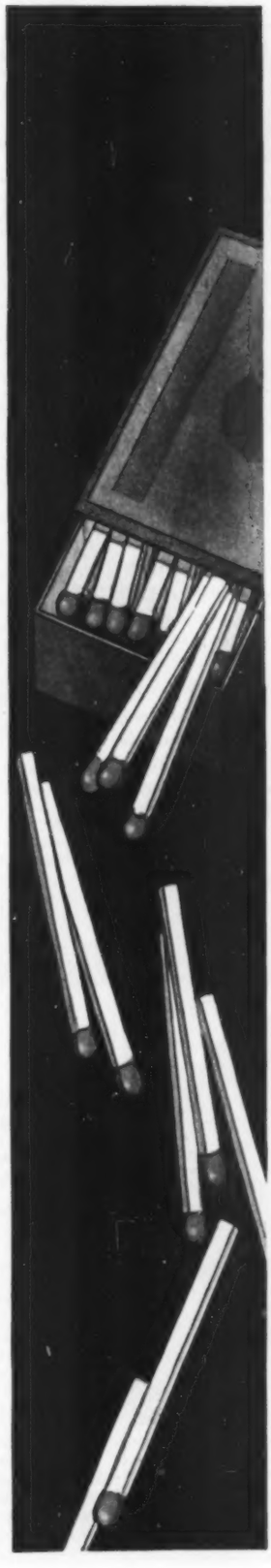
"Take them into the library," Old Tim returned.

Fennister left the room, and as he passed into the fresh air of the hall he heaved a sigh of relief. Sparr shook hands with him and introduced the baggy man as Gustave Kronen.

As they walked along the hall he explained to Kronen, "Mr. Fennister is secretary to Mr. Callahan." Then he turned to Fennister. "Mr. Kronen is the man I have induced to come here tonight with the idea of making him a candidate for alderman in the Glench ward."

(Continued on Page 156)

INEXPENSIVE as matches



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Electrolux operates so inexpensively because it is radically different from other refrigerators. It has no machinery or moving parts. Merely a tiny gas flame and a slight trickle of water to circulate the refrigerant. By this simple method you get constant, unvarying cold; ice cubes that freeze quickly.

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With all these advantages, don't think that Electrolux costs more than other automatic refrigerators. Its price is about the same, size for size—$195 to $430 at the factory. Purchase terms are liberal. There are many models to choose from in white and beautiful color combinations. Can be operated with Pyrofax Gas where there are no city mains.

Before you buy any kind of refrigerator, see Electrolux. And write us for complete information. Electrolux Refrigerator Sales, Inc., Evansville, Ind.

ELECTROLUX

THE *Gas* REFRIGERATOR

A tiny gas flame takes the place of all moving parts

Hostess Model Electrolux shown above has five cubic feet of food space and makes 45 large ice cubes

Yum-Yum! *This syrup has a tang that haunts your memory*

ITS rich, smooth, subtle flavor is achieved by expert blending of pure maple sugar and pure cane sugar. You'll like the true maple flavor of Vermont Maid Syrup so well, you will find yourself inventing occasions for using it oftener.

Delicate brown cakes, enriched with butter, gleaming through rich, transparent Vermont Maid Syrup—what finer treat could your family ask?

Order it from your grocer in attractive glass jugs ready for the table. Penick and Ford, Ltd., Inc., Burlington, Vermont.

VERMONT MAID SYRUP

CANE AND MAPLE SUGAR

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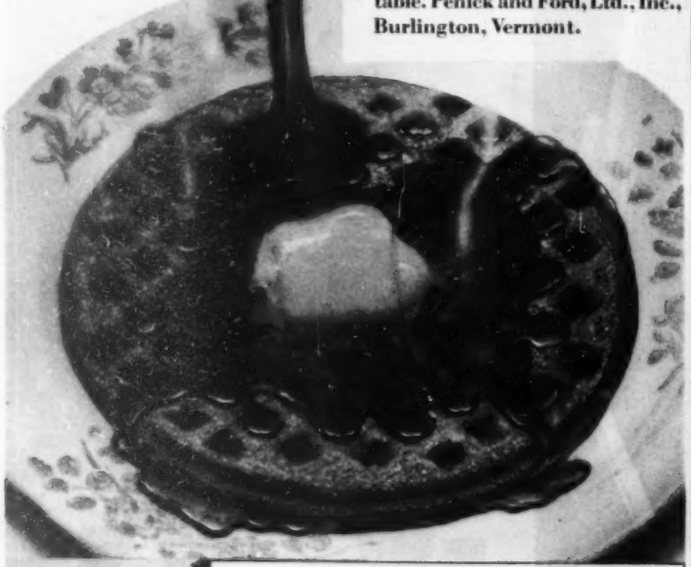

SEND 10¢ FOR GENEROUS SAMPLE

PENICK AND FORD, Ltd., Inc., Dept. U
Burlington, Vermont
I enclose 10¢ for generous sample bottle of Vermont Maid Syrup and recipe folder.

_____

_____

(Continued from Page 154)

Kronen gulped so that his mustache twisted.

"The whole thing's a surprise to me," he vouchsafed. "Me, I'm only a storekeeper. But when big men like Mr. Sparr come to me ——" Suddenly he was lost for words and his mustache spread in a wide and meaningless smile. "My wife can't believe it yet!" he finished.

Fennister smiled agreeably and led them into the library, where shortly they were joined by Old Tim.

The boss was still vibrant, bristling with nervous energy generated in the drawing-room.

He completely ignored Sparr. He walked directly to Kronen and gazed into the man's vacuous face. Suddenly he whirled upon Sparr.

"Is this what you've picked for alderman?" he demanded.

"This is Mr. Gustave Kronen," Sparr introduced eloquently. "For thirty years Mr. Kronen has lived in the Glench ward. He started out with a small bakery there and now operates three prosperous shops. He is a man of unimpeachable integrity, sound business judgment and good reputation."

"Oh," Old Tim grunted. Then he turned again to Kronen, whose mustache still spread in an empty smile.

"It's a surprise to me," Kronen repeated in tones that corroborated the words. "You could of knocked me over with a feather."

"So you're Kronen, eh?" Old Tim snapped. "Hell's bells and gingerbread! Do you know, Sparr," he said suddenly, "Morton goes clear down to the Glench ward just to buy this man's cookies? . . . Those big brown ones," he said to Kronen. "They ain't exactly ginger; they're more chocolate."

"Yes," Kronen agreed proudly. "Yes. Them's my Hamburg Wafflets. Thousands of them I sell every week."

"Sit down," Old Tim suggested agreeably. "Fennister, go get Morton. Tell him to bring me some of those cookies. Talking about them has made me hungry for one. . . . So you're Kronen, eh?" he said again when Fennister had gone. "Well, maybe you'd make a good candidate at that. . . . I suppose you know Glench?"

Kronen shrugged his shoulders, indicating disgust. He was a sincere man, industrious and honorable. It quickly became evident that in his sphere there was no room for such as Glench.

"It would be a great honor for you," Old Tim grunted, "to be made alderman of the ward where you began life with only one little bakeshop."

Kronen spread his hands again. "My wife can't believe it yet," he repeated. "But maybe the voting people wouldn't like the idea. I couldn't be making speeches very good. Once, at the Bakers' Convention, I tried to speak." He laughed lustily and his eyes beamed good-naturedly. "Just as soon as I stood up," he assured them, "my brains sat down."

He leaned forward and rocked in his chair, the palms of his hands beating against his knees. Here was a man who could enjoy recollection of his own discomfiture.

"I was telling Mr. Sparr," he continued for Old Tim's edification, "I thinks it's fine to get this chance to be alderman. But maybe I'll only hurt my friends if I try to be elected. Everybody knows I don't know much about politics. I done pretty good with my bakeries, but that don't mean the people would want me to run their business."

Fennister, a wry smile creasing his lips, entered with a plate of brown cookies.

"Those is them!" Kronen exclaimed with pride. "Those is my cookies." He rose and removed one from the plate and broke it in two. "See," he said, pointing at its inside, "the dough is light; and it's slow baked all the way through. That's real chocolate in there too, and good thick cream. The real goods. I always says you can't bake anything good unless you put good stuff in it."

Old Tim took a cooky from the plate, glanced at Sparr and took to munching the delicacy and pacing the floor. "You'd like to be alderman, Kronen?" he asked through a mouthful of cooky.

"Sure," Kronen agreed. "I think it'd be fine. I told Mr. Sparr I'd put up five thousand dollars to be alderman. The job don't pay much, but it would advertise the bakeries." Old Tim gulped in frank amazement at this.

Kronen paused briefly, dropped the broken cooky back onto the plate which Fennister still held. "The only thing I'm afraid of," he reiterated, "is that enough people won't vote for me. Just because I'm a good baker don't mean I'd be a good alderman. Lots of people might tell me they would vote for me, but you'd be disappointed when you counted up the votes."

Old Tim stopped short in his pacing and looked almost with pity upon the genial baker. With an effort he swallowed the last remnant of cooky. Then he threw back his head and laughed with honest mirth in his voice.

"After we count the votes, Kronen?" he repeated. "After we count 'em, you say? Hell's bells and gingerbread! We don't count 'em. We weigh 'em!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

POST SCRIPTS

(Continued from Page 28)

"I know just how you feel," said Mrs. Smith, taking two lumps. "Russell told me, only last night, that he had to give up that strip of Maryland shore we had counted on for duck shooting. He had an option on it, even."

"That's odd," said Mrs. Brown. "Why, Ed had practically bought an island—imagine! Off the Maine coast. Yes, he wanted to surprise me with it next summer. He was terribly chagrined at having to tell me that it was still on the market."

"An island!" exclaimed Mrs. Black. "It would have been dear."

"What a shame," said Mrs. Jones brightly. "Just think, we could have visited you in our new cabin cruiser! We could have moored it to the dock."

"A cabin cruiser?" echoed Mrs. Brown. "When on earth did you get it?"

"That's just the point," sighed Mrs. Jones. "We didn't. It was going to be delivered in May. And we were planning to take you all on a cruise next summer. But now ——" She made a resigned little gesture.

They rose presently, with a flurry of sympathetic cluckings.

Mrs. Smith pressed their hands tenderly at the door.

"It's been a terrible, terrible thing," she said, "for ever so many people, hasn't it?"

"It certainly has," cried the three. "I guess we're not the only ones. Good night, dear—a lovely time. See you tomorrow."

—STANLEY JONES.

Song for Industrialists

OH, WE'LL stimulate consumption
To stimulate production
To stimulate consumption
To stimulate production.

And we'll stimulate production
To stimulate consumption
To stimulate production
To stimulate consumption.

And we'll stimulate ——

—Morris Bishop.

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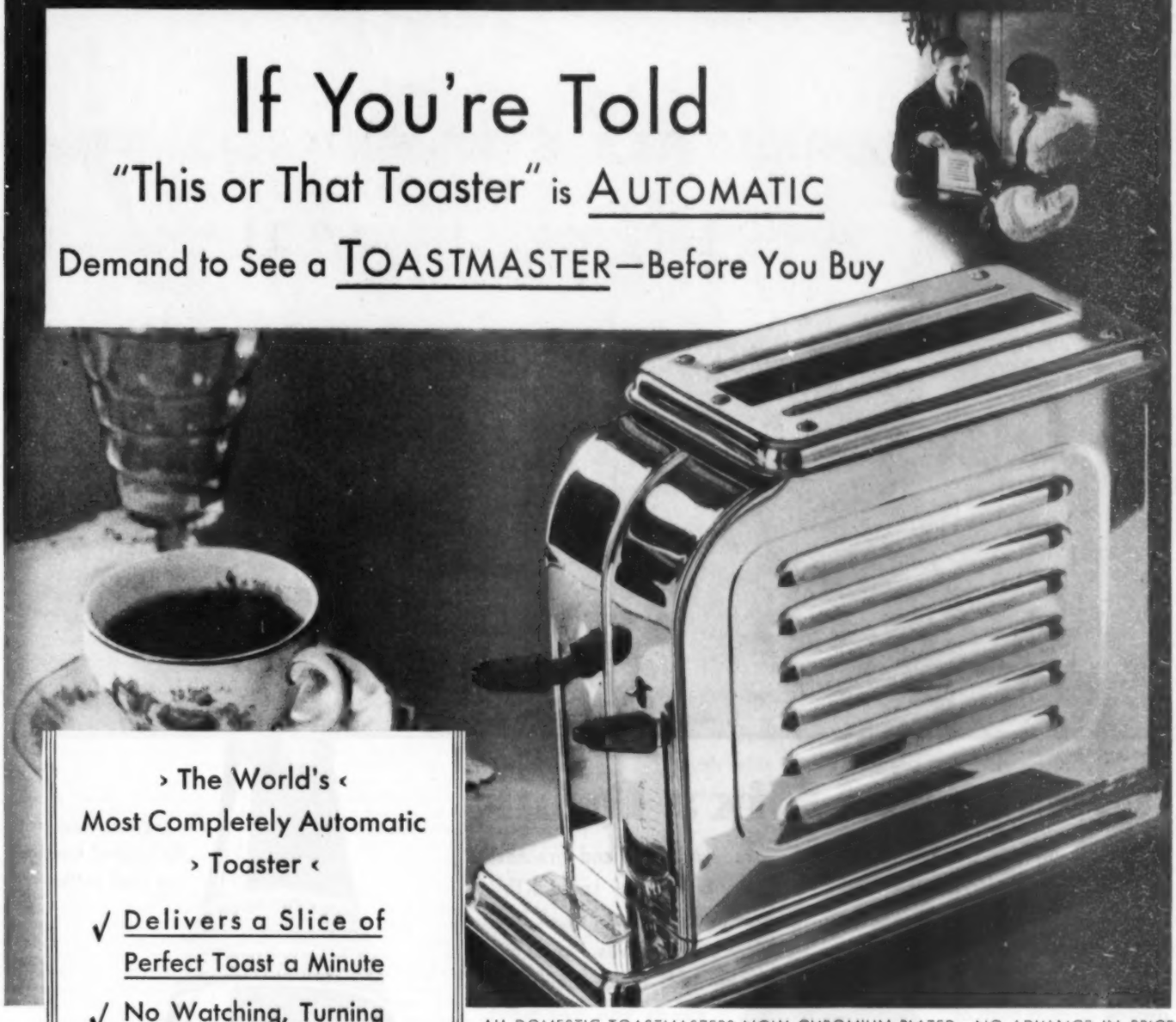

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Most Completely Automatic
› Toaster ‹

√ Delivers a Slice of Perfect Toast a Minute

√ No Watching, Turning or Burning • • •

ALL DOMESTIC TOASTMASTERS NOW CHROMIUM PLATED—NO ADVANCE IN PRICE

TOASTMASTER is its name and it is the most completely automatic toaster in the world. More are bought on *direct comparison*, every day, than all other quality toasters combined. Please remember this.

In justice to yourself, before you buy a toaster, find out how the Toastmaster works. Compare it with any other toaster claiming "automatic" features. It will change your previous ideas of what a toaster should be.

Protected by rigid U. S. Patents, there is no other toaster like it. It is so *completely automatic* that it even discharges the toast when done—and then shuts off its own current.

No Watching—Can't Burn

You read or leave the room while it toasts. You don't watch it. You don't turn it. It won't burn. It makes toasting as quick and easy as turning on an electric switch. All you do is slip in a piece of bread, set a lever at the precise shade of toast you want—and leave the room if you like. In a few seconds there's a POP!—and a perfect piece of toast *automatically* discharged from the toaster.

It's a revelation in speedy toasting. By toasting both sides at once, all the flavor is sealed in. Deliciously tender inside, crisp and crunchy outside. Go to any store or electrical supply company throughout the United States and Canada and see how the Toastmaster works. You will understand why in 3 years Toastmaster has outsold all less modern toasters—today over 500,000 homes are using it.

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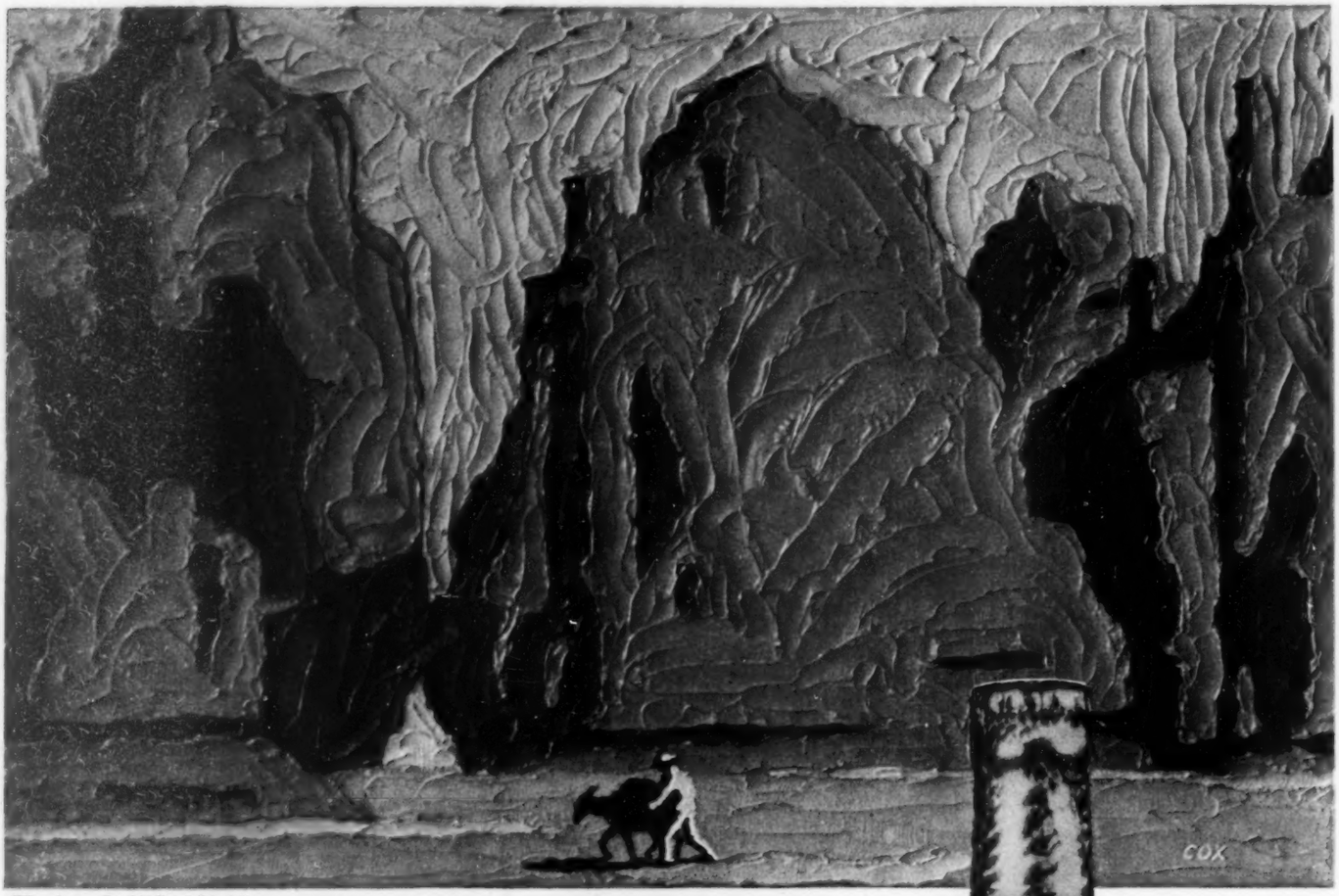

"Titus Canyon, Death Valley, California"

16 Years to Mix a Drink

OUT on the slopes of the Pacific just before the war ...Californians began to talk about a new beverage. An amazing blend was developed with pure orange juice, a dash of sweetened lemon juice and carbonated mountain water. Thus the beginning of Mission Dry, the original Orange Dry, the Beverage of the Century.

MISSION DRY *Sparkling*

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But many things were to be learned in the sixteen years that followed ...how to keep the fresh juice without preservatives . . . how best to capture the sweet of the orange, the tart of the lemon, the tang of the grapefruit . . . and greatest discovery of all, how to seal this luscious nectar in cool black bottles right at the groves. Now it can be told! Today California sends you her most enticing beverage, time-tried...perfected. Look for the jet black bottles of Mission Dry ...orange or grapefruit, whichever you prefer... you'll find Mission Dry wherever the choicest of bottled beverages are served or sold.

The original orange dry ...the original beverage in black bottles

Bottled at the groves by

CALIFORNIA CRUSHED FRUIT CORPORATION

CHICAGO *LOS ANGELES* NEW YORK

THE BUSINESS TIDE

(Continued from Page 30)

Mr. du Pont had no concern on this point for himself, for he promptly engaged his assistant at a salary higher than he himself received, although he made up the difference out of his own pocket. Each year, looking to the time of his own retirement from office, he proposed that the tax commissioner be given an increase, as the post paid only $4000 a year. Finally it was raised to $6000, which was quite an achievement.

Few men, perhaps, with the multitude of personal interests and responsibilities would have tackled so drab and unspectacular work as that of tax commissioner. Few men would have given time worth many hundreds of thousands of dollars to the service of a state which normally expects to get efficiency for four or six thousand dollars a year. Yet this was the experience of one business man who boldly criticized and then made good his criticism by teaching the state how to do the job.

Business Men in Diplomacy

THERE used to be an idea that diplomacy was a mysterious thing known only to those who studied international law and grew up in embassies and legations. The idea that an outsider could come in and grapple with the tangled problems of state was brushed aside as experimentalism. Then came the successes of men like Myron T. Herrick, of Ohio, and Charles B. Warren, of Michigan, and Alanson B. Houghton, of New York, and a string of others, and the point of view changed. In fact, a good business man, having been a trained negotiator, becomes a good diplomat, all other things being equal. That is why President Coolidge, recognizing the traits of his classmate at Amherst, Dwight Morrow, persuaded him to take the ambassadorship to Mexico.

The political world stood aghast. What did the President mean by taking a man from the heart of Wall Street? But promptly came word from none other than William E. Borah, of Idaho, chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee of the United States Senate, that he favored the confirmation of Mr. Morrow forthwith. Mr. Morrow had appeared in the aircraft investigation and had won the respect of Capitol Hill by his thoroughness and power of penetration of that complex subject. And Mr. Morrow's taste for government service came out of that very tiresome but constructive inquiry. He accepted the post at Mexico City because he wanted to devote himself entirely to public service. Senators were puzzled; they wanted to make sure he had given up his banking connections for all time. He said he had. Still, it was assumed on Capitol Hill, there must be some catch in it. Then there began to be whispers that Mr. Coolidge wanted Mr. Morrow given the presidential nomination in 1928. And after Mr. Hoover was elected, the suggestion was offered in the press that Mr. Morrow might be considered for Secretary of State. Of his capacity to hold such a portfolio there was no doubt, but he had not served long enough away from Wall Street to be admitted into a cabinet based, to some extent anyway, on a political thesis.

So that road was blocked. And it's an old rule in politics that rarely does a man climb to the presidency or anywhere else for that matter except by running for an elective office. Herbert Hoover was the exception that proved the rule. Even Woodrow Wilson stepped from a college presidency to a governorship and got his political baptism in a state-wide campaign. Dwight Morrow, lawyer, banker, diplomat, will soon become by appointment a United States Senator from New Jersey. It means he must soon enter the primaries of the Republican Party and, if successful in winning the nomination, must combat a Democratic nominee in a real election. For New Jersey has keen struggles, especially in the off years. Rarely since the war has a Republican won unless a presidential campaign was on.

So Mr. Morrow didn't calmly accept the challenge of political battle with a knowledge that a Republican nomination is equivalent to an election, as is true in Pennsylvania or Illinois. He foresaw two campaigns. Anybody who deliberately throws himself into a senatorial campaign in New Jersey in an off year can be seriously regarded as having sought an opportunity for service.

Nor is Mr. Morrow lacking in political instinct. Early in 1927, the writer happened to meet Mr. Morrow on a train en route to Washington. The conversation turned to politics. It was at the time when Mr. Coolidge's renomination was accepted as a foregone conclusion. The nomination struck Mr. Morrow, however, as far from assured.

"One year from now," he said cryptically, "people will be asking if Mr. Coolidge will run again."

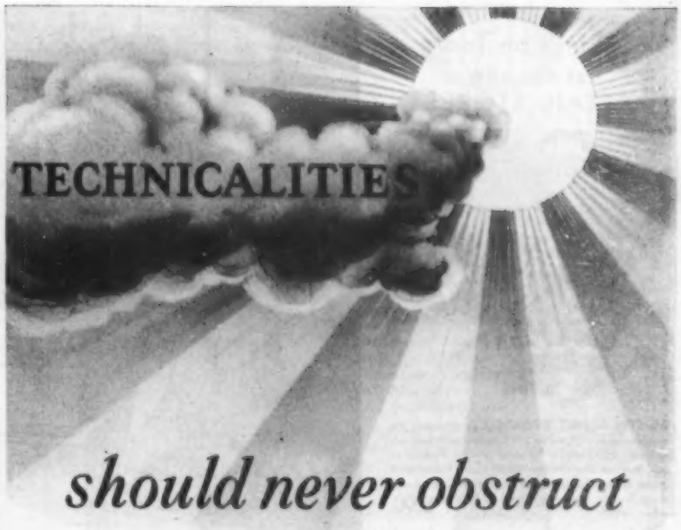
It did not seem significant at the time, but a few months later the I-do-not-choose-to-run statement confirmed Mr. Morrow's prediction. Either he knew the President's mind in advance, or he foresaw the only way in which Mr. Coolidge could have accepted a renomination—by spontaneous popular demand. But in any event, the incident illustrates that Dwight Morrow may have been in business many years, but he learned something, nevertheless, of the currents of politics. Walter E. Edge, whose term in the Senate Mr. Morrow will complete, on arriving in France as the American Ambasssador announced that he saw his job as one of business rather than diplomacy. And now Senator Sackett of Kentucky has been appointed Ambassador to Germany. He was the head of one of the largest public-utility companies in Kentucky and also engaged in coal and mining enterprises.

It will be novel to have a man like Dwight Morrow in the United States Senate. Bankers and business men have sat there before. But few of them ever forsook an active business life for public service. The late John W. Weeks, of Massachusetts, did and possibly made the greatest financial sacrifice of his time to do so. He severed all business connections, resigned all directorships, turned over to his partners a business he had been largely instrumental in building up, and voted as his conscience guided him on matters of public policy whether or not his party approved. He was one of the few Republicans who voted for the Federal Reserve Act.

Dwight Morrow's entry into the Senate brings business experience into the upper house and a broad knowledge of world affairs, from Mexican controversies to the intricate problems of a London naval armament conference, to which he is a delegate on behalf of the United States. Between now and the Jersey primaries he has relatively little time to prove what a business man can do in the Senate. And New Jersey is a state with more politics to the square inch than any other commonwealth, unless it's New York or Massachusetts. The significant thing is that Dwight Morrow wants to make the race. Successful business men are not always going to be content merely with accepting appointive office, but are ready to take their chances in the lists of the crusaders of modern politics.

Andrew Mellon came to government through appointment. Herbert Hoover came by appointment. Dwight Morrow got his first chance by appointment. He joins now the group that is ready to try a hand at elective office—a real test of capacity in the class-conscious world of today. But if ever there was a time when business men and business methods were needed in Federal and state and city government, it is today, and if the net result is to persuade the opposing party to pit business man against business man, then it may

(Continued on Page 161)



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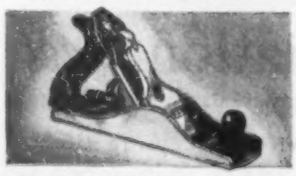

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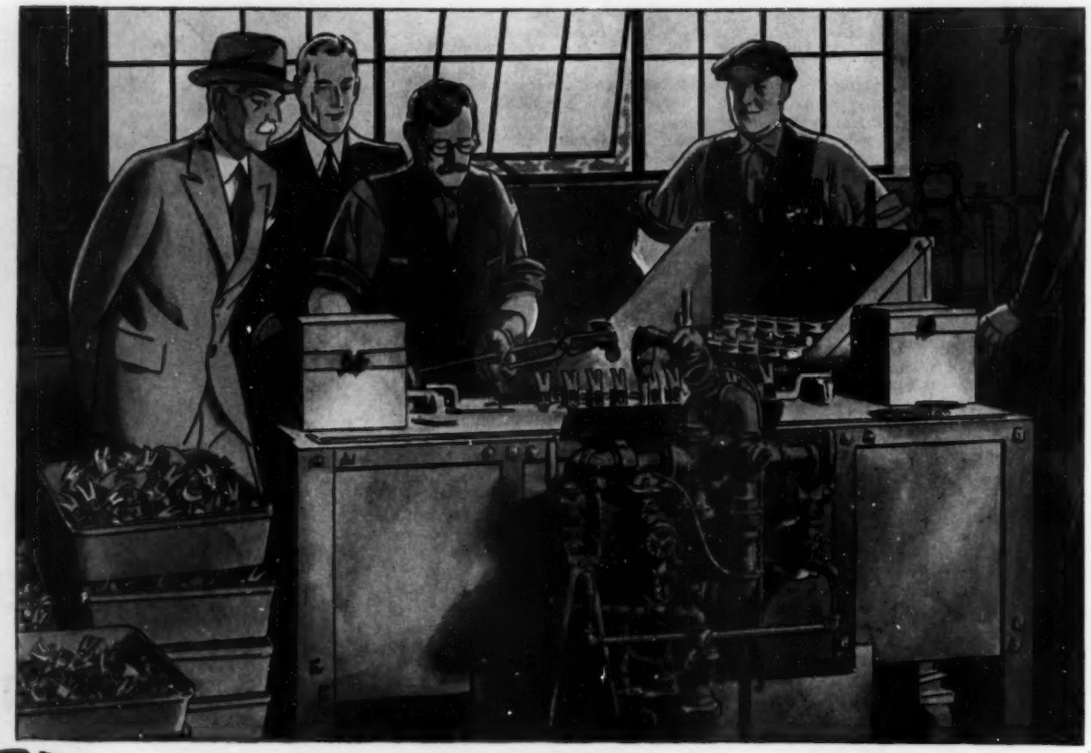

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(Continued from Page 159)

some day become the fad to achieve financial success and eminence and then turn to the public service as the climax of a worthwhile career.

Wealth, Where is Thy Sting?

SPEAKING of business men in government, the natural supposition is they are conservative, hidebound, and concerned only with the wishes of the so-called wealthy class. Yet, one of the wealthiest men in the United States Senate, Mr. James Couzens, of Michigan, is far from a regular in the political or practical sense in which Republicanism may define the conservative wing of the party. Mr. Couzens is an aggressive opponent of any special privilege and seeks none for himself. He made millions out of the motor industry as an associate of Henry Ford, and when he got into a tax controversy and recovered a large sum from the Government he gave it to a charitable foundation which he created.

There are other men in the Senate who are possessed of a goodly share of wealth, like Senator Capper, of Kansas, for instance, and yet he is the champion of the farm bloc. And in the executive branch of the Government—on the boards and commissions, too—the men of means are usually independent-minded and courageous. It was the late President Roosevelt who wrote once that a man ought not enter public life unless he had at least $100,000 a year or thereabouts, so that he didn't have to look forward to his government salary as his sole income. Were he living today, he might have to revise the figure of capital to be conserved by the individual, but the Roosevelt idea is corroborated in many an instance nowadays. Far from being a handicap, the fact that a man in public life doesn't have to keep his government job and can go out into the business world or live on his income makes all the difference in the world in his mental attitude toward the individuals, companies or corporations with whose interests he is likely to be brought into conflict in the exercise of his many quasi-judicial functions.

But there are as many cases in which poor men in the Government pursue their deep-seated convictions irrespective of the effect on their subsequent careers. Many of them, however, would probably confess that if they did have an independent income they would feel easier about their duties. Men of wealth in government are rarely approached by the corruptionists.

Time was when the entry of a millionaire into government service was a newspaper sensation. Today the public service has lots of them. And their point of view grows less and less class-conscious as they feel the responsibility of Uncle Sam as an employer and as a trustee of the interests of all the people. Take this sentence, for instance, from a recent explanation by Andrew W. Mellon, Secretary of the Treasury, one of the wealthiest individuals in America:

"In so far as the reduction of the income tax on the incomes of individuals is concerned, under our system of graduated surtaxes, the reduction of the normal rate is of greater benefit to those with small or moderate incomes than to those of larger incomes."

It is this philosophy of government for the mass that sooner or later becomes ingrained in the mind of the conscientious government official, no matter what his background before he entered public life. The same service that these men gave to their own business they strive to give to the Government. For the game is one of achievement, of self-satisfaction, of surmounting the insurmountable, and the business man starts with an assurance born of years of risks that beget confidence. Wealth sometimes overreaches itself in the political world, but once intrusted with government responsibility it has rarely betrayed its trust.

FAUNTHORPE'S FOLLY

(Continued from Page 45)

Disorder! Disorder, did you say? What kind of weasel word is that to describe what would take place on that island? Great heavens, pardner, but are we mice or men, to employ such an inadequate expression? Would you describe the World War as disorder? What's the matter with "chaos"? Chaos is all right! What's all right? Chaos! Rah! And now, fellows, a long one for the team!

Colonel Faunthorpe puts it this way—it stands to reason that if a fire bug runs around setting houses on fire he must get some pleasure out of it. But, to look at both sides, the law-abiding citizen whose home he burns does not. Now, the law-abiding citizen has to be protected. But the fire bug must not be dealt with harshly, for certain societies and individuals would protest.

Colonel Faunthorpe's suggestion is simply that, to guard the interests of both parties, the fire bug be placed where there are no law-abiding citizens, let him be given as many matches as he wants, and permit him to run around and set all the houses on fire he pleases.

The society steps forward and says: "How is our fire bug being treated?"

"Beautifully! He is out at the moment setting a house on fire. A gunman's house."

"Where is the gunman?"

"He is down at the corner trying to shoot the teller in the bank."

"What about the teller?"

"He is not at the bank. He has stolen all the money and is bribing the state bank examiner not to squawk on him."

"Won't the bank examiner get in trouble?"

"No. He will bribe the judge to dismiss the indictment."

"But won't the judge be impeached?"

"No. The judge will take his bribe money and hire a gunman to kill everybody who wants to impeach him."

"Is this your system?"

"This is our system."

Thus the population of this island would live quite undisturbed in that fashion which they chose of their own volition back in the days when they were free agents. Or maybe they wouldn't live. That would be a problem they'd have to work out for themselves. They can scarcely, with any delicacy at all, ask for protection against the dangers on the island; that would be entirely too embarrassing.

Colonel Faunthorpe sees the island as one great Fourth-of-July celebration, with gunmen shooting at everybody, burglars breaking into one another's homes, reckless chauffeurs running everybody down at every corner, anarchists throwing bombs in all directions, half the population fleeing in one direction with stolen property, the other half fleeing in the other direction, lawyers bribing jurors, bootleggers bribing judges, automobilists going the wrong way on one-way streets, policemen perjuring themselves blue in the face, bank presidents looting their own establishments, forgers writing other people's names on checks all day and all night—in brief, a fine carnival in which none of the victims would seem to be of any material, mental or moral value to the nation.

Meanwhile, the mainland, relieved of the extraordinary expense of supporting criminals in fine stone penitentiaries, where they seem to do nothing but make cane seats for chairs, straw brooms, and pebbles out of bowlders, hardly of vital importance to the nation, would find their taxes reduced. They would sleep well of nights. Their health would return. They would be happy.

On still summer nights, when the windows were open, would come faintly across the strait to the ears of the residents of the port of embarkation the pop, pop, pop of criminals bumping one another off and relieving the government of the necessity. The societies and individuals, confronted by a situation a little too complex for them to grasp immediately, would retire to brood over the matter, and the newspapers, deprived of their long protests against feudal systems and pampering, would be open once more to Colonel Faunthorpe's indignant demands that somebody do something to prevent the complete extermination of the English linnet.

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WHAT DO WE EARN?

(Continued from Page 27)

for eight years to about 50 per cent. The average American, that is to say, is about one-half again as well off as he was in 1921.

A manufacturer, worrying about the possible lasting effect of last fall's stock-market collapse on the demand for his goods, recently asked for information. He did not want opinion, he wanted facts. There were guesses aplenty, but he had a cynical suspicion of general statements calculated to arouse confidence.

He knew well enough that production, wages and sales had been jumping in recent years, but not how far these gains might be apparent rather than real, how much they reflected paper profits juggled out of Wall Street inflation. What would happen, now that his customers no longer could buy shares at 50 and sell them six months later at 100?

The value to this manufacturer, for example, of Doctor King's study, is that the whole stock-market boom is left out of the calculation. This extraordinary gain in national income disregards profits or losses from changes in the value of shares, securities or other property. The total contains no paper profits. Both difficulty in getting the figures and the rapid fluctuation of this type of income led to its exclusion.

The Average Man

Furthermore, the estimate excludes income from even the actual sale of shares and other forms of property, concerning itself only with what it defines as "realized income." It eliminates all duplications. If a corporation makes a profit and then distributes part of the profit in dividends to other companies and persons, the dividends are counted only once.

Realized income includes, principally, the sums received by individuals in the form of wages, salaries, pensions, compensation for injuries, interest, rent, dividends, royalties and profits withdrawn from business. The only item in the total which was not received in cash by someone is that which covers the rental value of homes owned by the occupant, automobiles owned by the user, and services of other durable consumers' goods.

Since a man with $12,000 may either buy a house and live in it rent free, or invest the money and pay his rent with the interest, it would not be logical to count the interest as income in the latter instance without counting the rental value of the house in the former. Of the nearly $90,000,000,000 realized income of the people of the United States in 1928, all but about $5,300,000,000 was received in cash, the latter sum representing these rental values and similar services from personal property.

Items left out which might sizably increase the total are the value of the services which women perform in their own homes or which persons perform for themselves, payments on expense accounts and odd-job earnings. They are ignored because it is impossible to estimate them.

The average man is a necessary but an irritating statistical generalization. He is the sum of John D. Rockefeller and the street cleaner and all between, divided by many millions. What relation is he to the reader? If the very rich were left out of the calculation, what would the average income then turn out to be? Is the wage earner's and white-collared worker's share of this prosperity only a crumb from the capitalistic banquet table?

There is a mass of direct evidence in the report that labor as a whole—including salaried persons—has shared more largely than capital in this prosperity. In 1909 the owners' share of the income of American business was 49 per cent. This had fallen to 42 per cent by 1920, and never again has exceeded that figure, although several million workers have become small stockholders and therefore partly capitalists in the meantime. Conversely, the employes' share of the earnings ranged from 51 to 53 per cent up to 1917, rose to 57 per cent in 1920 and has remained in that neighborhood since.

This, however, does not represent the share of the average individual, since the number of wage and salary workers has increased in proportion to the total population.

Eliminate farming, where 85 per cent of all income is retained by the owner because he does so large a share of the work himself, and the employes' percentage would be much larger. The reverse of farming is true in manufacturing, where 87 per cent of all income is paid out in wages, salaries, pensions, and the like.

The percentage is higher still in express and water transportation and not much lower in the other major industries, except electric light and power and mercantile. In the latter industry the large number of small-store owners employing little outside help brings down the percentage to less than 50.

There are, indeed, fewer and fewer working for themselves, more and more working for others, and the tendency increases, but not just in the way Marx anticipated. The number of salaried employes in American business has increased twice as fast as wage earners, principally because of the absorption of little business by big business.

Farming is the only major occupation in which fewer men earn their living today than did twenty years ago, but several groups, including manufacturing, mining and oil, show a loss in the number of independent units, largely as a result of mergers. The number of factory owners declined from 264,000 in 1909 to 148,000 in 1927; a drop more startling on its face than the deflation in agriculture, which drove 200,000 farmers to the cities during the same years.

But where the farmers were put out of business and farming has steadily lost ground, many manufacturers merged with other manufacturers to create larger units. Curiously, in merchandising, where the chain-store trend is most evident, there has been a slight gain in the number of units, though not proportional to the increase in population.

Obviously we are more and more becoming a nation of wage and salary workers rather than small business men and owning farmers. While the wage earners grew from 22,000,000 to 27,000,000 and the salaried workers from 5,000,000 to 8,000,000, the independent owners were declining from 9,976,000 to 9,801,000, and this group includes not only shopkeepers and manufacturers but professional men and, greatest in numbers, the farmers.

Greater Purchasing Power

The fact that in forfeiting their economic independence these millions often have exchanged a precarious living for a fairly assured one, and not infrequently have acquired a stock interest in the business that employs them, changes the social complexion of the trend, but it does not injure Henry Ford's argument that if we are to maintain a market for the mass production of modern industry we must go on enlarging the buying power of wages and salaries. They are the engine of the new business machine, the fastest growing, and one of the most stable divisions of our total income.

The purchasing power of all wages paid in the United States, in terms of dollars having the same value as in 1913, remained around $13,000,000,000 from 1909 until 1921, since when it has risen to about $19,000,000,000. In the same period the purchasing power of the total salaries has grown from $4,500,000,000 to $10,500,000,000. It is this extra $6,000,000,000 of wages and another extra $6,000,000,000 in salaries which explain how it was possible

(Continued on Page 165)

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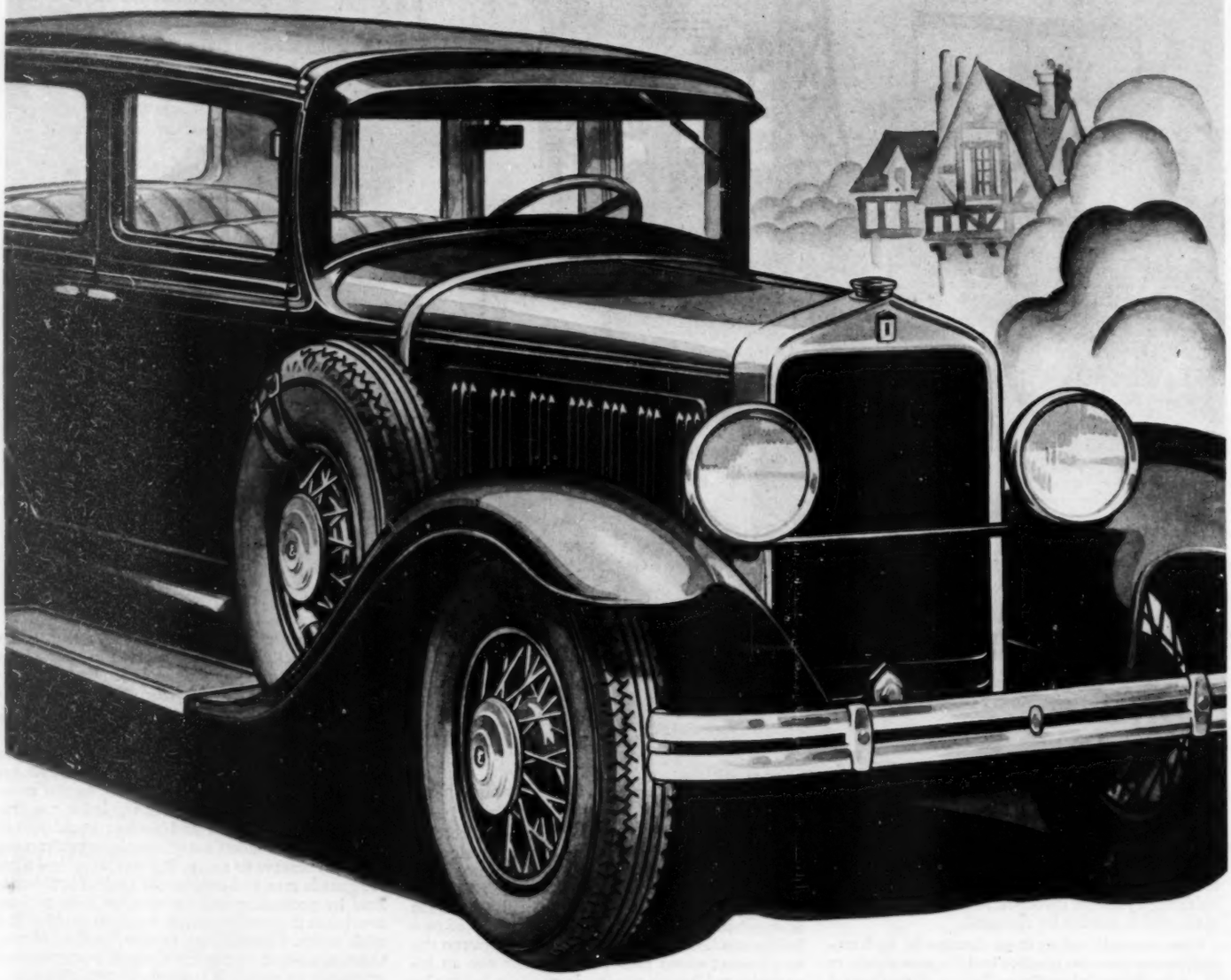

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BUILDER OF CHAMPIONS

(Continued from Page 162)

to make and sell some 5,000,000 motor cars last year, and similar industrial miracles.

There is no certain answer here for the old question of whether our tremendous buying of cars, radios, furs, silk stockings and other luxuries has not been at the expense of staple clothing, shoes, food and furniture, but certainly $12,000,000,000 of additional income can account for a lot of luxuries without stinting the necessities of 1909.

Periodically the newspapers announce the per capita American income to be $712 or some such sum. Of all statistical generalities, this is probably the most worthless and misleading. It is obtained by dividing the national income by the whole population—newborn babes, school children, the debutante, the insane, the prisoner, the superannuated and all. A more sensible division is per person gainfully employed, though this is vague enough.

Those White-Collar Jobs

In current dollars, the realized income of the average American gainfully employed rose from $864 a year in 1909 to $1898 in 1928. The average salary rose from $976 to $2084, the average wage from $527 to $1205. But in what these dollars actually would buy, the increase in the average income was only from $914 to $1147, that of the white-collar workers from $1034 to $1220; of wage earners from $556 to $705.

These figures still are a very inaccurate picture of the income of the average worker, for they include all who habitually make their living at the occupation in question, whether working at any given time or not. If the census lists 100,000 coal miners of whom 55,000 are working at the time, the total pay roll of coal mining is divided not by 55,000 but by 100,000. Nor do the figures differentiate between part-time casual labor and the normal labor force, nor between skilled and unskilled labor, nor between men and women. They are, therefore, in all cases a good deal lower than the amounts paid to skilled workers who have full employment.

In as much as part-time employment is much commoner among wage earners than among salaried help, the indicated 70 to 85 per cent better average pay for the latter over the former is not accurate, yet there is ample proof in the report that the white-collared employe who, seduced by the high hourly wage scale in certain union trades, thinks of quitting his job for overalls, will do well to stay where he is.

Not only did the nation as a whole and the average American not profit financially by the war but both lost ground in the post-war boom. In real buying power the per capita realized income declined between 1917 and 1921 until it fell below the mark of 1909. Our present prosperity dates strictly from 1922.

In buying power the average salaried employe in some industries suffered so from the war and postwar inflation that he was still getting less in 1925 than before the war. This was true in the mercantile and unclassified divisions. Only recently have salaried workers in light and power, street railways and the express industries been able to buy as much as in prewar days. In banking, telephone, mining and construction, salaried help are much better off than prior to 1916.

How much more sharply the middle class suffered in the 1917–1921 period than the wage earner is shown by the fact that his average earnings were from 10 to 20 per cent off in real dollars in this period, while the wage worker kept his income at or above the 1913 norm throughout.

The buying power of the average salary began to decline in 1915 and fell rapidly until 1918, reaching its lowest point in the boom year of 1919. It turned the corner in 1920, yet did not recover its 1909 status until 1923.

But if the salaried man is the first victim of inflation, he has compensations. Salaries rise very slowly when the buying power of the dollar drops, but they fall slowly or not at all when the dollar's buying power rises again, as it has by 25 per cent since 1923. Wages are less stable—reacting more quickly to both changes—and, patently, employment is less certain and continuous among wage earners. For all his lack of organization compared with the collective bargaining of the union craftsman, the advantage in income appears to lie still with the clerical white-collar worker.

"Appears" is the correct word, for salaried employes include everyone from President Hoover and the head of the United States Steel Corporation down to the least-paid girl file clerk and office boy. What portion of this more than $10,000,000,000 of annual salary goes to a few highly paid executives and what to the mass of white-collar workers, the data are too scanty to answer.

It will differ greatly with industries. Different industries require varying kinds and quantities of office help. Nine per cent of all realized income in manufacturing is paid out to officials and managers as against 5.62 in light and power, 5.61 in telephones, 3.07 in street railways and 2.96 in railroads. On the other hand, railroads pay out $17.50 out of every $100 received in clerical salaries as against 6.06 per cent for street railways and 2.42 in mining, quarrying and oil production, where, manifestly, little clerical help is needed. As nearly as may be estimated, the manager usually receives about two and a half times the salary of a clerk.

There was a time when $5000 a year was thought the boundary line of prosperity for an American. It now is regarded as a very moderate urban salary, yet very few of us have incomes which will buy more than $5000 would buy in 1913. In exact figures, 99½ per cent of those who had any income in 1914 made less than $5000 gross. The percentage remained above 99 steadily until 1925, when it fell to 98.9, going slightly lower still in 1926.

The man or woman who earns $8309, therefore, still is literally 1 in a 100. He who earns more than $25,000 in 1913 buying power is 1 in 1000, and the man of an income of $150,000 or more in 1913 dollars is 1 in 20,000.

If we had reliable information by which we could further classify this nearly 99 per cent who have a buying power of less than $5000, we should know a great deal more about the inequality of the distribution of wealth. As it is, the figures tell us little, but they do indicate that during the war and the illusory boom that followed, the poor got more of the national income and the rich got less. Not only did the higher-income classes shrink notably between 1916 and 1921, but the income of property in every industry except farming fell off sharply in terms of purchasing power, and by 1920 farming was undergoing the most severe deflation of all. Since then, the rich have come back about to their prewar share.

No Profit in War

Doctor King discovered that there is no uniformity in the rise and fall of living costs, varying with localities, incomes and kind of employment. But the first and worst victims, the figures indicate, are the clerical and manual workers of the cities. Their living costs have risen about 70 per cent since 1913, while the farm laborer's expenses rose only 40 per cent. Families spending more than $5000 found their expenses up 59 per cent; less than the burden on families in the income class below.

"The idea that the average inhabitant of the United States profited financially from the war is wholly fallacious," the report declares, "for not until 1922 did we begin to recover from the effects of those readjustments of industry made necessary by the war, and from the results of the currency inflation resulting from war finance here and abroad."

Big profits, indeed, were made in some industries in 1916 on the sale of goods to the combatants and to other foreign markets temporarily waived by the combatant nations, but 1917 ended this brief and sporadic stimulation. The books showed large profits again in 1919 and 1920, and the appearance of prosperity was everywhere, but living costs soared ahead of rising income, and the paper profits on the books vanished in the ensuing depression. Inventories which had been written up had to be written even further down. For all the recent inflation in the stock market, our present prosperity is of a different kind; for prices have not risen since 1923 and inventories are being held down more rigidly than ever before in modern times.

It is true, naturally, that Europe, as the actual scene of the war, suffered infinitely more from it than did we and that the evil effects continued longer there. But it is not true that we profited from Europe's distress.

The highest average wages in a major industry are found in one of the least prosperous—the express business, greatly depressed by the competition of the Government's parcel post. This is partly accounted for by the very few women and casuals employed by the express companies, but here is further evidence of the narrow limitations of general statistics when reduced to specific occupations. Construction, railroads, street railways, light and power, mercantile, telegraph, mine, quarry and oil, telephone and manufacturing follow in this order, with, far at the bottom, farming.

More Income and Fewer Farmers

There is no major industry in which the buying power of the total wages and salaries did not increase in 1928 over 1909, and only one in which the buying power of the average wage decreased. Since 1921 the buying power of the total wages and salaries for all industries has risen almost 50 per cent. The most striking gains have been in banking, telephone and telegraph, in all of which the sum trebled, and in light and power, where it quadrupled. This, of course, is due in great part to large increases in the numbers employed in these industries. Yet, in return to capital and enterprise, construction, railroads, express and water transport all were lower in the last reported year, 1925, than in 1909, with only a slight gain for telegraph. Though electric light and power has grown most—300 per cent—in scope since 1909, it still is a relatively minor industry.

There is little sunshine for the farmer in the report. His condition, apparently, is not far from what his representatives in Congress have said it is. Farming has receded both actually and relatively in the American picture. It alone among the industries gives work to fewer hands today than in 1909.

The total purchasing power of the farmers' realized income before the war averaged about $3,800,000,000; in 1918 it grew to $5,581,000,000; then was cut to $2,888,000,000 by 1921. There is no disguising the terrific impact of that sudden collapse of values; a loss of virtually $1,000,000,000 from prewar income; a loss of not far from $3,000,000,000 from the peak of prices; a loss in genuine buying power. It was a major disaster.

Yet there is some comfort in the more recent figures. With fewer farmers to divide it than twenty years ago, the total realized income of agriculture is appreciably larger, in most recent years having been more than $4,000,000,000 in 1913 values. In current dollars their annual realized income has risen above $6,000,000,000. The farmer can buy more today than he could before the war, though not so much as he could during the war. He has not shared evenly in the prosperity that has come since 1922, but he has shared, and not inconsiderably, unless the figures of this estimate have an unlikely high margin of error.

There have been hot words in Washington recently over the relative importance of agriculture and manufacturing. If a senator were to speak to a radio audience of 100,000 persons which happened to be an

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exact cross section of the gainfully employed population, the largest group—23,680—would be engaged in manufactures. The second largest—18,580—would be farmers. Mercantile pursuits would claim 13,940. Railroads and other utilities would be represented by 7300 listeners, while teachers and other employes of the Federal, state and local governments would provide 6210 members of the audience. Construction would claim 3860; mines, quarries and oil 2860; banking but 640. A large group of miscellaneous and unclassified occupations would be represented by some 23,000 listeners.

But if the senator had $100,000 which was an exact cross section of the income of the people, it would not be made up in precise proportion to the numbers of gainfully occupied persons in the various industries.

Manufacturing would contribute just over $20,000. Agriculture would not be next. It would furnish only about $9270, as compared with $14,690 for the mercantile pursuits. Among the minor occupations, construction would account for about $4220; less, in spite of the recent building boom, than its proportion of the national income before the war. Railroads would provide a little under $5000, government between $7000 and $8000, mining between $2000 and $3000, banking about $1330, and privately owned electric-light-and-power plants less than $1000. Rapid as has been the growth of this latter industry, it still is among the small fry.

The shift in the proportion of the national income going to wage and to salary earners is no more significant, if as much so, than a demonstrated shift within the property income itself. A much larger amount is being drawn from dividends on common stock than used to be the case.

New Owners of Big Business

Corporations, of course, pay dividends and interest to one another as well as to individual owners, but the report eliminates this duplication and shows that the purchasing power, in 1913 dollars, of the total bond interest paid out increased from $1,052,000,000 in 1909 to only $1,288,000,000 in 1928, or by a little more than a fifth. The purchasing power of preferred dividends on all American securities increased by a little more than one-half—from $478,000,000 to $736,000,000. But the buying power of common-stock dividends much more than doubled—jumping from $1,185,000,000 to $2,984,000,000.

Here is the most important evidence that the shrinkage in the number of us who are our own bosses, operating independent business enterprises of one sort or another, does not tell the whole story. There has been a great—probably more than a corresponding—growth of shareholders in corporations. Business men sell out and take salaried positions, but they again become owners of industry by buying common stock of the companies they work for, and of other companies. Stock ownership of industry is becoming a more important source of income from property yearly. This is true, quite aside from the feast of new stock issues which the late bull market called forth and which finally gave it indigestion. A shift away from the bonds and preferred stocks of another generation to the once distrusted common stock has been the tendency over a long period.

How Life Has Changed

These are some changes in the life of the average man since 1909, summarized from the report, most of them so apparent that no statistics are needed to prove them:

He earns more wages or salary, both apparent and real.

He is less often his own boss.

He owns more securities, particularly common stock.

He works more often for the government, Federal, state or local.

He pays more of all kinds of taxes.

He builds less.

He lives more often in rented property.

He ships and receives more freight by railroad and by American-flag vessels.

He rides less on the railroad, but when he does ride, uses Pullmans more often.

He rides less on street cars, including motor busses operated by street-car companies.

He buys many times more electric light, heat and power.

He uses the telephone and telegraph much more often.

He uses the banks much more.

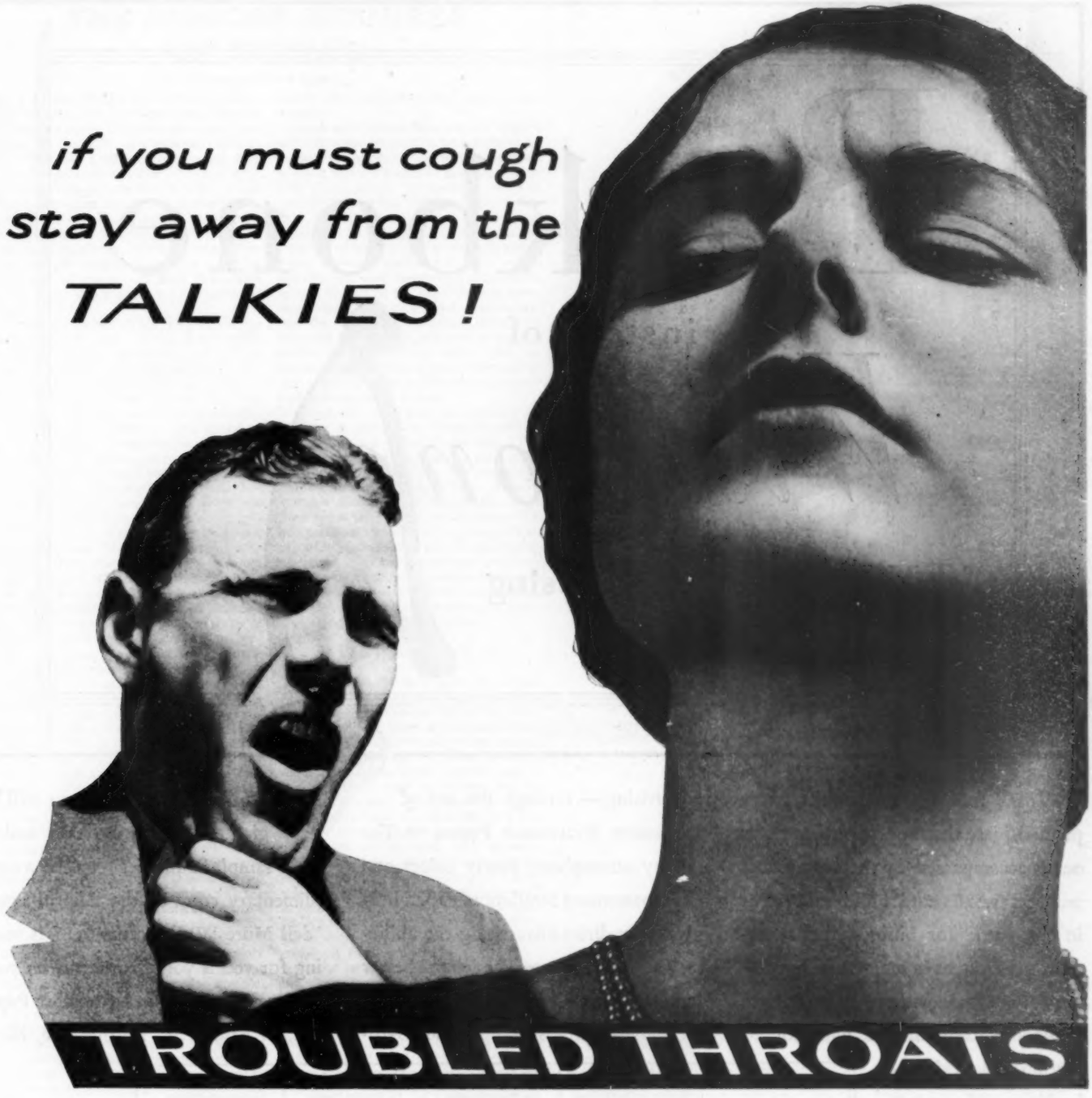
He suffered a money loss because of the war.

He buys less ice.

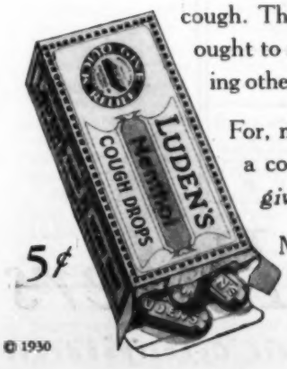
We still have unemployment to deal with, we have chronically depressed industries, we have underpaid occupations and plenty of other economic maladjustments. Doctor King's study must certainly, however, be accepted as a report of progress. If we can make the 50 per cent growth of our national purchasing power 100 per cent in another eight or ten years; and if, in doing so, we can bring up the laggard and low wages, the farmers' incomes and the inadequate salaries; if we can somewhat modify the still highly unequal distribution of wealth, then times will be millennial indeed. Especially so, if we can manage at the same time not to neglect those infinitely important values of human life which money cannot buy nor statisticians count.

DRAWN BY DONALD MC KEE

Man From the Wide Open Spaces: "Now, Young Man, Ain't Ye Mistaken About Not Havin' No Good Seats for Tonight?"



Magnificent theatre; stupendous spectacle; famous stars in a million dollar "talking" picture—and somebody brings a cough. There ought to be a law about that. Coughers ought to stay home where they belong instead of annoying others—or take LUDEN'S with them for quick relief.



For, nowadays, there's no excuse for anyone letting a cough get the better of him—or her—*Luden's give quick relief.*

Makes no difference why you cough—perhaps you've talked too much, or smoked too much or have a little cold—whatever the cause Luden's Menthol Action will keep a cough under control—at home as well as in public. Millions have found this out.

So if you have a suspicion that you're liable to cough at the wrong moment—be considerate, of others as well as yourself, and keep Luden's where they'll be handy at the first little tickle.

P.S. After smoking it's surprising how a Luden's freshens up your mouth—keeps your smoke enjoyment keen.

In the yellow package everywhere

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instead of

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EVERY folder, every booklet, every printed piece that any advertiser mails out is accompanied by the *hope* that it will get results and build sales. But in the battle for business, an advertisement must have more than hope—more than well-wishes. It must have backbone; the ability to fight for attention. Quality is the backbone of successful direct-advertising ⊰ Everybody appreciates quality. Everybody wants it. Give it to them—and to your direct-advertising—through the use of Expressive Strathmore Papers ⊰ The quality atmosphere, lovely colors and novel patterns of Strathmore Papers help give your direct-advertising the ability to get attention ⊰ The chart below indicates the wide variety of Expressive Strathmore Papers and Envelopes-to-Match*. Your printer will be glad to show them to you and to make sample "dummies" ⊰ And a complimentary copy of the helpful book, "Sell More With Strathmore," is waiting for you if you'll request it on your business letterhead ⊰ Strathmore Paper Co., 34 Bridge St., Mittineague, Mass.

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FOR YOUR FOLDERS, *Booklets, Envelope Enclosures, etc.*	American Japan Parchment★ Artlaid★ Charcoal★..Cockatoo★ Grandee★..Old Stratford Book Strathmore Japan Strathmore Deck. Edge Narrow	Alexandra D.E. Wide and Narrow★ Alexandra Japan★ Beau Brilliant★ Rhododendron Box Cover	Bay Path Book Bay Path Imperial★ Courier★ Emissary Text★ Saxonet★ Wayside Text★	Aladdin Box Cover Araby Box Cover Fanfare★ Parquetry Cover Strathlaid★
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*with *ENVELOPES-TO-MATCH, for Direct-Advertising and Business Correspondence*

THE SERIOUS BUSINESS OF FISHING

(Continued from Page 9)

when Kipling made a trip through America and issued scornful remarks about the size of flies that we used. He had spent some time along the Gunnison, in Colorado, which at that time was a fabled trout stream, and there he had seen men like Uncle Jim, with their eight-ounce rods and their No. 6 and No. 4 flies—men considered excellent fishermen and equally excellent sportsmen. Whereupon Mr. Kipling gave everybody a big laugh by saying that more and better fish could be caught with tackle weighing only half as much, and with flies which were from one-quarter to one-tenth as large.

I saw the answer to Mr. Kipling's argument the other day. It was a tiny affair weighing less than one ounce. It wasn't so long as a buggy whip, and so fragile that one almost hesitated to handle it. All of its complementary tackle—the reel, the line, the leaders and flies—were equally delicate. Yet the handle of that rod was darkened from long usage; it was the owner's favorite rod, and he had caught more than a ton of trout with it, some weighing two and three pounds, often with flies so small that a hundred of the naked hooks would not occupy a half inch of cubic space.

Of course the owner was a freak among fishermen and the equipment equally freaky. The average good fisherman would make one cast with a rod like that, strike one fish, and then move on back to camp without any tackle. But it does illustrate the trend toward more delicate ways of ending a fish's existence. Few men, indeed, today use a rod that weighs much more than five ounces. A great many trout fishermen insist that anything more than three and a half ounces feels like a ton. Bass tackle has dropped from heavy steel affairs to light bamboo. There are salmon fishermen who feel themselves infallible with a little affair about eight and a half feet in length and a weight of about four ounces. When it is considered that a twenty-pound salmon is a fair-sized catch, a few ounces doesn't seem much of a weapon. But they use it and they catch the salmon.

Out of all this delicacy, many by-products have been derived. One of them is an end to the old fable about the man with all the fishing tackle and the small boy with a hickory pole who sells the expert some fish to take home. Perhaps it is heresy, but there is about as much truth to that story as to the belief that a buckeye will prevent rheumatism. There are men who buy fish from small boys, and there are small boys who, armed with a line, hook, sinker and willow pole, can outcatch men supplied with everything that ever was made by a tackle manufacturer. But the sad part about that is the fact that the man isn't a fisherman, never was a fisherman, and probably never will be. That goes for anything from bullheads on, up or down.

The Franchise for Women

Beyond this, however, is something more closely connected with sportsmanship, which is a growing code of ethics. Time was when fishing was a cutthroat game; if a fellow wanted to throw a line into a hole where someone else was yanking 'em out, he went ahead and did it. That isn't proper any more; fishing, in its higher forms of serious art, has become a gentleman's occupation, with rules and regulations.

There may be an underlying cause for that, too, in that it has become womankind's diversion also. Years ago one rarely saw a woman in a fishing-tackle store. In fact, the fishing widow antedated the golf widow by many generations and with many more heartaches. A fishing trip often was a fishing spree, with more bait for the fisher than the fished. That isn't so popular as it once was, although whisky and screen doors remain the best friends of high-priced tackle repairers.

Booze and delicate fishing tackle will not mix. One doesn't need to be a prohibition snooper to determine how much liquor was in camp when a bunch of men come back from a long jaunt. All he has to do is to look at their tackle. In these days of delicacy, a booze-propelled arm does strange things to tips and joints, mostly breaking them. And more people go through screen doors, allowing that door to slam on the end of a rod, when there's bait in the bottle as well as bait in the can. There's something about the way a screen door meshes into the jamb with a fishing rod between that does dolorous things to sixty or seventy dollars' worth of beloved tackle. But the number that are being broken is decreasing. One reason may be prohibition; a greater reason seems to be women.

Increasingly each year, more women are fishing. A private-car fishing expedition formerly was a grand booze fest. I've traveled to fishing grounds in a good many private cars in the past few years, and they've been very moral affairs. Men do not get drunk so enthusiastically when their wives are present, and in these days many women who were once fishing widows can whip just about as good a line as their husbands, wade the streams nearly as well, and handle a fish with perhaps more delicacy. So, perhaps the feminine element has a great deal to do with the raising of standards along all lines of etiquette.

A New Book of Etiquette

For instance, it isn't good cricket any more to walk within casting distance when you're passing behind a fellow fisherman. It isn't good form to shout to him raucously, thus disturbing his concentration on putting his lure exactly where a game fish should lie. It isn't the highest form of sportsmanship, when a certain fish has made a thoroughly grand fight, to wallop him over the head and stick him into your basket. Championship finesse is gauged by the amount of moral fiber necessary gently to release that battling antagonist in the hope that some of his warrior's blood will descend to his progeny. And above all, it isn't polite to try to evade the game warden with more fish than the law allows, which in some states is becoming an increasingly small amount.

It must be small if there is to be any fishing whatever in many districts. Even today, there are a few states where it is still permissible to take game fish in the spawning season, and as long as it is permissible, just that long will they be taken. One of the greatest of bass states, Missouri, with its blue-green waters of the Ozarks that once simply boiled with bass, did not create an amnesty for its game fish until a year or so ago. The result has been fished-out streams, loud wails from sportsmen, and now, in consequence, extraordinary efforts to restore old-time fishing holes to their former state of glory.

Other states have awakened after years of effort to find those efforts practically useless. This is particularly true in the trout states, where, for decades, restocking was carried on by the planting of millions of newly hatched fish or fry. There is nothing that a trout loves better than trout fry, too small to outmaneuver a voracious member of his own cannibalistic tribe. Then, too, these fry often were put in waters where a tiny fish could not exist—waters of swift current, little food, few hiding places. But year after year the money and fish were wasted, while restocked trout streams continued a course toward depletion. That is changing now; fewer and fewer fry are going into the streams; instead, the size must be that of a fingerling and even larger. Some years ago, the state of Colorado found

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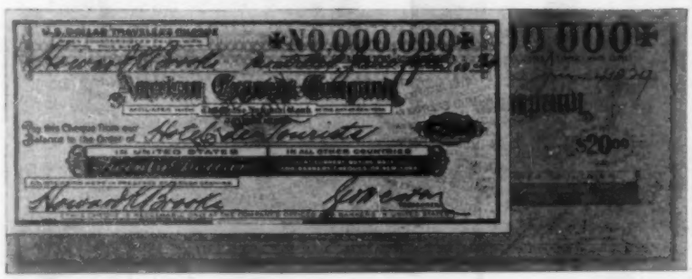

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itself falling from a pedestal once occupied as a queen state among those possessing trout waters. So it gave the job of replenishing them to a fisherman named Rollin A. Parvin—whom Charles E. Van Loan used as a partial origin for his Buck Parvin stories. Parvin was one of the first to change the size of new-supply trout. Instead of planting fry, he grew them to fingerling size, discovering that instead of losing more than 60 per cent, he lost only about 10. So now he has gone the whole route; there are hatcheries in Colorado which now turn into the streams trout of full legal catching size, and fishin' is getting better.

It will continue to get better in every state. For one thing, the tremendous growth of clubs in the past ten years, with their private breeding ponds, their planting of food, and electric-lighted stretches of water where flies are lured at night and where the fish feed upon them without fear of a hook, are restoring many streams. Campaigns are being carried on by sporting organizations, such as the Izaak Walton League, against the pollution of waters. Open stretches of water are, in many places, being supplied with food-bearing plants to support greater numbers of fish. And the etiquette of putting a fish back into the water instead of into the basket is growing.

Naturally, it is growing slowly. Fishing, as has been remarked, is fundamental and it is a disease. A man when fishing is nine-tenths cave man; his brain has ceased to function for anything but catching fish; that's why it is such great relaxation. The result is the fish hog, who exists wherever he can get away with it, and the reformed fish drunkard, who once took all his basket would hold, but who now, reluctantly but with a smile, puts back his catch to grow bigger and bigger until the time when perhaps he may get caught again—by the same fisherman. I know one man who never announces his catches. He hates to. One can only watch the stream and him wading it, see the tightening of his line, the bend of the rod, the careful playing to the net. Then, the catch accomplished, he carefully wets his hands, frees the fish of the hook, and raises the game to a level with his face. He studies it, the beauty of its coloration, the firmness of it, the smooth symmetry. Then he sadly lowers it again into the water, standing like a small boy in contemplation of the spot from which it swam away. He'd rather take a beating than see that fish escape. But he can remember the time when a fellow could snag 'em out three at a time from this particular stream, and when he was one of the snaggers. Triples are caught no longer on that water; so one fisherman, at least, now practices the conservation that should have been enforced years ago.

A Secret Among Fishermen

But there are certain things that fishermen never will learn, and that is why fishing each year grows more costly, and with more applicants begging to spend their money. It's a simple thing, but they can't do it—they simply cannot keep a closed mouth. That is necessary in these days, when the growth of the motor road and the universal ownership of automobiles has put 80 per cent of the fishing in the United States within reach of everybody. If you don't believe it and you happen to be in Yellowstone Park sometime, just halt at the fishing waters which lie along the roads there. The crowd on the banks resembles a big Sunday on a city pier, and the car licenses show the name of every state from the Atlantic to the Pacific Coast.

Therefore, with the danger imminent of spoiling a good fishing hole almost as soon as it is discovered, one would believe the ardent fisherman to be close-mouthed. He is about as secretive as a brass band. Fishermen are exactly like prospectors; they'll leave the best pay dirt in the world to go churning on a little farther, in the hope of finding a better source of wealth.

We're all the same. Last summer I fumbled into an Eden of trout. In one day I fished only a quarter of a mile of stream. I hooked more than a hundred fish, all heavy fellows, and, discarding my net, retained only those that were hooked sufficiently to allow me to land them by the precarious method of raising them by the leader and seizing them in mid-air. It's a well-caught trout that will stand for that sort of foolishness, especially if he hasn't been thoroughly tired out, if the fly is a No. 14, and the catcher not too eager to complete his task. At last the glorious day was done. I sat with my partner beside the camp fire.

"Well, here's one place we won't tell about," I said.

"You know it," said my fishin' pal. "We keep this secret."

So we drove straight back to Denver, rounded up every one of our fishing gang, bragged until we were black in the face, threw in a few lies to boot, argued men away from their jobs, husbands and fathers from their families, and led an entire cavalcade back to the spot which we were to keep inviolate.

Pleasures to Come

Perhaps there is a deep motive to all that. There's an invisible bond between fishermen, a fellow feeling that is bound by a common hope. That hope does strange things. Last autumn I saw it force a man to play hooky from his job in Vancouver, travel seven hundred miles to Alberta, then on a back trail of three hundred miles toward Prince Rupert, after that forty miles by automobile, twenty by boat and a million on foot.

He had one day to stay, and that was the day they weren't biting. He caught one fish. But his face beamed as he saw the catch a man had made the day before, and the two nine-pound rainbows which a game warden had brought from a lake twenty miles away.

"Oh, they're here all right," he said as he started his thousand-mile journey home. "Some of these days I'll get 'em!"

Some of these days! It lives unquenched in the heart of every fisherman—that hope. One autumn day Art Killick and Bill Perry sent me an urgent telegram from Kansas City. They had just been talking with someone deep in the Ozark Mountains about the fishin' down there. It never was better, the telegram said. The White River was as beautiful as a string of emeralds. One couldn't hear oneself think for the splashing of red-eyed, bronze-backed bass, leaping over one another in their efforts to knock down the small, red-bodied dragon flies which hung above the stream. Leaves were turning, fodder was in the shock, the gravel bars glistened in the moonlight. Bob-whites called from the fields, fox squirrels scampered about the sycamores, ready for the pan. Would I come?

I broke fourteen speed regulations getting to Denver. I bought a supply of red flies and pork bait. For fear that old favorite casting rod of mine might get a little springy in case I hooked into a big jack salmon, I added four or five more rods to my list. I bought spinners, plugs, wooden minnows, imitation mice, more flies, more pork rind, a couple of new reels and another tackle box.

I caught the fastest train to Kansas City. The gang was waiting for me at the station and we boarded the train for the Ozarks, staying awake all night to be sure we got there. We reached the White River, and shoved off with our guides and camp outfit. A little cloud appeared, beckoning to a crowd of other clouds. They assembled and sprung a leak that raised the White River nine feet in three hours, washed away our camp, our rods, our tackle boxes and half our food, leaving us to race the current in our boats nearly a hundred miles before we struck a town.

And where were we the next autumn? Right back on the dear old White River, mournfully waiting out another flood!

In these packages women everywhere are discovering how delicious

FRESH MARSHMALLOWS

can be

AT FIRST it may seem incredible that marshmallows could remain so deliciously fresh as these packed in the Campfire three-pound tin. But test them. Taste their creamy lusciousness, and marvel at the tender texture of these bits of fairy fluff. See how quickly and smoothly they melt in cooking, how easily they cut. Because of a special process of wrapping, no air or moisture can get into Campfire Marshmallows. Only in Campfire packages can marshmallows be *guaranteed fresh!*

Where there are four or more in a family or where entertaining is done, the three-pound tin is most economical. It should be as much a pantry staple as sugar and flour. For the small family, the new, one-pound family package is ideal.

With marshmallows always on the pantry shelf, you can devise a dessert in an emergency, invent a salad, or turn an ordinary vegetable into something to talk about. They may be used in beverages and soups, instead of whipped cream, and in sandwiches for teas or parties. Clever favors for children's parties are easily made from them. Send for the Campfire booklet, which contains 100 recipes tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. It costs only 10 cents. The Campfire Corporation, Cambridge, Mass.; Chicago, Ill.; Los Angeles, Calif.; Montreal, Canada.

Serve Campfire Coffee Cream, chilled, in stemmed glasses for your Valentine party. Buy Campfire Marshmallows in the new three-pound tin. It comes in six attractive modern colors.

Now you may obtain Mal-O-Whip also . . . a fluffy, light marshmallow crème, made with fresh, sweet egg-whites. Ideal for icings and sauces. Buy it where you buy Campfire Marshmallows.

The five-ounce packages make a delicious bit of confectionery. Keep them on hand for the children. Campfire Marshmallows have real food value for hungry boys and girls.

Campfire Coffee Cream

60 Campfire Marshmallows
1 cup strong coffee infusion
½ pint cream
½ cup pecans

Cut the Campfire Marshmallows in halves and place in a deep bowl. Pour over the hot coffee and stir until smooth. When cool, fold in whipped cream and chopped nutmeats. Chill and serve. This recipe serves 20 persons.

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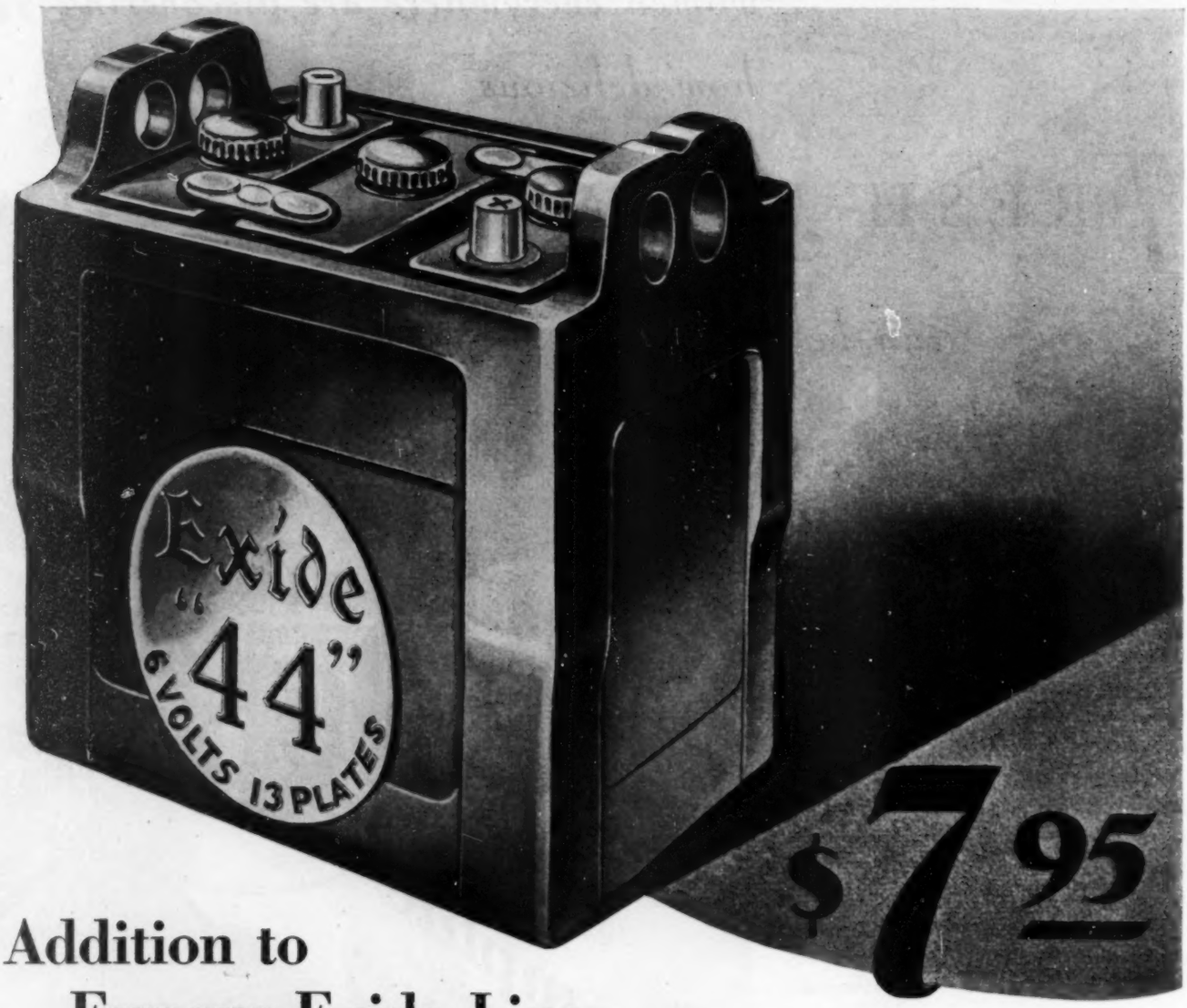

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THE ELECTRIC STORAGE BATTERY COMPANY, Philadelphia

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WIDE-OPEN THROTTLE

(Continued from Page 54)

handicapped though he was by having the inferior track, made Bottle Neck in time to get a clear board, swing onto the main line, and run around his enemy. Maybe you think the Cassidy cohorts didn't toss a celebration! Once in a great while, also, Oil-Can would leave his rival tied to a post, would take the lead and hold the lead all the way to Bottle Neck, leaving the Irishman to waste good coal and further insult his overworked fireman. Maybe you think the Wilkins adherents didn't tear up lamp-posts and annoy the peace-loving taxpayers!

Usually, however, when they raced it ended a draw. Just a dizzy race, twin engines, equal tonnage; two freight trains roaring down the double track, side by side, begging for trouble. It was a long-standing, dog-eared chestnut on the railroad that once Cassidy crossed over into the other's cab, that Wilkins knocked him back into his own gangway, that they fought till neither knew what the score was—and that Cassidy brought Wilkins' train in, and Wilkins herded Cassidy's! Chestnuts to the left-hand side, however, it is a fact that Oil-Can and High-Wheeled made the sport of kings about as interesting as a bruising game of bean bag.

Cassidy kept a record of all his runs; every time he crossed the division he would write down his time, his delays, every incident of the trip. In self-defense Wilkins adopted the same scheme, for High-Wheeled was forever bragging of his performances and belittling the runs made by Oil-Can. Competition, so to speak, was razor-edged. Thus, year after year, the records of these two runners accumulated—these two small black books—as much as any other single item, convinced the brass collars that freight could be handled, day in and day out, year in and year out, on passenger-train schedules. Once this fact became known and acknowledged, then shipments of perishables began to be sought rather than side-stepped.

Now while Wilkins and Cassidy were conducting their little frolics, marring each other's beauty and running off various heats in their effort to make a bum out of Old Man Time, the necessity for providing for the transportation of perishables was slowly seeping into the brains of the railroad brass collars. In these long-ago years, when the Civil War was still fresh in the minds of everyone, such items as fruits and vegetables from afar were luxuries. Lemons, for instance, came all the way from Italy, and only the wealthy could afford them. Oranges, few in number, came by express from Florida to such cities as New York or Boston, and were worth their weight in gold. No perishable was ever shipped more than fifty or one hundred miles. The green stuff the cities consumed came from strictly neighboring truck farms; local slaughter-houses furnished all meats for any given community.

Interesting to note, one of the first commodities to utilize refrigeration in transit was beer. A car would be insulated with hair, the beer loaded in kegs, the ice shoveled over the tops of the kegs, the car locked. Crude, certainly, but a thousand miles meant nothing to a shipment of amber brew. About the time St. Louis beer began to undermine the state of Kansas, strawberries were successfully transported by means of reefer cars in the East. Coincident with the above, someone came to the conclusion that if heat could be kept out in the summertime, a car could be kept warm in the wintertime. Thus, by means of insulated cars, potatoes were brought over mountains and plains in zero weather.

The railroads began to wake up. Perishables, it appeared, could not only be shipped but a great deal of money could be made from the operation. Obviously there were two elements to contend with—proper refrigeration and fast movement. The refrigeration was simply a matter of insulated, well-built cars and facilities for icing. The fast movement of tonnage trains was a problem of operation.

The city of Townley was the focus of a tremendous, fertile valley. Townley Valley could produce a multitude of perishables—grapes, green stuff, dairy products—but there was no market. The cities of the East lay over the mountains.

"Look here," said the traffic department to the operating department; "suppose we make a stab at this perishable business. If it works out we can load the reefers east with grapes and green stuff and dairy products. We may have to haul a lot of empties back, but even at that the revenue on one carload of perishables is equal to two carloads of grain. Who knows, we might some day be making westbound shipments of these fancy lemons, or oranges, or even bananas!"

One day the trainmaster at Townley sought out Wilkins.

"Tom," he said, "I'd like to borrow your little black book. The one you keep your records in."

"Yeah," said Oil-Can. "What for?"

The trainmaster explained. The brass collars had asked that Mr. Wilkins and Mr. Cassidy allow them to see the record of their runs for the past several years. There was talk of shipping grapes from Townley east. Wilkins handed over his book; later that day Cassidy turned his in.

Two weeks later the trainmaster again approached Wilkins.

"Tom," he said, "we're gonna have a crack at this grape business. They're loading eight refrigerator cars now; you get four cars and your Irish side kick gets four cars. Tonight."

"I been waitin' for this," said Oil-Can Tommy.

Mr. Cassidy and Mr. Wilkins met just prior to leaving time. They had words.

"Keep outta my way, you scissorbill," said High-Wheeled.

"When they see me pass you," sneered Oil-Can, "they'll think you're backin' up."

They were standing beside one of the new reefers, and on the side of this car was a card bearing the legend, Red Ball Fruit Express.

"See that, Mister Woodchopper," said Cassidy, pointing. "Th' idee for that come outta my little book, see? I'm th' guy what showed 'em. Five hours from here to Washburn means twenty hours from here to the big onion. Don't you wish you had th' guts to wheel 'em like me?"

Wilkins laughed in his face.

"You shanty louse," he replied. "I'm th' guy they got th' dope from, not you! Say, I been waitin' years for this chance to show you up. Five hours, says you? You'll never smell my smoke."

They pulled out together on the double, but some ten miles out Oil-Can pulled ahead, and from there all the way to Washburn, Cassidy never so much as glimpsed the markers on the caboose ahead. Oil-Can was a runner; he streaked across the division in four hours and forty minutes—twenty minutes less than the best time his rival had ever produced. High-Wheeled had trouble; he had to stop and set out a car with a bad brass. He made an astonishing run, however—two minutes more than a flat five hours.

Three nights later the two rivals faced east on the double track again with two tonnage trains, and eight cars behind each engine bore the Red Ball tag. They were three miles this side of Lucas with honors even, when a flue opened up on Oil-Can and he couldn't hold the pace. Cassidy ran around his enemy and burnt up the rail all the way to Washburn. His time that night, according to the train sheet, was four hours and forty-one minutes. He explained to all who would listen that he would have clipped another thirty minutes off had he not stopped to give Wilkins a tow!

The runs made by these two men carved eight hours from the temporary schedule. A tonnage freight train on a passenger-train schedule! Delivery of perishables guaranteed in New York the second morning out of Townley! And came that eventful night when two long drags, solid reefers, solid Red Ball cars, pointed out of Townley yard toward the eastern mountains.

"Let 'em race," the brass collars passed the word down the line. "The shippers get a kick out of it. Let 'em race as far as Bottle Neck, and the first man to the distant signal gets the main line. Arrange with the Northern Central to clear Lucas Crossover for us."

The traffic men sold the idea of the race to the brass collars. "Publicity," said the traffic department, "will put this perishable business over like a tent. Cash in on this chance! There isn't a taxpayer in Townley Valley who hasn't heard of Oil-Can Tommy and High-Wheeled Mike. Let the people of the big city in on this; let them know that the grapes, the tomatoes, the green stuff—every perishable out of Townley—was a stake in the greatest race ever staged by man! Twin bolts of smoky lightning! Wide-open throttle! Cash in—cash in!" So they did.

Just before leaving time Wilkins met Cassidy.

"I'm sick of your blab," said Oil-Can. "You've been shootin' off your mouth about me havin' th' north track, an' you've talked once too many times! I'll swap tracks with you, an' I'll throw mud in your eye from here to Bottle Neck!"

"Th' hell you will," said High-Wheeled Mike.

"Th' hell I won't," said Oil-Can Tommy.

They sought out the trainmaster.

"It don't make no dif'rence to me," declared that worthy, when informed of Wilkins' magnanimous offer. "You got about an hour. I don't care what you do."

So they swapped tracks. Oil-Can wanted the world to know just how matters stood.

"He can have th' best track." Mr. Wilkins speaking, very loudly. "Whadda I care for track? I can beat that fathead with no track at all!"

"Aw, shut up!" bawled High-Wheeled from his cab.

Mr. Cassidy was invited to descend and make Mr. Wilkins shut up. Mr. Cassidy descended with that intention foremost in his mind.

"An' were you speakin' to me?" inquired Mike politely.

"I wasn't speakin' to you," corrected Tom, "I was beggin' you."

"Now listen, boys," spoke up the master mechanic indignantly. "There's been enough of this foolishness. Upstairs, both of you!"

"Ye scissorbill," said Mike, closing in slowly, carefully, ponderously, "ye never had nothin' to eat before you come here but pine cones. Ye never knew there was such things as grapes. I'll give ye a lesson in manners."

"You lousy mick!" said Tom, circling, watching for an opening. "I was eatin' grapes before I could walk. I wasn't born in no shanty."

They came together, mauling. The master mechanic narrowly missed being sandwiched; he bawled for succor like a lost calf. Help arrived in the person of the trainmaster and half the population of Townley. It was something of a problem to separate Mr. Wilkins and Mr. Cassidy. They seemed to have an affinity for each other. Quite a few pounds of steam were used, several square yards of hide were mangled, not to mention the loss of a quart or so of blood, before the two warriors were pried apart and subdued.

"Neither of you," said the master mechanic bitterly, tenderly caressing a cracked shin, "has the brains of a jackass! Get on the job or get off the railroad!"

Upstairs went Oil-Can Tommy, shouting pleasant little reminders to his playmate. Upstairs went High-Wheeled Mike, shouting very consistent answers. And three

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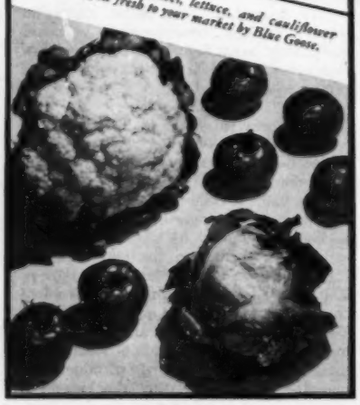

BLUE GOOSE

The highest mark of excellence of the American Fruit Growers

minutes later two whistles screamed, two stacks retched, two trains lunged eastward toward the barrier mountains.

They had equal tonnage, twin engines, and both men were runners. Cassidy had the better track, but Oil-Can didn't give a hoot—a very weak hoot—for rough track. The best way to get over a bad stretch, said Mr. Wilkins, was to get over it fast. Thus were the bumps ironed out.

They left Townley even; five miles out, in open country, they were still neck and neck. Pilots even, gangways even, walking down the double, throttles wide open! Twin bolts of smoky lightning! The greatest race yet staged by man!

Each could see the other plainly in the glare from open fire doors; at times the cab roofs all but scraped as the engines rolled on the rotten track. Cassidy saw Oil-Can pull on the throttle to make sure the cylinders were swallowing every ounce of steam he could cram into them, saw him wrestle the reverse bar back a notch, saw him step down to the deck to swing a scoop in unison with his fireman. Double shovel; let her pop, boy—let her pop! Let her roll, boy—let her roll! Come on, boy, we'll show this slob!

Cassidy yanked on his throttle, set the reverse bar back with one hand, joined his fireman. Double shovel; let her pop, boy—let her pop! Fill her belly and let her roll! Come on, boy, we'll show this scissorbill!

Thirty miles to Lucas Crossover—thirty long, rough miles. Thirty miles in thirty minutes by two battered, broken watches! Thirty minutes, thirty miles; they were on the crossing, rolling like two avalanches; they struck like two mammoth, uncontrolled projectiles!

The trainmaster might have prevented the accident. But he, like the two engine crews, had definite assurance from the Northern Central that the crossing would be clear. How was the trainmaster to guess that a Northern Central freight would pull a drawbar, break in two, and thus block the eastbound reefers?

Wilkins and Cassidy were on the decks of their respective engines, bailing in coal. Were they afraid of a fast crossing? Not this pair.

Neither looked. Neither of the firemen looked. The trainmaster was five cars back, working his way forward on High-Wheeled's train, fighting a tornado. He saw the box cars block the crossing, he tried to reach the cab in time. He failed.

The two engines struck simultaneously, tremendously, awesomely. Cassidy's mill clung to the rail, shredding a box car like kindling, breaking timbers like matches. Wilkins' engine ripped through a car, rode up over a four-wheeled truck, slithered as though on skids, smashed into the side of the other engine, bounced crazily, and swapped end for end in mid-air. She was headed due west when she lit, and no less than nine freezers buried her. Cassidy's engine derailed when struck, but her drawbar broke and she rolled clear of the main pile-up. She stripped herself clean as a varnished pole and the fountain and steam pipes broke in the cab.

The mess the reefers made is indescribable. They were everywhere. Out in open fields, rammed one within the other, smashed beyond recognition or repair. The crossover was ripped up by the roots; the two big pile-ups were at the crossover and at Wilkins' engine.

What few men there were for rescue work—mostly from the Northern Central—found Cassidy first. He was wandering around, dazed, his face wrecked, his clothing in ribbons. Cassidy's fireman had jumped as the engine derailed, and though badly hurt, was judged to be in luck. Cassidy had not jumped, and, though none knew at the time, was most decidedly out of luck.

With crowbars and axes the little gang of men went to work to get Wilkins out. He was alive, somewhere beneath them. They cut and pried, finally got to him. The tank was on his lap; there was no human way to get him out alive without the aid of a wrecker. His fireman was somewhere under the barrel of the engine; they couldn't even get to him. Wilkins had only a few moments of life left, and knew it.

"Hello, Tom," said Mike Cassidy.

"Why, hello, Mike," said Tom Wilkins.

They stared at each other in the gloom.

"I guess I oughtta tell you," said Oil-Can after a moment. "I don't blame you, Mike, for bein' sore about me gettin' hired. I don't blame you for bein' sore." He stopped, summoned his waning strength. "It was a lousy trick. You should 'a' rated me on th' call board."

"Don't feel that way about it, Tom," croaked Mike dismally. "I was a rotten loser, see. That's all. I knowed all along you really rated me."

Neither spoke for a moment.

"Say, Mike, we've been knowin' each other eight years. We ain't never shook hands yet."

High-Wheeled fumbled about, found the one free hand of his old enemy—a big, knotty hand. They shook.

"I'm sorry." Wilkins' voice was very weak. ""Twas a dirty Irish trick I played you, Mike."

"Hey?" demanded Mike.

"A shanty-Irish trick," said Oil-Can, and cashed in his chips.

Cassidy made sure that Wilkins was gone, then laboriously climbed out of the wreckage. He was growing weaker; he found it all but impossible to breathe. He stumbled away from the pile-up, lay down in a clear space. The trainmaster found him.

"What's the matter, Mike?"

"They got my number," said Cassidy with difficulty.

(Continued on Page 177)

DRAWN BY NATE COLLIER

"What Say?"

Stop and Figure..
what might happen!

You have seen road-side wrecks, evidences of tragedy—some of them serious perhaps.

Stop and think. Many were good cars; many were good drivers. Figure it out—how did it happen? Look at the skid marks on the slippery road.

"Skidded"—is the alibi. All the skill in the world won't prevent that. But foresight will. Buy WEED Chains in time. Put WEED Chains on your tires when ice, snow or rain makes the going treacherous. That's what keeps cars out of the ditch.

Be sure they are WEED Tire Chains you get from any garage, filling station or accessory store. You want the benefit of WEED'S 26 years research in chain designs and metals. You can tell WEEDS instantly because cross chains of hardened steel are *brass-plated;* connecting hooks are *red;* side chains heavily galvanized, *gray* in color. "WEED" is stamped into the metal of cross chains and connecting hooks.

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Re-enforcing bars are electrically welded to cross chain links. And then the whole is heat-treated by the incomparable WEED method. These re-enforcing bars hit the road first, grip better, take most of the wear, give longer life to the chain. The new side chains are electrically welded—have more links—cannot kink. These features are exclusive with the new WEED AMERICAN Tire Chain

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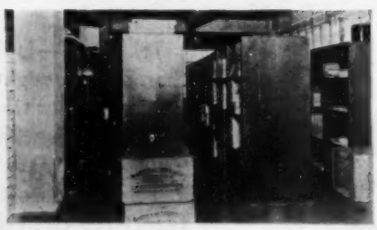
WEED CHAINS
For Protection of Life and Property

WHERE STEEL

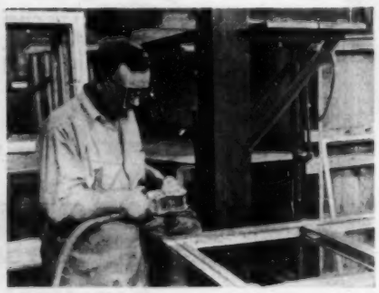
IS FUSED WITH SINCERITY

Some of the giant machines that bite and bend sheets of steel. Here Lupton workmen are forming and blanking enduring steel into useful products.

Lupton Steel Casements, with their delicately patterned lines, bring charm and grace to this setting in the residence of Dr. Thomas Klein, Haverford, Pa.



Lupton Steel Shelving provides efficient storage in the warehouse of the Board of Education of Baltimore, Maryland.



Lupton was the first to manufacture Aluminum Windows. The picture shows a buffing process used to assure a smooth, even surface at all joints.

IN THE Lupton plant are giant, hungry machines that bite and bend sheets of steel. Still other machines take the quivering strips and fashion them into windows, shelves and other products. Yet the first time you step on the factory floor, you sense another force—stronger than steel, greater than the machines: Men!

Men in the "front office" whose fathers have instilled in them the Lupton ideal. Men out in the plant to whom the roar of the mill is music. In a very real sense, the spirit of the organization is that of a family. Every tenth man has been with Lupton ten years or more.

The Lupton plant is a good place to work. Men have plenty of natural daylight. They breathe clean air, free from smoke. Lupton believes in practicing, at home, the Lupton principles of window engineering . . . principles that have been adopted the country over.

To these men who have grown up with Lupton, the making of quality steel products is more than just a job. Daily they express their code in enduring steel. Every Lupton product must be right . . . without compromise. It is this abiding sincerity of purpose, as much as any other one thing, that has emblazoned the name LUPTON high and clear on the horizon lines of America. David Lupton's Sons Company, Philadelphia.

LUPTON

WHERE STEEL
IS FUSED WITH SINCERITY

(Continued from Page 174)

"There'll be a relief train here in fifteen minutes," promised the official. "Stick it out."

"I swallered half the steam in the boiler," said High-Wheeled. "I got jammed up agin the fountain. I'm cooked."

The trainmaster knew what live steam does to a man's lungs.

"Anything I can do for you?"

"Naw," said High-Wheeled Mike. He grinned a wretched, tortured grin. "Dammit," he said, "I never could get ahead of that scissorbill Wilkins. Jes' now he had th' gall to up an' die first!"

Johnny Griswold regarded his pipe intently. He lit a match very deliberately, puffed carefully.

"I never could get very sentimental over them two roughnecks gettin' bumped off, kid," he finally said. "Th' railroads in them days, you see, was man-killers. If you didn't want to take th' chances, you didn't have no right bein' in th' game." He puffed and puffed. "Some of them old-timers was tough," he concluded lamely.

We ripped past the tall tower at Bottle Neck, an eastbound avalanche of food. Through the open door at the end of the swaying caboose shone the dazzling, blue-white eye of a locomotive.

Slowly she overhauled us, came alongside on the parallel track. Her rods were blurred, her crosshead a streak of reflected light. Up she came, an inch at a time; I felt my scalp tingle, and there was a feeling like to bursting under my ribs. She was a sight to see.

"Who?" I shouted to Johnny.

"Oranges," from Johnny. "Oranges and melons."

We stood in the side door of the caboose, a few feet below the level of her cab deck. The roar of her passage was like a bombardment. The engineer was grinning, the fireman was standing in the gangway, watching us. We could have shaken hands by leaning out and stretching.

"Howdy, Mike!" shouted Johnny.

"Howdy, John!" I could read the engineer's lips.

Inch by inch the high-wheeled engine forged past us, then the tank, then the cars tagged Red Ball. A foot at a time, a car at a time. Johnny and I went back and sat on the locker.

"He may pass us," said Johnny, "an' again, he may not. Tom Wilkins' boy is pullin' us. That was Mike Cassidy's son that just went by. They're old men. Believe it or not," said Johnny flatly.

He smoked enthusiastically.

"Didja ever stop to think, kid," he spoke abruptly, "that it cost sixteen million bucks to put these four tracks down? Sixteen million iron men. An' all th' good it does is to save about thirty minutes' time on, f'rinstance, an orange from California. Sixteen million dollars, kid, to save thirty lousy minutes on an orange travelin' three thousand miles! Whatcha think about that?"

"What are you talking about?" I demanded.

"Whatcha think I'm talkin' about?" came back the skipper belligerently.

"You were talking about Oil-Can and High-Wheeled," I reminded him.

"I still am," announced Johnny loudly.

"What?" I inquired incredulously.

"Aw, hell!" exploded the skipper, rising angrily. "You couldn't see in front of the end of your nose!"

THE TAXPAYER'S CHARMED CIRCLE

(Continued from Page 58)

A conference followed in which the lawyer proposed that the stock be distributed to heirs of the estate and that, after the distribution, the heirs should sell. This was done and there was no income tax, for the reason that the stock was sold at the same value at which it had been received as a bequest.

This sort of thing is being done every day in New York. It is being done in every county in the country. Whatever the form of the device, it is a charmed circle intended by the legal magician who draws it to protect his client from the tax collector. If his magic is sound, if his legal advice is good, the circle remains inviolate.

DRAWN BY EDMUND JONES

Applicant for Driver's License: "Surely, Officer, You Won't Count This Against Me?"

No Store *"Around the Corner"* At the South Pole

So the Byrd Expedition Couldn't take a Chance

Scientists take no needless risks. They take nothing for granted. Boastful or misleading statements are ignored. Entirely! Numberless tests... electrical, chemical, physical, mechanical... prove conclusively that Burgess Radio Batteries have no equal in power, capacity, length of service, dependability and uniformity. They are the best to be had—that's why four successive Byrd Expeditions have used Burgess Radio Batteries—why the Wilkins South Pole Expedition and countless others are relying upon them today as in the past.

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BASED upon years of experience with subscription offers similar to this, two out of three who write us will neither win nor lose—principally because they will not take advantage of the friendly opportunity we give them.

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If you want extra money—fifty or so would be fine for next month, wouldn't it?—just mail the coupon above. Then join the happy "third" who, even without experience, will earn many extra dollars.

You'll Enjoy a Job Like This!

SURELY you'd like a job that pays—in ready cash—just about what you put into it, in salesmanship and enthusiasm. Certainly you'd like a job where you are your own boss, where you set your own hours. That's just the opportunity offered you here!

We have many part-time representatives such as Gordon F. Bertholf, of Ohio (left), who is using his spare time earnings to help pay for his home. Mr. Bertholf has earned as much as $5.00 extra in one day.

We also have full time workers like Alexander Heath of Massachusetts, who has raised a family, bought a fine home and taken three trips abroad on his Curtis profits!

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Will you have an hour to spare, sometime in the next two weeks? If so, send for our offer today. If it looks attractive, follow the easy plan it will bring you and make your spare time pay dividends!

Mail This Coupon NOW!

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Please show me how to earn extra cash.

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City..... State.....

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Every Executive Needs A "Personal Safe"

Invincible STEEL CONCEALED SAFE

Keeps "Private Matters" PRIVATE

You will value that satisfaction of safety, you will enjoy its convenience, beside your desk or beside your chair; in your battery of files; in counter-high files; in desk-high files; or even in your desk. Your daily cash, valuable records, priceless drawings, samples or materials, etc., are completely protected and *protection concealed.*

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THE MEXICANIZATION OF AMERICAN BUSINESS

(Continued from Page 51)

temperature is very high during cantaloupe-picking season and consequent discomfort is great, the absence of white pickers at the present time cannot be laid to inability to endure the heat. Statements to this effect by reliable white persons who have themselves picked melons in company with many other whites are corroborated by the observations of early labor investigators."

Indeed, it was not until 1917 that California's agricultural interests turned seriously toward Mexican labor as a main factor in production. Since then white labor has been of declining relative importance. Why?

One Californian declared that cheap labor is a misnomer, "Wages for the Southwest are higher than for the rest of the country, and wages in California, where the Mexican is employed in large numbers agriculturally, are higher than those paid in any other state of the Union for agricultural labor, and the spread is so great as to prove once and for all that Mexican labor is not cheap labor."

Another stated: "California's agricultural labor gets 80.6 per cent higher wages than the average in the United States. There is no cheap labor employed." Yet, in explaining the continued need for more Mexican labor, he stated: "Our Mexican labor is in many cases lost to us through overbidding by Middle West and Northern states, who require them to work their truck crops and beet industry."

Dr. Paul S. Taylor points out that "high daily earnings are not a very reliable index of seasonal earnings. . . . A fair estimate of the annual earnings of a Mexican laborer of Imperial Valley is from $600 to a possible $800." Prof. R. L. Adams gives data that indicate the wages paid Mexicans and whites range very close together.

What the Average Mexican Earns

Truck farming in California is no dirtier than truck farming anywhere else in the United States. Picking fruit is no more difficult in California than it is in other sections of our country where it is done entirely by white labor. Picking melons and other products from the field is done virtually everywhere else by white American labor. Picking walnuts in California is a picnic for the Mexican and his family, who usually camp under the trees. If anything, picking fruit, walnuts, and so on, is less difficult in California than elsewhere. To argue, therefore, that white laborers are unable to do the work is to ignore the fact that the work is done elsewhere by such persons, and that it was done by them in California prior to the Mexicanization of agricultural production in the latter state. One must look, therefore, to the wage scale, to living and housing and sanitary conditions, to the permanence and stability of the work and a host of related factors to find the explanation for the inability to secure a sufficient supply of white labor.

That the annual earnings of the average Mexican family are extremely low even in California is obvious from the data already referred to.

When the Mexicans in Imperial Valley undertook to protect themselves in April, 1928, through the formation of a union, under the title Mexican Mutual Aid Society of Imperial Valley, the employers left no stone unturned to break it up.

Doctor Taylor states: "In addition to the pressure from the sheriff's office to break the strike, unsigned circulars were published, to break the morale of the Mexican laborers. The arguments presented in these circulars were various. It was suggested that Federal officers were watching the situation with a view to possible deportation of participants; that the Mexicans should be grateful to Imperial Valley growers, who have fought restriction of Mexican immigration, and who resisted deportations from the valley by organizing the Associated Labor Bureau, and that they should take care lest these same growers use money and influence to deport Mexicans and prevent their return to the United States; that the organizers of the union were working solely to enrich themselves at the expense of the workers; and that large numbers of Mexicans from Texas and Arizona were readily available, and would be introduced if Imperial Valley Mexicans did not quickly go to work."

Here we have a confession that an available supply existed elsewhere in the United States. The following paragraph is taken from a circular used to break the strike:

> Remember this. If you fail to coöperate, the same men who have given their time and money to get you into this country and to protect you here, the same men will turn against you. They will use their funds and their influence to have you brought back to your country, and your chances of seeing the United States again will be rather remote.

The Effect of Curtailment

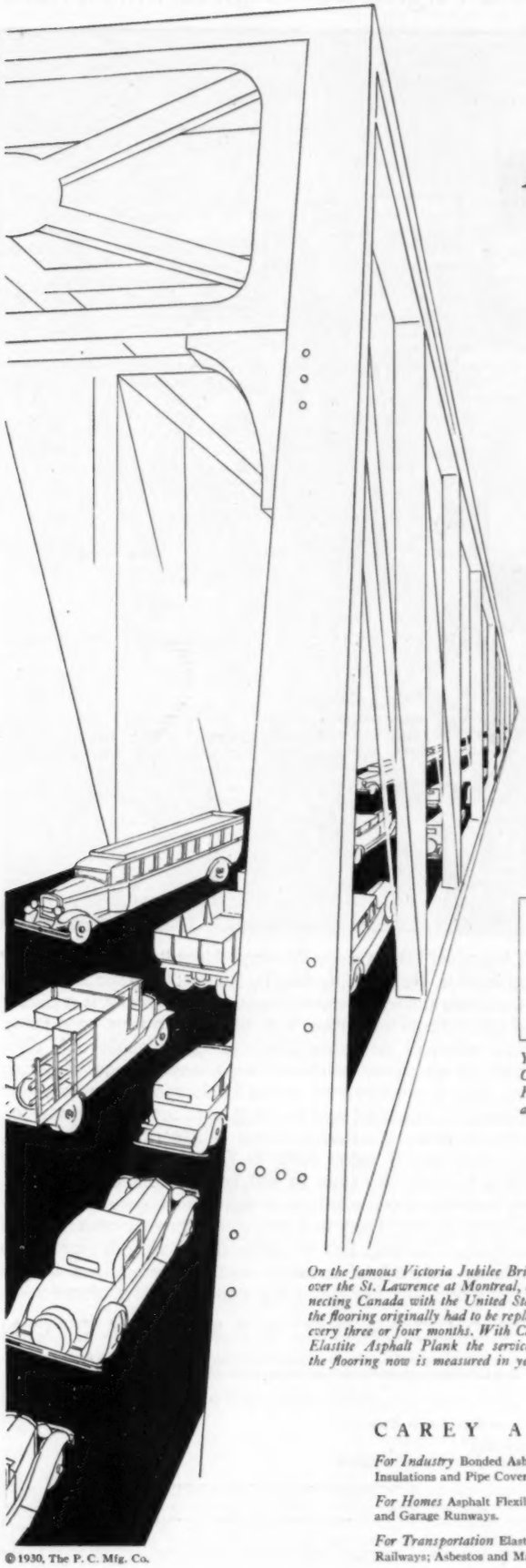
When one considers the low standard of living of the Mexican, the unsanitary and inadequate housing with which he is content, and the fact that he is usually satisfied with a wage that enables him barely to exist with a minimum amount of labor, then we have additional reasons why the American laborer is unable to compete with the Mexican. All the arguments that applied to the exclusion of Oriental labor from this country apply to Mexican immigration. When one considers these facts, it seems to be evident that American labor is not to blame for the alleged shortage of common labor for agriculture in California. Neither does it seem fair to argue nor is it a fact that American labor shuns farming as menial labor or that it is unwilling to do dirty work. Even granting that at present machinery cannot be used to a greater extent in truck farming and fruit picking, it does not follow that Americans will refuse to do the manual work necessary if paid a reasonable wage that will enable them to live according to the accepted standards in this country, provided they are freed from the necessity of competing with the Mexican laborers.

To argue that these California growers will be ruined financially and that "with our agriculture will go our industry, commerce and prosperity" should Mexican immigration be restricted, is not only illogical and unsound but it ignores the fundamental problems involved. What agriculture needs in California is a complete reorganization, for such is not only necessary but it is inevitable if the element of impermanence is to be eliminated.

The problem is not so serious as the lobbyists will have us believe. According to Prof. R. L. Adams, the larger the farm in California, the greater is the dependence at present on Mexican labor; hence any curtailment of Mexican labor will have its greatest effect upon the operator who is handling the relatively large acreages. The following table is taken from Professor Adams' study:

SIZE OF FARM	NUMBER OF REPLIES	PERCENTAGE OF EMPLOYERS REPORTING		
		"NO EFFECT"	"PRESENTS DIFFICULTIES"	"PROBABLY WOULD HELP"
Under 20 acres but not under 5 acres	90	53	34	13
20 to 40 acres	197	30	62	8
40 to 80 acres	142	30	65	5
Over 80 acres	290	18	78	4

(Continued on Page 181)



On the famous Victoria Jubilee Bridge, over the St. Lawrence at Montreal, connecting Canada with the United States, the flooring originally had to be replaced every three or four months. With Carey Elastite Asphalt Plank the service of the flooring now is measured in years.

A LIVING FLOOR

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Carey Elastite Asphalt Plank gives a floor as smooth as a bowling-alley.

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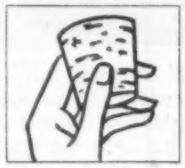
But softly . . . silently . . . the car is on and over with never so much as a jolt or a joggle!

Then you say to yourself . . . "Now *that's* a bridge! Wonder . . ." and in the next instant, "Oh, I know! One of those Carey-paved bridges! Of course! Wish there were more of them."

But, seasoned traveler that you are . . . and sophisticated, too . . . you would be astonished if you knew how many bridges and crossings are being paved today with Carey Elastite Asphalt Planks.



Yet, for all its durability, Carey Elastite Asphalt Plank produces a surface as resilient as cork, and as silent.

And how they do endure!

Bruise the surface of this flooring . . . cut it . . . let a chain-clad truck wheel thump down on it, and in a few days the marks will disappear. For the remarkable thing about this paving material is that it actually knits and heals its own wounds. It is noiseless, dustless, and it cannot rot.

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Carey Elastite Asphalt Plank is another of the great boons which Carey has brought to transportation and so to you. No wonder it goes onto practically all of the country's important bridges—new as well as old. Like Carey service, it literally bridges the Continent.

But this is just one of the hundred ways in which Carey products help to make your comings and goings more pleasant—even to the crossing of bridges . . . just another result of Carey's daily endeavor to learn your ideas—and ideals—and build accordingly!

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For Transportation Elastite Expansion Joint for Concrete Highways; Elastite Bridge Flooring; Elastite Railroad Crossing; Elastite Rail Filler for Street Railways; Asbestos and Magnesia Blocks and Coverings for Railroads and Steamship Lines; Asbestos Brake Lining for Automobiles.

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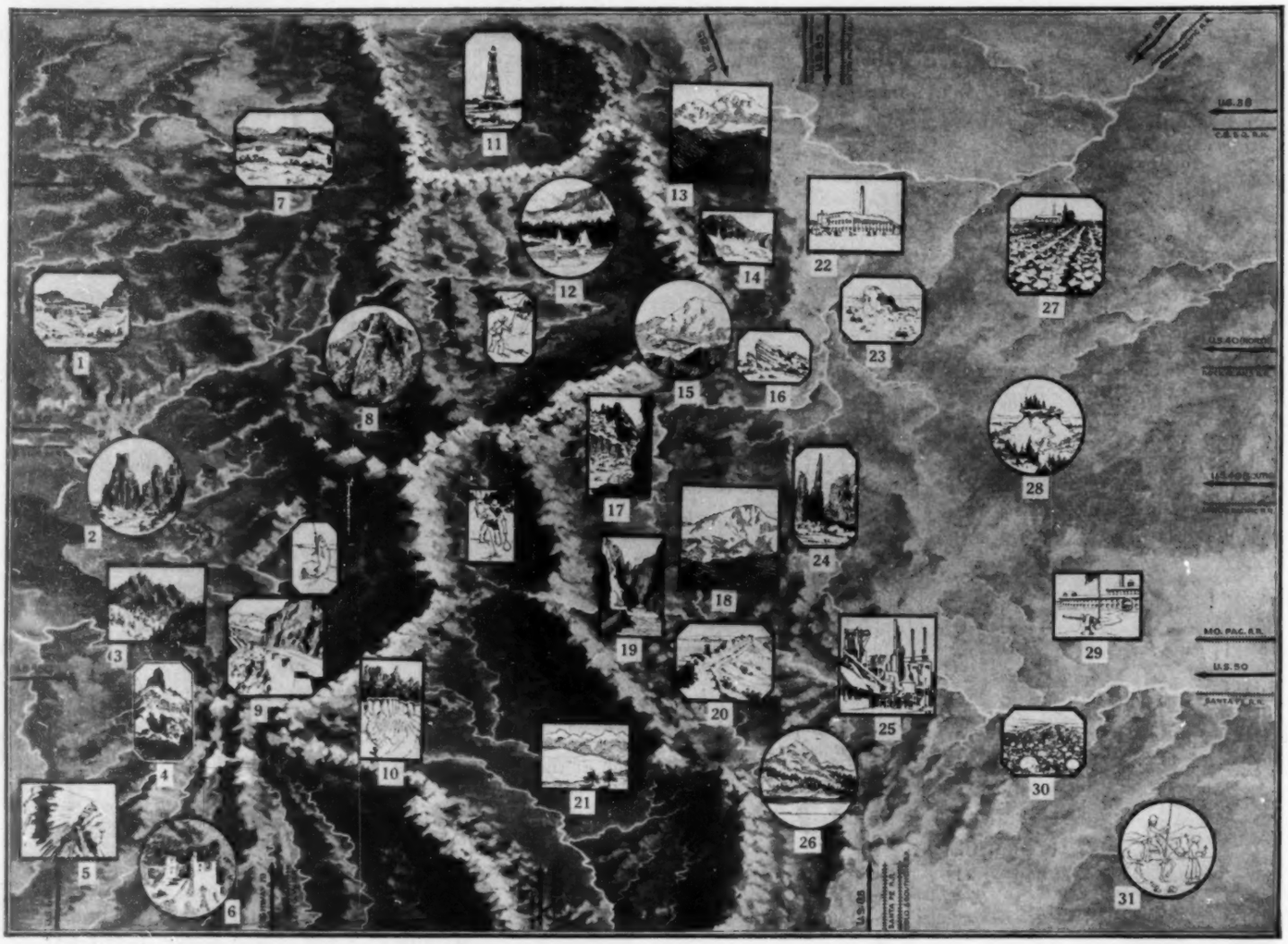

A Very Few of the Thousands of Things to See in Colorado. 1—Cliffs of Oil Shale. 2—Colorado National Monument. 3—Cathedral Spires and Ophir Loop. 4—Lizard Head Peak. 5—Ute Indian Reservations. 6-Mesa Verde Cliff Dwellings. 7—Trappers Lake. 8—Mount of the Holy Cross. 9—Chief Ouray ("Million Dollar") Highway. 10—Wheeler Nat'l Monument. 11—Frozen Oil Well. 12—Grand Lake Regatta. 13—Longs Peak. 14-Glacial Region. 15—Mt. Evans. 16—Red Rock Park. 17—Platte Canyon. 18—Pikes Peak. 19—Royal Gorge. 20—Sky Line Drive. 21—Sand Dunes. 22—Beet Sugar Factories. 23—Old Fort. 24—Garden of the Gods. 25—Huge Steel Works. 26—San Isabel Forest. 27—Farm Experiment Work. 28—"Fremont's Fort." 29—U. S. Hospitals. 30—Where Melons Are "Invented." 31—Coronado's Trail.

HERE you have a "birdseye" view of Colorado that is important for the many thousand things it can't show. Study the map and note the regions with which you are most familiar. Then multiply them by the remaining space and you get some idea of the multitude of delights that Colorful Colorado still has in store for you. Here, literally, is a picture of the top of the United States. . . . But while the map can indicate what there is to be seen, no map, no pictures, no words can give you any idea of Colorado's endless variety of marvelous scenic thrills, its unbelievably clear air, its continually brilliant but never oppressive sunshine, its absolutely unlimited range and change of strong and delicate color in thousands of varied landscapes, its grasses and trees and flowers, its abundant wild life, its stupendous natural resources, its joyous healthfulness, the twelve-months delight of living here! . . . You almost surely would enjoy living in Colorado, but the way to decide that is to study the state at first hand by one or many visits. Come early and often—you will have a wonderfully good time every trip, at any time of year. Every time you can visit new places and find new things to do. Colorado isn't far away and is very economical to visit—suitable for even a brief vacation. And right now, send for the new Colorado book—a fifty-two page panorama of Colorado life.

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Summer Resorts	☐
Winter Sports	☐
Summer Schools	☐

(Continued from Page 178)

What the exploiters want are docile laborers of the peon type, willing to accept wages, housing and working conditions intolerable to American labor. As in Texas, they thus have a basis for their cry of a labor shortage, despite the fact that Los Angeles city and county alone have a Mexican population of 250,000, and California has a supply of unskilled white labor ample for its needs in every phase of industry. Indeed, there will always be a labor shortage so long as Americans, and even the Mexicans who have been domiciled here for a period of time, refuse to be exploited by a group of men who put their own financial interests above those of the general welfare. The existence of such conditions seems in itself to substantiate the necessity for immediate and drastic restrictive legislation. As in Texas, so in California; we have every reason to believe that such action will bring to California a prosperity greater and more permanent than any she has yet experienced.

The cool region of cloudless sky in the arid West meets the conditions necessary for sugar-beet production perfectly. The irrigated regions of Colorado, Utah, Idaho, Montana and Wyoming supply just the right combination of climate and moisture exactly as needed, and the absence of moisture when harmful. The sugar beet could flourish over a very wide area in this country, but agriculture is applied elsewhere with greater effectiveness in other directions.

The planting of the beet seed is done by drills, the plants coming up in continuous rows. After this, much manual labor is called for. The young shoots have to be blocked and then thinned. When the beets are harvested, they are first loosened by a plow and by a lifter, but each individual beet must be pulled out by hand. Finally, they are topped, the neck and leaves being cut off by hand with a large knife. This calls for a large amount of unskilled labor, almost all of which is at present either Mexican or Spanish-American, although some German Russians and other European immigrants may still be found.

There is no question of a climatic obstacle to the use of white labor at any season of the year. Indeed, the regular field work of plowing, planting, irrigating, cultivating, beet lifting and hauling is performed by the American farmer himself. It is in the hand labor that imported labor from Mexico and elsewhere is used. In the early years of beet growing, the greater part of this hand labor was done by local boys and girls, and by the farmers themselves. In fact, this seems to be the case even yet in Utah. In this state I discovered that even college students frequently work in the beet fields to help pay their way through school. It should be noted, however, that in Utah there are relatively few Mexicans used in beet production.

Dumping the Laborer

The increased employment of Mexicans has been due to the expansion of sugar-beet acreage and to the checks put on other groups of outside laborers through the restriction of European and the exclusion of Oriental immigration. The Mexicans have become the principal available source of outside labor, and thus it has come about that sugar-beet production has become as thoroughly Mexicanized as vegetable and fruit production in California. The causes seem to be fundamentally the same; for here, too, we find an almost insatiable demand for cheap labor of a docile type that is willing to submit to poor living conditions, until it learns better, and a new supply becomes necessary.

The sugar companies secure the hand labor for working the beet crop when it is not locally available. In doing so, the sugar company concerned acts as an agent for the growers. In the early spring its labor agents begin to gather up the labor from places far and near. These agents ship it into the beet-growing territory, where it is distributed to the growers. Most of the labor, being Mexican, will come from the border territory. Frequently whole trainloads of such persons are started north, with each car guarded to prevent any laborer from changing his mind until he arrives at his destination. Many of them move north in secondhand autos, under instructions to go to certain beet centers.

Many of these laborers are direct from Mexico and are secured after elaborate preparation through advertising and other devices in such cities as El Paso, Fort Worth and San Antonio. Formerly these laborers were often shipped north still clad in the sombreros, light cotton clothing and even sandals of the Mexican peon—a practice less common in recent years. The cost of these labor shipments to the sugar companies is high. Doctor Taylor states that in 1926 "the average cost of labor shipment per '40-acre family' was $90.75, and the total cost more than $250,000—to the sugar company. For the five-year period ending with 1922, the cost per worker was $25." It is interesting to note, however, that the sugar companies spend nothing to return the Mexicans to their own country when they are no longer needed by the growers! "Some communities dependent upon seasonal labor are eager for the laborers to move in when they are needed, and almost equally eager for them to move out when they are no longer needed." It is thus that thousands of Mexicans are shipped north each year into the beet fields.

High Tariff and Cheap Labor

The company draws up the labor contract between the grower and the beet laborers. This contract usually provides that during the intervals between operations in sugar beets, the beet laborers are at liberty to accept such other employment as they may be able to find. Such time may be devoted to harvesting vegetable crops, shocking grain, picking potatoes, and so on. The amount of such employment is, however, very restricted and the average amount earned at such work probably does not exceed $150. Though it is difficult to estimate accurately the average earnings from beet production, yet it is generally agreed that a Mexican family may average annually from $600 to $800 in beets. It must be noted that this is a family income and results from the labor of the Mexican, his wife and several children, child labor being extensive in the beet fields. The average earnings of a man working in beets at 1927 contract rates were $250. A man and wife could earn $425. The average family earnings in 1927 were less than $666. Labor rates in 1927 were approximately 4 per cent above the rates of 1928! Here, indeed, is cheap labor! Is it any wonder that Americans cannot be found who will work in competition with Mexicans under such conditions and at such wages?

I, for one, am unwilling to admit that Americans shun manual labor when paid decent wages that will enable them to have a reasonable standard of living. Americans and white Europeans did practically all the work prior to the large importations of Mexicans. If wages and living conditions become what they should be, there is little doubt but that an ample supply of labor could be secured in this country, able and willing to do the work in the sugar-beet fields, monotonous and dirty as the work may be. For is it not true that Americans do much dirtier work in many industries in this country at the present time? The labor agents of the sugar companies argue, however, that they are unable to pay higher wages—that they must have cheap labor. In this they seem to be more frank than the other employers of such labor.

As in cotton and truck production, it is to be doubted, however, that the sugar-beet industry would be ruined financially if its supply of cheap Mexican labor were cut off, in view of the fact that the higher efficiency of American labor amply justifies the payment of higher wages. Therefore, the same arguments apply here as in the other

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cases. Furthermore, there is this additional factor of major importance: The sugar producers in this country enjoy a tariff which is designed to protect them in such a manner as to enable them to produce at a profit on an American basis of doing business. What they are really seeking is not only a protective tariff but the continuation of a subsidy of cheap foreign labor. Obviously, the latter nullifies the purpose of the former, and has created serious doubts in the minds of many Americans as to the expediency of such conditions.

According to Prof. F. W. Taussig, the secret of the success of American agriculture is "the one-family farm," with "the labor of agriculture done mainly by the owners of the soil; no sharp cleavage between landowners and land workers; little inequality in economic and social status; a high general level of prosperity; a landed class not rich and not poor, not highly cultured, but far from inert or dull." Such is the standard we should strive for and try to improve upon. To do less would be contrary to American efficiency and progress.

Even less convincing are the arguments of the mine owners that they need Mexican labor.

A prominent representative of the mining interests of Arizona stated recently that Mexicans are needed to do the work in the mines that the Americans are unwilling to do, and that wages are set at a minimum of six dollars a day, while some miners get from fifteen to eighteen dollars a day. He admitted that the mine owners could pay higher wages to secure labor if necessary, but that they do not do so, as they do not wish to deprive the agricultural interests and railroads of their labor. Yet at the same time he argued that a shortage of cheap labor exists! What he failed to state, however, was that those mine operators paying the higher wages quoted employ only American laborers, because the efficiency of the latter justifies the higher remuneration. Prior to the war contract-labor law that admitted Mexican laborers into this country under conditions never consummated by their employers, practically all the men working underground in mines in the Southwest were American. In Arizona the average tonnage of copper ore moved to the surface was sixteen tons per man per day. Since that time Mexican immigrants have been substituted to the extent of 80 per cent or more. American miners have been driven out. Wages have been cut from $6.15 to as low as $4.15 a day. Yet the cost of labor per ton of ore mined steadily rose, as the Mexican laborers have averaged only about nine tons of ore per man per day. Furthermore, in view of the fact that the Mexican is unwilling to work steadily, daily wages are no indication of real wages. It is for the latter reason that a few mines employ only American labor—it pays because of its efficiency. American miners did practically all the work in the mines of the Southwest until recent years. Why should the same work become repulsive to them so suddenly? There can be but one answer—American labor cannot compete with Mexicans. It is a competition that kills.

The recent almost innumerable applications of white laborers from all over the country to work on the construction of a Southwestern dam are convincing proof of the mobility and ample supply of American labor and of its willingness to work under trying conditions, if properly paid.

This is evident from the statement of the chairman of the Industrial Commission of Colorado: "I am opposed to the immigration of Mexicans for the reason that they are usually an ignorant lot of people and tend to cut down the price of wages in the southern part of the state. The majority of the big coal mines employ large numbers of these Mexicans. Most of them cannot read or write any language. Large numbers of the Mexicans are hired in the sugar-beet fields in Northern Colorado, where they are employed at less wages than the average American will work for."

One must also remember that where some persons gain through the exploitation of these immigrants, other business men lose heavily. The president of one of America's mail-order houses informed me thus: "As a city, San Antonio has a much lower purchasing power than cities with a much smaller population. The lower purchasing power of Mexicans does not add to the prosperity of the region.

"I have talked with a number of the presidents of Northern and Middle Western railroads. They all express themselves as being of the opinion that Mexican labor ought to be restricted. These particular railroads, however, employ few, if any, Mexicans, and the presidents of these roads can view the matter from the standpoint of citizens rather than employers."

A prominent official of a national chain of stores informed me that his company could very well do without the Mexican trade, although these stores secured a large amount of it.

Only those stores that cater to the Mexican trade can hope to gain anything from such immigration. Stores typical of the average American city cannot prosper. In every phase of American business throughout the Southwest one is able to find the results of Mexican immigration—cheap stores, falling real-estate values, extra tax burdens, school problems, increased charities, a need for more penal institutions, lower wages, the rapid elimination of the white laborer, and the deterioration of the American standard of living.

In an address in New York City on November 9, 1929, Congressman Albert Johnson said, concerning Latin-American immigration, that the time has come again when it is "necessary for Congress to save California for Californians." He might have added "and the entire Southwest for Americans."

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DUNLAP HATS

Here is the way to wear the new "SUPERIOR" — to be in step with pre-Spring styles

FILLING the demand for a hat that is *youthfully formal* without being flippant or stodgy, the Dunlap Superior is a hat that all of us can wear successfully. Some of us will wear it for dignity. Some of us will wear it for *l'esprit*. But all of us (and this is the point) will be facing the world in a ten-dollar welt-edge hat that looks like a lot more because Dunlap knows how to design it — and wears like a lot more because Dunlap knows how to make it. You can go through a day under the Dunlap Superior, answering every demand the day has to make on your good looks, with a sense of perfect self-confidence.

CORRECT ATTIRE for entering taxis would be (for instance) Dunlap Superior in these shades:

BROWN—to harmonize with tan and claro and bark shades in your overcoat, your burgundy or yellow scarf, your malacca stick, your brown tweeds or worsteds, and your red-brown brogues.

PEARL and CRYSTAL—to go with almost anything except your browns. Pearl and crystal complement the popular powder-blues you'll see this spring, and the self-patterns in all the greys; Superior in these colours will make your more brilliant scarfs look just a little more exciting.

ECRU—an excellent between-shade for the right complexion, which harmonizes handsomely with the lighter browns, complements a tan shirt, and contrasts pleasantly with navy. Don't use it with the light greys just because they're light—they may quarrel.

BARK—the newest of the browns: a between-shade rich in overtones, but sound in body, and just the least bit bright, as spring shades will be. It goes, of course, with the interesting cigar-colours of the newest suitings.

(*There is, of course, no law against owning two colours, so that you're never dressed without the right one.*)

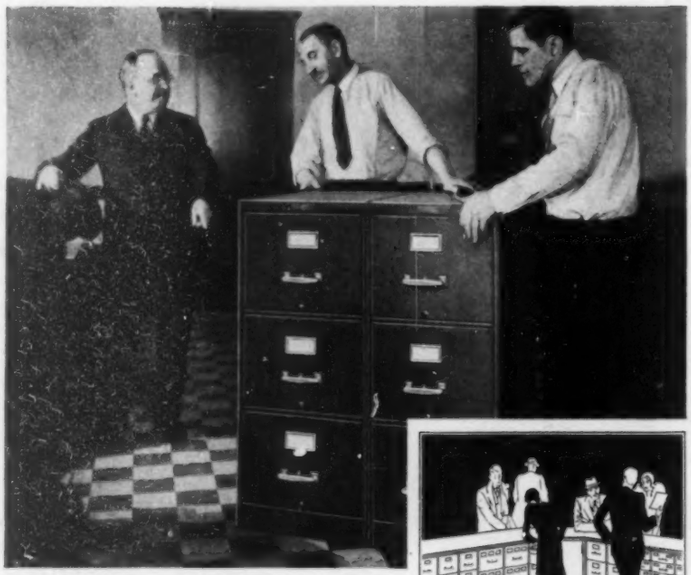
TRADE MARK
DUNLAP
NEW YORK

711 Fifth Avenue, New York City
920 Palmer House, Chicago

SUPERIOR: TEN DOLLARS
OTHER DUNLAP HATS FROM
EIGHT AND A HALF TO FORTY DOLLARS

Charlie Sanborn of Boston

wants a job without pay



Charles F. Sanborn, at left, above, is one of the Boston "Y and E" men. There, as in every other city, these men offer constructive suggestions. Modern counters are made of steel files. They replace rickety railings. "Y and E" Steel Files keep facts where needed. Portable, interchangeable and adjustable. Call your "Y and E" Man for information.

1880 "Y and E" 1930

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Of course, you may be a long way from Boston, but there is a Charlie Sanborn in your own locality. In fact, there are 3,000 of these trained men.

Your "Y and E" Man has a thorough understanding of office problems. If you want to get double efficiency from your office, he can show you how, with an eye for future development.

His advice is valuable. And it is free. You have only to get in touch with him, directly or through us.

Fifty years of leadership . . . This year "Y and E" celebrates its golden anniversary. Through 50 years of exacting business demands "Y and E" has been designing, building, and helping—always a step ahead of the times. Let your "Y and E" Man show you how valuable "Y and E" Office Equipment and Systems can be.

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The Chief threw a monkey wrench into the works!

ALL the chief wanted were some figures—it's true they were important figures and he needed them quickly before making an important decision—but the request he thought so simple had disrupted routine work, sent his clerks into a panic and before the figures were compiled and tabulated, everybody's temper was on edge, including the chief's.

Being an intelligent chief and remembering similar incidents in the past, he was ready to listen to the Monroe representative when he said, "All I want is the opportunity to show your own clerks how they can use Monroe methods and short-cuts to save time in routine work and do it without upsetting your present system and without the necessity of your hiring specially trained operators."

"Go ahead," said the chief, "show me."

The Monroe man studied the work and from his knowledge of business figures showed the chief how Monroe methods could be applied, while the simplicity, speed and first-time accuracy of the Monroe machine interested every clerk, for they saw at once the lessened drudgery and hazards of inadequate figuring methods.

In no time the routine work was running smoother than ever, the chief was getting all the figures he needed without tempests and tempers—and where he'd been used to inaccuracies he found only accurate, reliable facts.

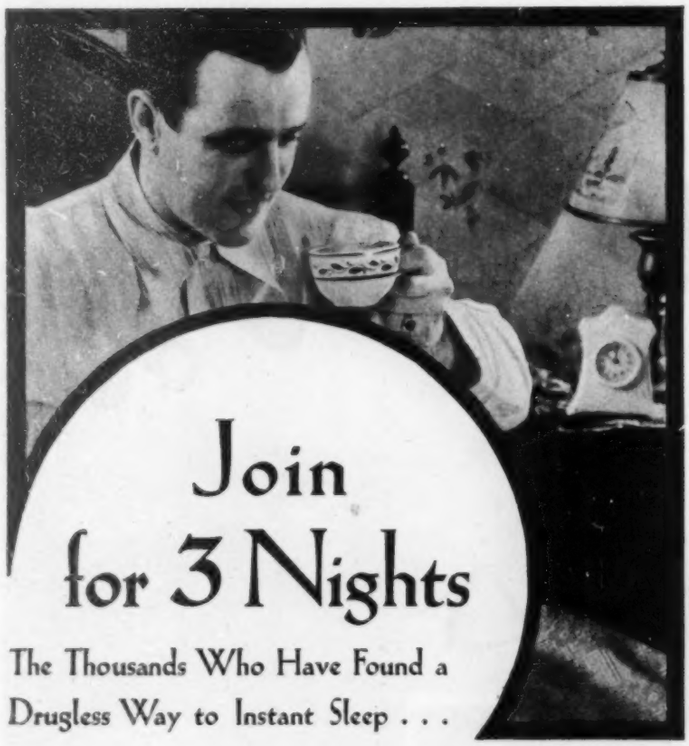
He bought—not merely a machine, but methods which were intelligently applied to his own figures by his own personnel.

What the Monroe representative did here he can do for you, whether your business be large or small—for he brings to your problems the combined knowledge and experience of the Monroe organization gained through constant contact with a thousand and one businesses.

SERIES 3
MONROE ADDING-CALCULATOR
with full automatic division

A telephone call to your local Monroe representative or a letter to our main office at Orange, New Jersey, will not obligate you in any way

MONROE
HIGH SPEED ADDING-CALCULATOR
The Machine for Every Desk



Join for 3 Nights

The Thousands Who Have Found a Drugless Way to Instant Sleep . . .

Sound Sleep Without Drugs. A New Discovery That Not Only Induces Instant Sleep, But Induces The Kind of Sleep That Brings All Day Energy Next Day

YOU fall asleep almost instantly you go to bed. And all the next day, teem with new energy and "pep". You look and feel like a different person.

On doctors' advice, millions employ this new way. For it is as free of drugs as the bread you eat or the milk you drink. And does far more than simply induce sleep! *It rebuilds your wasted tissues while you sleep.*

What It Is

It is called Ovaltine; a scientific food-concentrate developed in Switzerland by a scientist of world-fame. You take it in a cup of warm milk at bedtime; a super-delicious drink.

First it induces sleep. You get sound, natural sleep a few minutes after you go to bed.

Then *while* you sleep, its peculiar dietetic properties resupply your system with the energy lost the previous active day. For it contains, in easily digested form, practically EVERY building element necessary to energy. And thus provides the *kind of sleep that rebuilds and rejuvenates.*

You can take it night after night and not only not form a habit, as with drugs, but build up your health as well.

Do you wonder, then, that people are flocking to its use? New to America, Ovaltine is being recommended by over 20,000 doctors. Used over 30 years in Europe, its use has spread to over 54 different nations. It marks one of the most important scientific findings of its time.

Accept Test

Doctors urge it not only for sleeplessness, but for all nervous and run-down conditions. They recommend it, too, for nervous, underweight children. Thousands take it during the day, too, to relieve fatigue. A few weeks' use will make an amazing difference in the way you feel.

Believe or not what people claim for Ovaltine—but *try it.* Try it without delay. Start tonight. Just phone your druggist or grocer now—ask for a can of Ovaltine. Or use coupon below for 3-day test supply.

MAIL FOR 3-DAY SUPPLY

Make this experiment. Drink a cup of Hot Ovaltine before retiring, for three nights. Note how quickly you go to sleep; how refreshed you feel when you awaken; your unlimited energy next day. Mail coupon with 10c for a 3-day introductory package.

OVALTINE

BUILDS BODY, BRAIN AND NERVES

THE WANDER COMPANY, DEPT. P-29 S
180 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine.

Name .....
(Print name and address clearly)

Address .....

City ..... State .....
(One package to a person) 707

SPEED—By Lowell Otus Reese

ALONG the mud road, years ago,
Great-granddad jolted to and fro;
His oxen furnished all the power
And he made one whole mile an hour.

Then later, in a buggy, came
A grandson who won lasting fame
When down the road he reckless tore
At fifteen miles an hour, or more.

Still later on, great-grandson sped
Along this same road in a red
And gleaming thing of wealth and power
That traveled sixty miles an hour.

But great-great-grandson rides today
A mile above the old highway,
Borne by a miracle of power
That makes two hundred miles an hour.

With zoom and tail spin, bank and swoop,
And barrel roll and loop the loop,
Like any other bird he flies,
Outstrips the wind along the skies,

Leaps to the sun and yearns afar
To lands beyond the farthest star—
Yearns for more speed, but yearns in vain;
Naught can excel the flying plane.

The Ultimate in Speed is won!
All honor to great-great-grandson!
For Speed at last has found its master,
And only lightning can go faster!

But far out on the edge of Space,
A puzzled look upon his face,
A super-scientist his glass
Bends on the dust worlds as they pass—

Stoops lower as the Earth goes by,
And as the Airplane meets his eye,
Calls to another, "Come and see!
What sluggish insect can this be?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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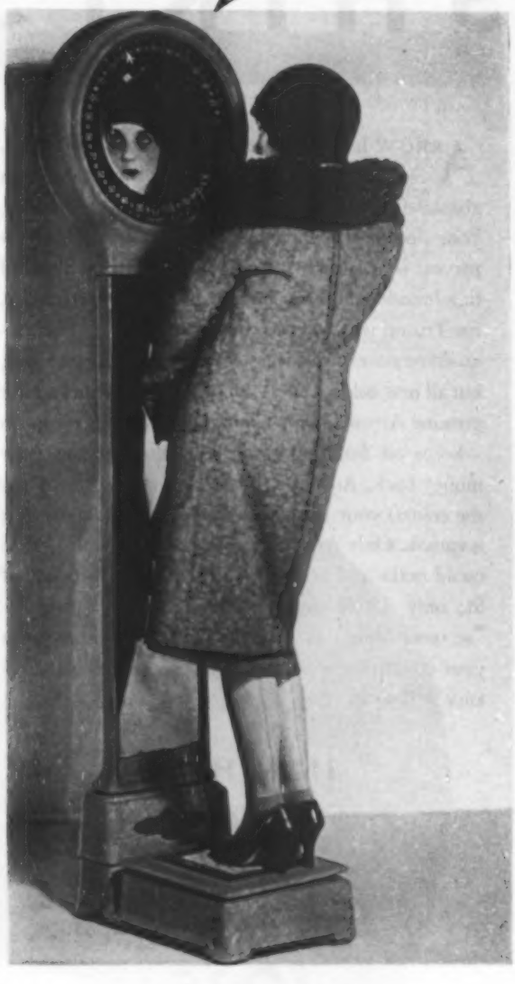
Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Publishers also of the *Ladies' Home Journal* (monthly), in U. S. or Canada 10c the copy, $1.00 the year, 2 years for $1.50, 3 years for $2.00; and of *The Country Gentleman* (monthly), in U. S. or Canada 5c the copy, 3 years for $1.00. Foreign prices on editorial or title page, or quoted on request.

GraybaR

EVERYTHING ELECTRICAL

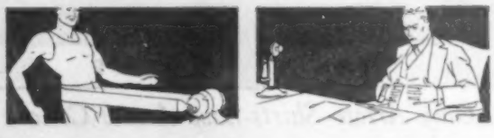
Have *poise* . . . . not *avoirdupois* !!



THERE'S hope for her (or him) who hesitates to look a weighing scale squarely in the face. To stave off the approaching weight of years, to exchange *on*coming avoirdupois for *be*coming poise . . . there's the Graybar Stimulator!

Gently but firmly this rugged health motor helps turn unflattering contours into flattering ones. Massages away curves that curve too much. Remolds the figure into those slim lines of youth!

What's more, the Stimulator does surprising and agreeable things to one's muscles and bodily functions . . . bringing new suppleness and grace . . . releasing unsuspected stores of energy!



"Have poise, not avoirdupois" — goes for men who use the Stimulator, too.

With its varying gradations of speed, the Stimulator gives exactly the degrees of massage one wants. It's just about *trouble-proof,* too.

Back of it stands the oldest electrical distributor . . . Graybar . . . a company famous for its up-to-the-minute line of appliances (among others, the Sunshine Health Lamp, Clothes Washer, Ironer, Handy Cleanerette).

$59.50 —*includes table-to-match.*

The Stimulator's price is reasonable, too. Particularly so, for it includes a smart table-to-match!

There's more to the Stimulator's interesting story. And also . . . there's a coupon below for your convenience!

GRAYBAR ELECTRIC CO., Graybar Bldg., New York, N.Y.

Gentlemen: Tell me all about the Graybar Stimulator.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

Tune in on "Mr. and Mrs." . . . the "Comic Section of the Air" . . . Graybar hour . . . Columbia Broadcasting System.

ARROW TRUMP SHIRTS

! **ARROW'S MOST POPULAR BROADCLOTH IS NOW** (*through a marvelous new patented process*) • **GUARANTEED FOR PERMANENT FIT!**

! **—AND BESIDES ITS FAMOUS WHITE** (*of which you bought* 1,500,000 *last year*) **TRUMP IS NOW READY IN RICH COLORS** • **GUARANTEED FAST COLORS, OF COURSE**

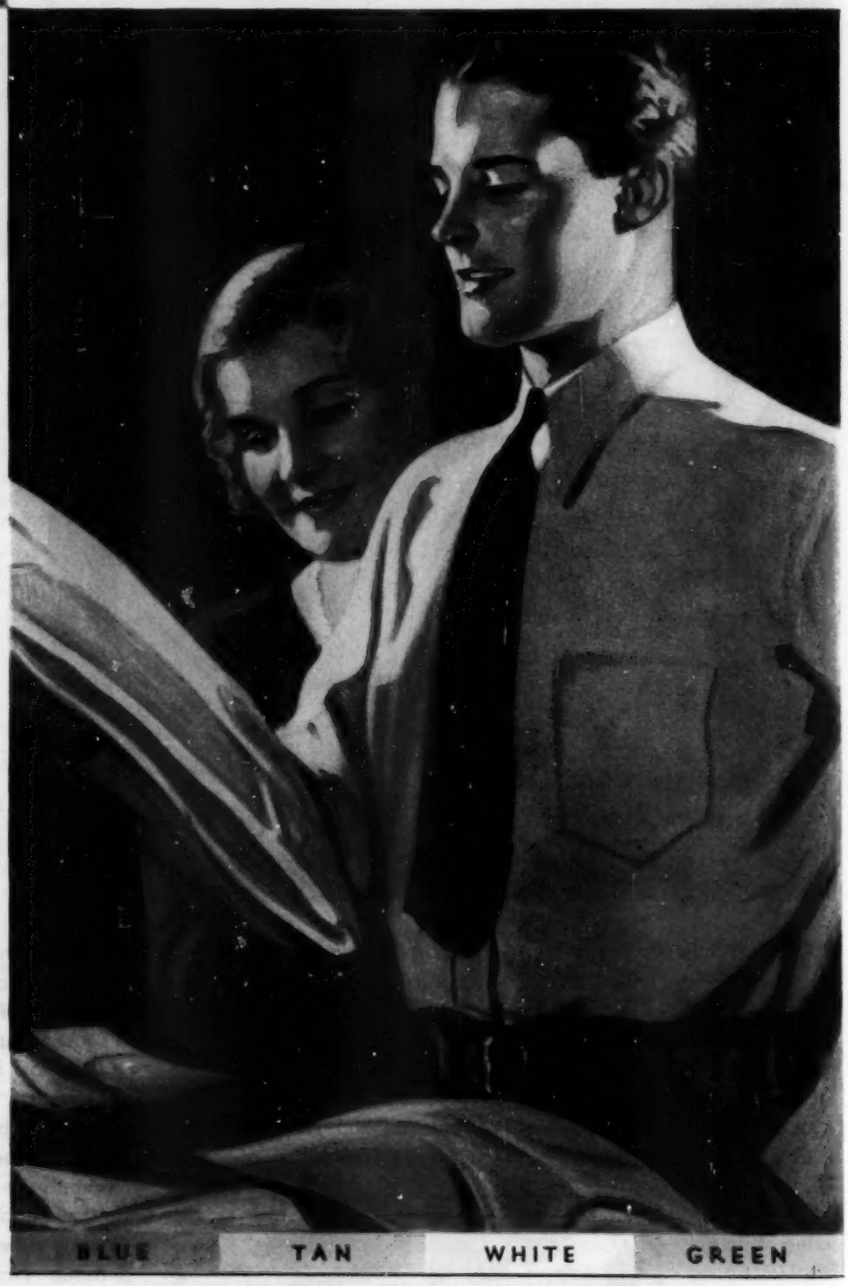
ARROW has discovered and patented a new process to take the "shrink" out of fine fabric. It absolutely guarantees for permanent fit your collar, your sleeves, and the length of your shirt. The new process is applied first to the Arrow Trump Shirt, of fine broadcloth. You can now buy your correct size, for Trump is *guaranteed for permanent fit.* This unqualified guarantee covers not only the brilliant white, but all new color shades—all of which, of course, have genuine Arrow Collars tailored on them. Trump *fits* —keeps on fitting, *perfectly*—or else you get your money back. At $1.95 (for the white) and $2.15 (for the colors) your shirt wardrobe can be as thrifty as it is varied. Only Arrow owns this process; only Arrow could make and keep so bold and flat a promise of fit; only Arrow could quote you so low a price for "so much shirt" as Trump. Arrow, in short, *earns* your confidence with *value* and holds it with performance and style.

IN WHITE
$1.95

IN COLOR
$2.15

ARROW COLLARS

BOYD *with its full, smart-looking points* (3¼") *is a very becoming style to wear with TRUMP neckband. 25 cents each, one dozen for $2.75*



Only Arrow Shirts have Arrow Collars

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., INC., TROY, N.Y.
ARROW COLLARS, HANDKERCHIEFS, SHIRTS, UNDERWEAR

Valentine Hearts

FOR her Valentine, choose Cupid's aids with care . . . . and when you send your heart to one you cherish let a JOHNSTON'S Heart act for you. This Heart Box contains two pounds of loveliest chocolates . . . . just three dollars and a half . . . . Other Johnston's assortments—suitably packed—are two dollars the pound and less . . . There's a Johnston's agency in all good neighbourhoods.

Johnston's
CHOCOLATES

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NEW YORK CHICAGO MILWAUKEE MINNEAPOLIS OAKLAND

25TH ANNIVERSARY

Old Dutch Cleanser on its
25th birthday celebrates the greatest
achievement in modern cleaning efficiency

Healthful Cleanliness

1905
1930

Twenty-five years ago Old Dutch Cleanser was originated to simplify and make household cleaning easier, more convenient and economical and to bring to the home the protection of wholesome, hygienic cleanliness

This important event was based on the scientific discovery of the extraordinary cleaning and detergent qualities of the natural material which forms the basis of Old Dutch Cleanser.

Through progress and development the uses for Old Dutch Cleanser have steadily increased with the ever-growing demand for a higher standard of cleanliness and safety in cleaning. Today Old Dutch is recognized as the greatest achievement in modern cleaning efficiency and the sprightly Dutch matron chasing dirt is everywhere accepted as the symbol of Healthful Cleanliness.

Modern household equipment is beautiful. To retain its beauty it must be cleaned safely. Use Old Dutch, the safe, modern way. There is nothing else like it for gayly colored and snowy white porcelain and enamel, tile, kitchen utensils, pantries, floors, refrigerators, marble, woodenware, crockery, metal fixtures, glassware, windows, painted walls, woodwork, etc. It is your big help in housecleaning.

Old Dutch makes cleaning surprisingly easy. Its flaky, flat-shaped particles carry away tenacious dirt, grease and stains with a quick clean sweep. Old Dutch contains no sand or harsh grit. No caustic. No acid. It doesn't scratch and is kind to the hands. Old Dutch is economical . . . a little goes a long way.

Old Dutch safeguards the home with Healthful Cleanliness by removing the health-endangering invisible impurities as well as the unsightly visible dirt.

Old Dutch Cleanser Homes are Healthful Homes

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